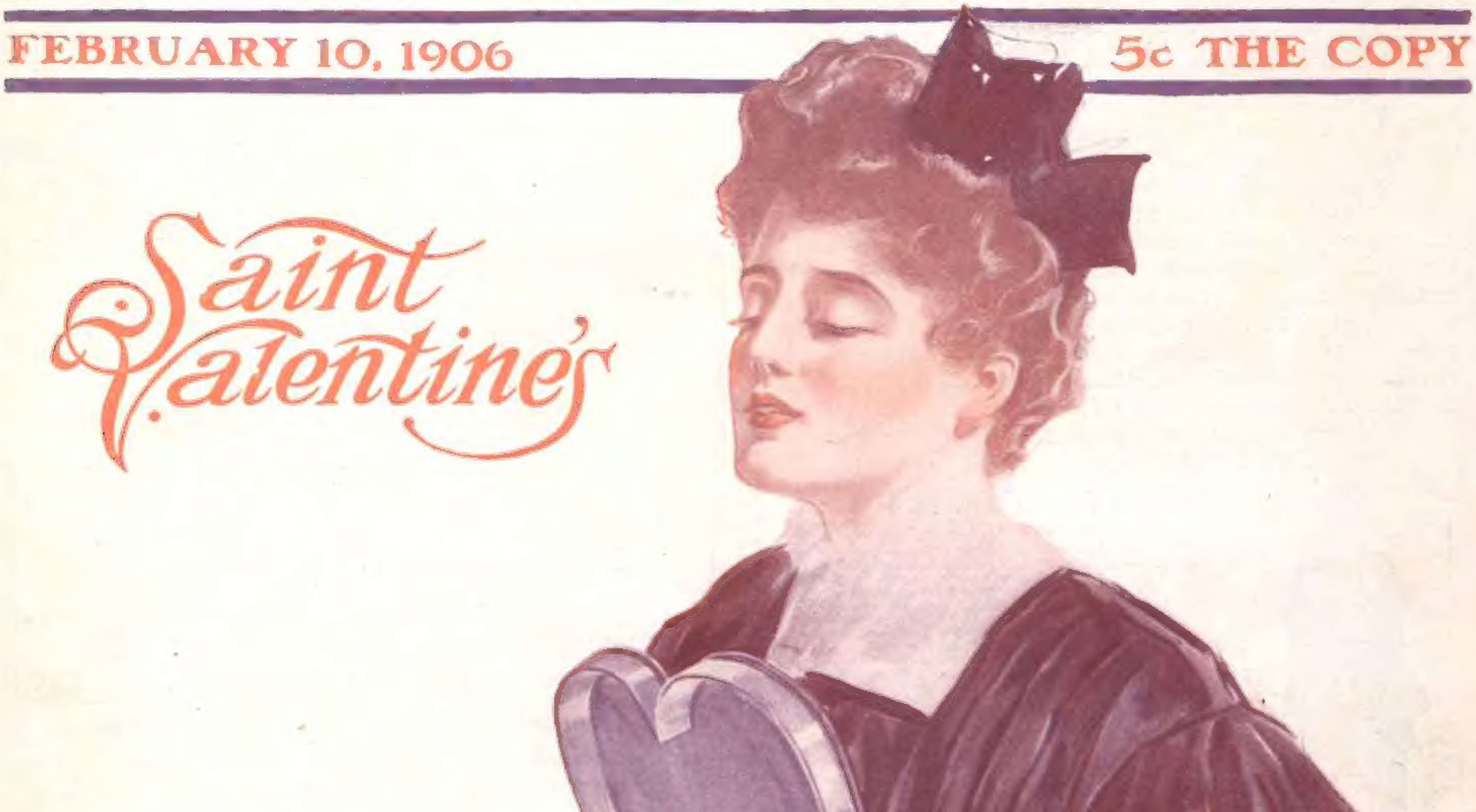
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A°. D'. 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

FEBRUARY 10, 1906 5c THE COPY


Saint Valentine's
HENRY HUTT

Beginning The Incomplete Amorist—By E. Nesbit

SCOTTI
KNOTE
VAN ROOY
RESKY
CONSTANTINO
SIG'A RESKY
DIPPEL
BERTI

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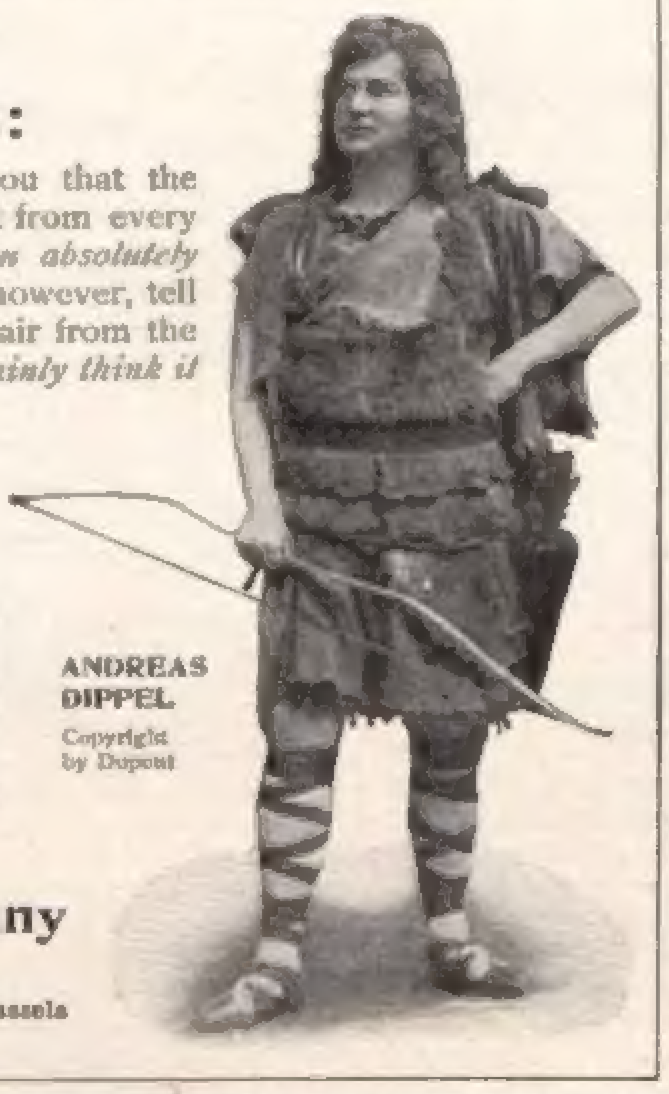

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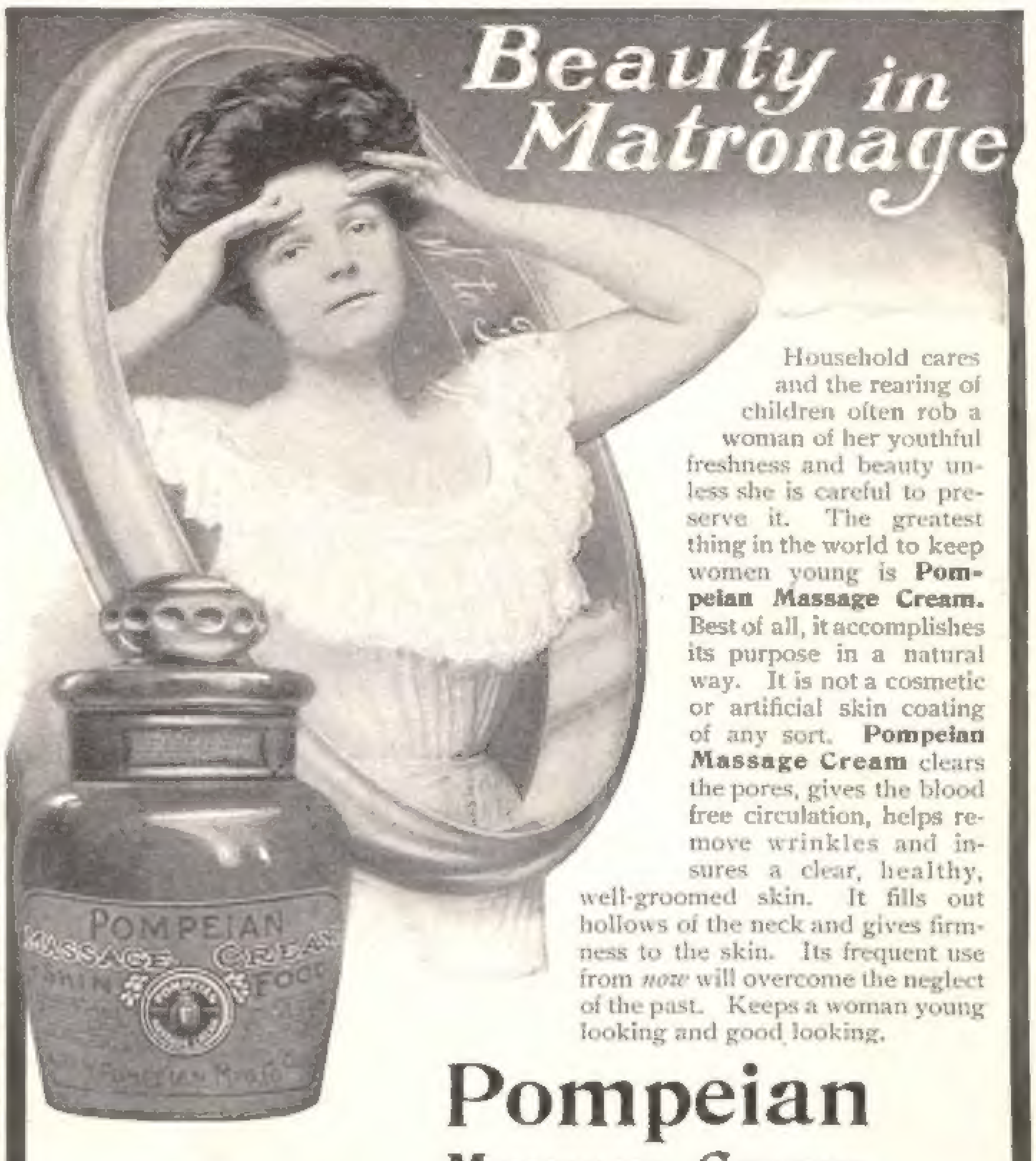

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NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

A CAMPAIGN OF EDUCATION

Why Manufacturers of Good Paints Would Educate the Public on Paint Values

By J. G. SCHMIDT, A.M., B.S.C.

IT IS said there is a reason for all things. Certain it is there is a reason for everything used in paint. To consider only the pigments: some are used because they are cheap, some are used because of prejudice, and some are used because of their demonstrated paint value.

The paint makers who use the cheap pigments have thought only of their profits, and depend upon their adroit advertising and the gullibility of the consumers to market their products. They are the chaps that tell of recent wonderful discoveries of pigments that had for centuries been overlooked, until an inspired and patient genius brought them forth and transformed them by modern alchemy into indestructible paint. They never tell what those pigments are, but every paint maker knows them, knows their worth, and knows why they are used. It is these "mystery mixtures" that have prejudiced many minds against prepared paints. "The burned child dreads the fire."

While we can hardly expect the manufacturer of a really good paint to make public his formula and disclose his manufacturing processes, we cannot deny the consumer's right to know why this and that ingredient is used. If the reasons for using certain pigments are good paint reasons, it is surely to the manufacturer's interest to disclose them. The paint maker who does not tell of what his paints are made, and why they are so made, has good reasons (not paint reasons) for withholding the information.

It is our purpose in this article to tell in plain, every-day English what constitutes a good paint, so that consumers may make their paint purchases as discriminatingly as they buy other commodities.

At the outset, it should be explained that paint making is not a mere mixing of solids and liquids, but a scientific process involving technical knowledge, skilled labor and expensive and powerful machinery.

Good paint is made chiefly of linseed oil, in which solid coloring matter or pigments are ground—not simply mixed. The pigments serve a triple purpose—they thicken the paint (oil alone would run off); they beautify surfaces, and protect the oil from the sun and rain. Turpentine, dryers, varnish, etc., are sometimes added to paint to serve a special rather than a general purpose.

Linseed oil is so important a part of paint that it is often called "the life of the paint." It may well be so regarded, for just so long as the oil lasts the paint has life. When the oil, from chemical action or long exposure, is no longer present, the paint is dead. Dead paint—a lustreless, dry, chalky coating—has no protective qualities, and disintegrates rapidly, the pigments having no cohesive attraction after the decomposition of the oil.

The property which gives linseed oil its peculiar paint value is that it absorbs oxygen from the air when it is exposed in thin films, as in painting. This film, from oxidation, begets the valuable properties of being practically neutral in its reactions, more or less transparent, and quite elastic. The property of absorbing oxygen is increased by heating linseed oil, and it is still further increased by adding to the oil while it is being heated certain bodies, known as driers. While boiled oil dries more quickly than raw oil, and leaves a more lustrous surface, the film is less elastic, and is liable to crack.

Anything added to the paint to unduly hasten its drying will destroy the elasticity and toughness of the oil film. Therefore, all driers should be used sparingly and with caution.

Furthermore, any pigment chemically active will not make an enduring paint. If used at all, it should be in combination with more stable or inert pigments, to neutralize as far as possible its chemical action upon the oil.

It is this chemical activity that lessens to a marked degree the value of white lead as a paint pigment. Strictly pure white lead carries, comparatively, but little oil, and the little it does carry soon ceases to be linseed oil, by reason of the chemical change that takes place when the lead and oil are united and exposed to the elements. To correct this serious defect in the lead and oil mixture, modern paint makers have added various pigments in varying formulæ, and years of experience have proven that of these combinations those carrying the greater amount of oil make the better paint when they have good opacity or covering qualities.

It was this that led to the chemical experiments and practical tests that resulted in the now famed Patton formula of Zinc, Lead and Silica, a combination of pigments carrying fifty per cent. more oil than strictly pure lead, and unequalled in covering capacity, wearing qualities and general paint value.

The makers of Patton's Sun-Proof Paints were the first paint manufacturers to tell the public of what their paints were made. The fact that the Pattons have not hesitated to name the ingredients of Sun-Proof Paint is proof to the consumer that there must be good paint reasons for using them.

WHITE LEAD has some points of excellence not possessed by any other pigment. It has remarkable covering qualities, is a good drier, and works easily under the brush. Unfortunately its qualities are such that it continues to dry in linseed oil until finally no oil, as such, remains, and what paint is left on the painted surface is like chalk and is blown or washed from the building. The best paint authorities agree that white lead should not be used alone. The specifications for mixed paints as published by the United States Lighthouse Board call for but 25 per cent. of White Lead. In brief, White Lead does not carry enough oil to make an enduring paint, and, as stated above, what little oil it does carry is, when lead and oil are used alone, soon destroyed by chemical action.

ZINC has great affinity for linseed oil, carrying from 60 per cent. to 70 per cent. more than White Lead. This gives it exceptional spreading capacity. Zinc, unlike Lead, is not affected by chemical action when united with oil, nor is it injured by the gases and atmospheric elements which so quickly destroy lead. Sulphurous gases will quickly blacken lead, but they whiten Zinc. Zinc itself would be an ideal paint pigment were it not that it dries too hard and that it lacks porosity.

SILICA is pulverized quartz—the basic element of glass. Its use as a paint pigment is by no means new. It has long been used as the principal ingredient in the best wood fillers. Silica is an absolutely inert pigment, and the best natural wood filler known. Silica carries more oil than lead and adds porosity and permanence to the applied paint.

A paint composed of the three pigments named above, if mixed in proper proportions, and perfectly ground and thinned with strictly pure linseed oil, will possess the opacity or covering power and easy working qualities of Lead; the spreading and oil-carrying capacity, whiteness and firmness of Zinc; the porosity, permanence and binding qualities of Silica. Such a paint is Patton's Sun-Proof Paint, the manufacturers of which are not ashamed to tell of what their paints are made.

If it were not for prejudice—the, at times, insurmountable barrier to progress—the really good prepared paints would soon come into general use. It is prejudice that causes some practical painters to use the so-called "strictly pure" lead-and-oil, paddle-mixed paint of their ancestors, notwithstanding the fact that all authorities on paints and painting agree that lead and oil alone do not make a satisfactory, durable paint. While many painters know this, they still cling to lead and oil because of their determination to have nothing to do with prepared paints. They regard the paint manufacturer as a trespasser on their domain. They must know, however, that this is the age of specialists. Nowadays a man is hardly expected to do more than one thing well. The expert painter can ill afford to spend his time mixing paints. That work can be done cheaper and better by expert paint makers in modern and properly-equipped factories.

Painters have learned from practical experience that a combination of lead and other more enduring pigments makes a better paint than lead alone, but some of them have yet to learn that it is quite impossible for them, even with knowledge of proportions, to mix by hand a paint so composed. The very nature of the pigments is such that they require a thorough mixing and grinding in their dry state, again in their paste form, and again and again in their semi-liquid and liquid forms. This mixing, chasing, grinding and regrinding is done in expensive mills especially constructed to handle the pigments used by this or that manufacturer. This explains why makers of prepared paints have acquired success and reputation, while painters have found their home-made mixtures of similar pigments to be unsatisfactory.

And there is a further reason why the paints made by experienced and skilled paint makers are to be preferred. At the Patton factories every paint ingredient is tested in the laboratories by careful chemists. There is as much care exercised in preparing Sun-Proof Paint as there is in the preparation of pharmaceutical products. Questioned on this point, one of the officials of the Patton Paint Company recently said: "We cannot be too careful, for the quality of our products is the very foundation of our business.

"We can ill afford to jeopardize a well-earned reputation by careless methods or dishonest practices. It is only ordinary business sense that dictates our policy of improving our products whenever possible. It is that policy that has made Sun-Proof Paint the standard of excellence. Did we know of any ingredient or process of manufacture that would improve the quality of Sun-Proof Paint it would be adopted immediately.

"We have doubtless done more than all other paint manufacturers toward educating the public on paints. We distribute direct and through our several thousand retail agents a great deal of educational literature. We try to make our paint discussions entertaining and instructive, and in hewing to the line of truth the chips sometimes fly in a way that brings consternation to the makers of spurious paints.

"We have a booklet called 'Paint Queries' that we are glad to send to all who are interested in paints. Over three million copies of this pamphlet have been distributed.

"We have several other pieces of educational literature that we mail free to inquirers, and this spring we are sending a handsome souvenir to all prospective paint consumers who write to us. That may seem an extravagance, but we are following a carefully-planned campaign of education. We are anxious to get in correspondence with paint consumers. We would have them know why paints are good or bad; we want to tell them from whom they can buy Sun-Proof Paint; we desire to explain to them why they should patronize their home merchants—the business men who contribute to the prosperity and general welfare of their towns, cities, counties and States. The business existence of these local merchants depends upon their selling reliable goods. There are thousands of retailers selling Sun-Proof Paint, but, to be sure, there are some communities in which we haven't agencies. However, there is always some wide-awake merchant that will get what his patrons demand.

"We have a factory at Newark, New Jersey, to take care of our Eastern and export business, but all our educational literature is distributed from our headquarters, and requests therefor should be addressed to the Patton Paint Company, 231 Lake Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin."

The Saturday Evening Post Advertiser.

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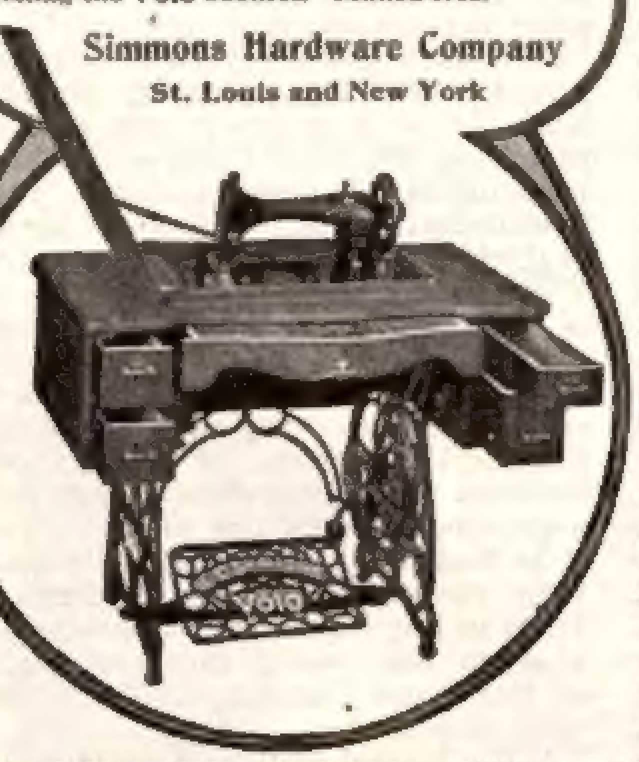

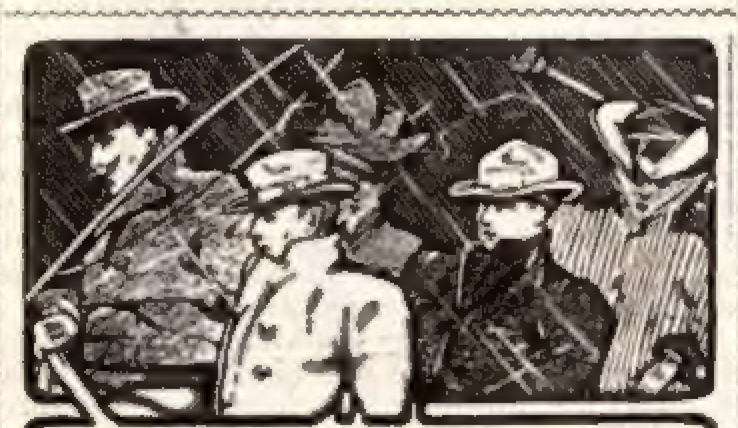

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The Saturday Evening Post

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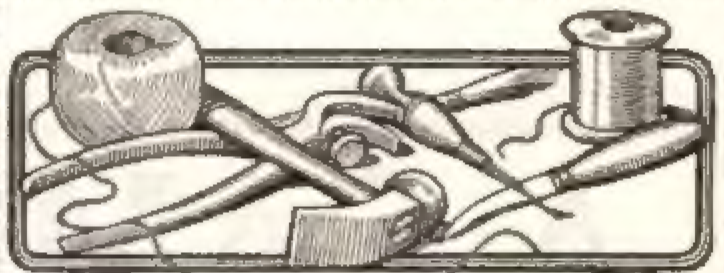

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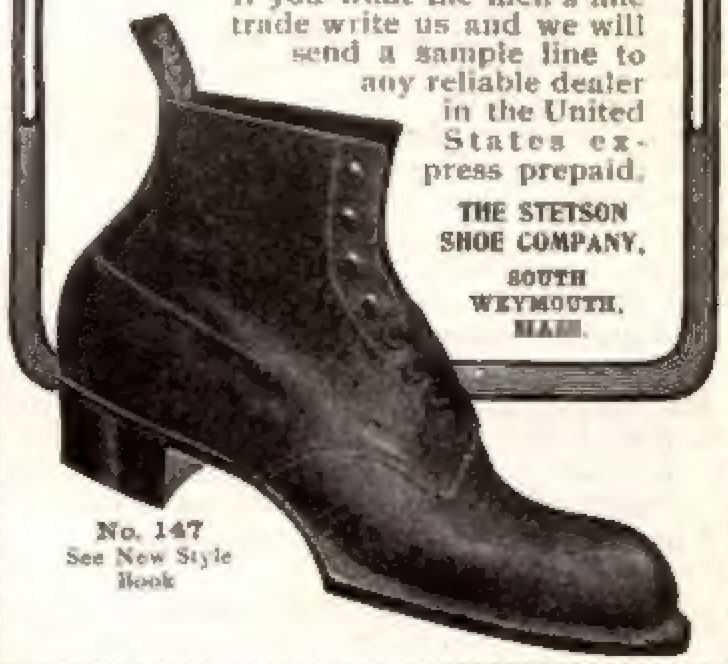

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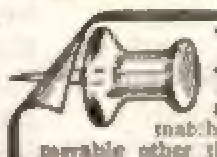

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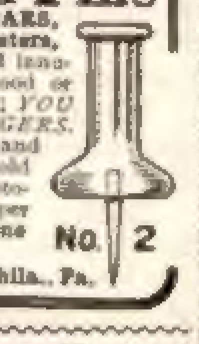

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The Incomplete Amorist

BY E. NESBIT

Author of The Wouldbegoods

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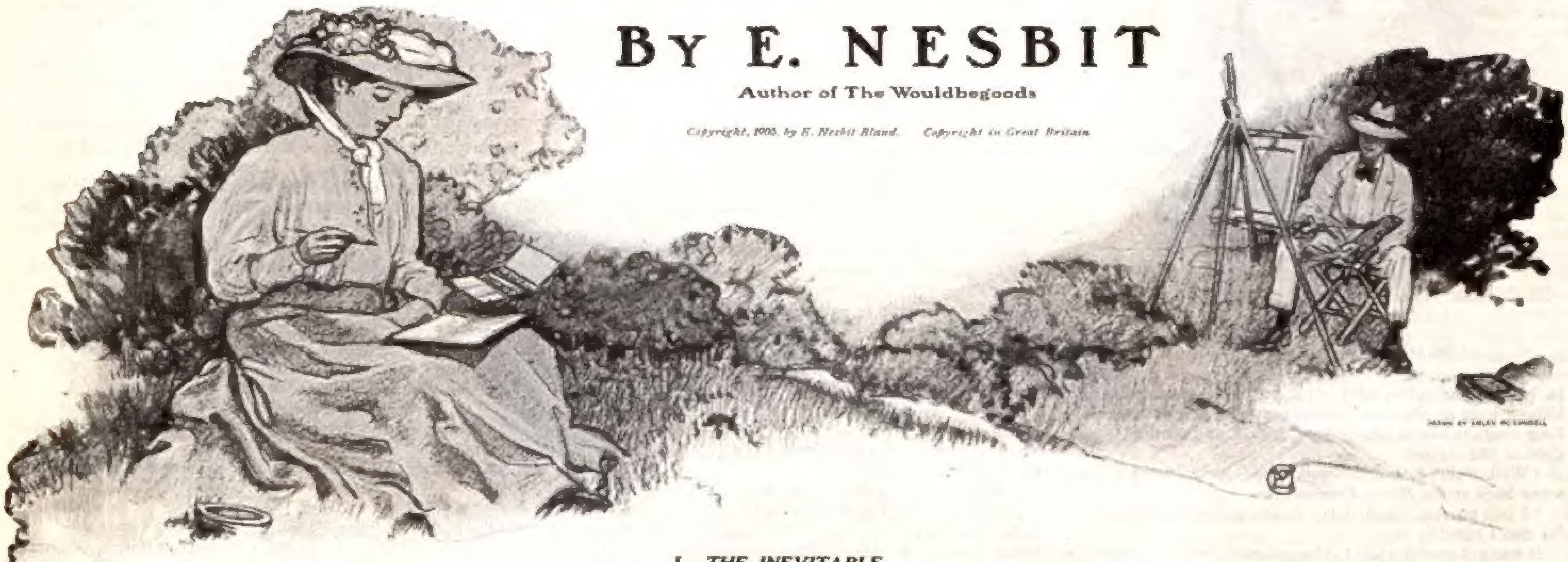


DRAWN BY EMLEN MC CONNELL

I—THE INEVITABLE

"NO. The chemises aren't cut out. I haven't had time. There are enough shirts to go on with, aren't there, Mrs. James?" said Betty.

"We can make do for this afternoon, Miss, but the men they're getting blowed out with shirts." Mrs. James, habitually doleful, punctuated her speech with sniffs.

"If you like," said Betty, "I'll fit on that black bodice for you, Mrs. Symes. If the other ladies don't mind waiting for the reading a little bit."

"If it's the same to you, Miss," said Mrs. Symes in a thick, rich voice, "I'll not be tried on afore a room full. If we are poor we can all be clean's what I say, and I keeps my unders as I keeps my outside—but not before persons as has real imitation lace on their petticoat bodies. I see them when I was a-nursing her with her fourth. No, Miss, and thanking you kindly, but begging your pardon all the same."

"Don't mention it," said Betty absently. "Don't you think we might have a window open?" The May sunshine beat on the windows. The room, crowded with the stout members of the "Mothers' Meeting and Mutual Clothing Club," was stuffy, unbearable.

"I was just a-goin' to say why not close the door, that being what doors is made for, after all," said Mrs. Symes. "I feel a sort of draft a-creeping up my back as it is."

The door was shut.

"You can't be too careful," said the red-faced woman; "we never know what a chill mayn't bring forth. My cousin's sister-in-law—she had twins—and her aunt come in and says she, 'You're a bit stuffy here, ain't you?' and with that she opens the window a crack—not meaning no harm, Miss—as it might be you. And within a year that poor unfortunate woman she popped off, when least expected. Gasulsters, the doctor said. Which it's what you call chills, if you're a doctor and can't speak plain."

"My poor grandmother come to her end the same way," said Mrs. Smith, "only with her it was the Bible reader as didn't shut the door through being so set on showing off her reading. And my granny, a clot of blood went to her brain, and her brain went to her head, and she was a corpse inside of fifty minutes."

Every woman in the room was waiting, feverishly alert, for the pause that should allow her to begin her own detailed narrative of disease. Mrs. James was easily first in the competition.

"Them quick deaths," she said, "is sometimes a blessing in disguise to both parties concerned. My poor husband—years upon years he lingered, and he had a bad leg—talk of bad legs, I wish you could all have seen it," she added generously.

Betty clapped her hands. It was the signal that the reading was going to begin violently, and the matrons looked at her resentfully. What call had people to start reading when the talk was flowing so free and pleasant?

Betty, rather pale, began: "This is a story about a little boy called Wee Willie Winkie."

"I call that a silly sort of name," whispered Mrs. Smith.

"Do you want me to read or not?" asked Betty.

"Yes, Miss, yes," hummed the voices heavy and shrill.

"It's her hobby, poor young thing," whispered Mrs. Smith; "we all 'as 'em. My own is a light cake to my tea, and always was. 'Ush." Betty read. When the mothers had wordily gone she threw open the windows, propped the door wide with a chair, and went to tea. She had it alone.

"Your pa's out a-parishing," said Letitia, bumping down the tray.

"That's a let-off, anyhow," said Betty to herself, and she propped up a Stevenson against the teapot.

After tea parishioners strolled up by ones and twos and threes to change their books at the vicarage lending-library. The books were covered with black calico, and smelt of rooms whose windows were never opened.

When she had washed the smell of the books off, she did her hair very carefully in a new way that seemed becoming, and went down to supper.

Her stepfather only spoke once during the meal; he was luxuriating in the thought of the *Summa Theologiæ* of Aquinas in leather still brown and beautiful, which he had providentially discovered in the washhouse of an ailing parishioner. When he did speak he said:

"How extremely untidy your hair is, Lizzie. I wish you would take more pains with your appearance."

When he had withdrawn to his books she covered three new volumes for the library: the black came off on her hands, but anyway it was clean dirt. She went to bed early.

"And that's my life," she said as she blew out the candle.

Said Mrs. James to Mrs. Symes over the last and strongest cup of tea:

"Miss Betty's ailing a bit, I fancy. Looked a bit peaky, it seemed to me. I shouldn't wonder if she was to go off in a decline like her father did."

Mrs. Symes laughed fatly. "That ain't no decline," she said; "you take it from me. What Miss Betty wants is a young man. It is but Nature after all, and what we must all come to, gentle or simple. Give her a young man to walk out with and you'll see the difference. Decline, indeed! A young man's what she wants. And if I know anything of gells and their ways she'll get one, no matter how close the old chap keeps her."

Mrs. Symes was not so wrong as the delicate-minded may suppose.

Betty did indeed desire to fall in love. In all the story books the main interest of the heroine's career began with that event. Not that she voiced the desire to herself. Only once she voiced it in her prayers.

"Oh, God," she said, "do, please, let something happen!"

That was all. A girl had her little reticences, even with herself, even with her Creator.

Next morning she planned to go sketching; but no, there were three more detestable books to be put into nasty little black cotton coats, the drawing-room to be dusted—all the hateful china, the peas to be shelled for dinner.

She shelled the peas in the garden. It was a beautiful green garden, and lovers could have walked very happily down the lilac-bordered paths.

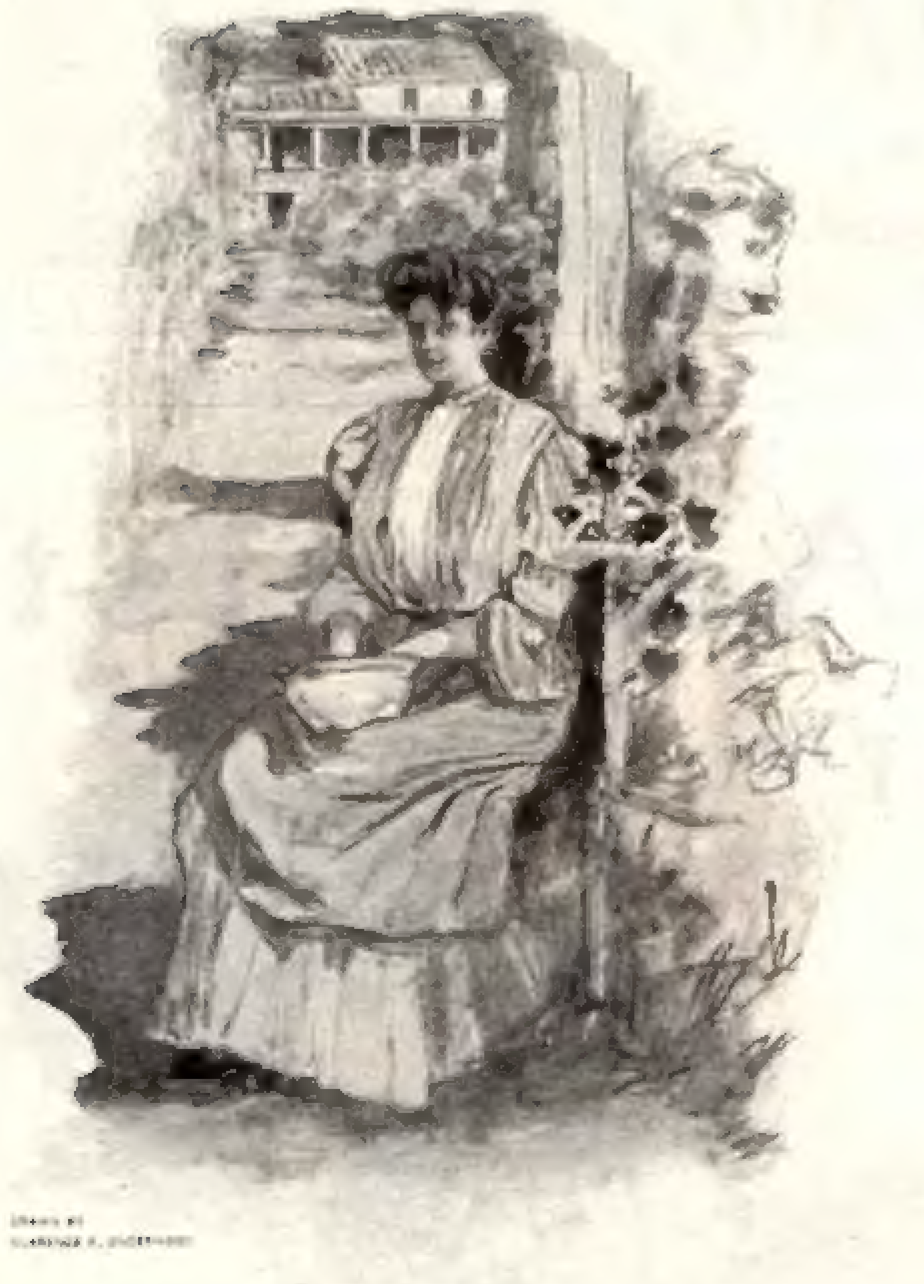
"Oh, how sick I am of it all!" said Betty. She would not say, even to herself, that what she hated was the frame without the picture.

As she carried in the peas she passed the open window of the study where, among shelves of dull books and dusty pamphlets, her stepfather had as usual forgotten his sermon in a chain of references to the Fathers. Betty saw his thin white hair, his hard, narrow face and tight mouth, the hands yellow and clawlike that gripped the thin vellum folio.

"I suppose even he was young once," she said, "but I'm sure he doesn't remember it."

He saw her go by, young and alert in the sunshine, and the May air stirred the curtains. He looked vaguely about him, unlocked a drawer

DRAWN BY EMLEN MC CONNELL



"Oh, How Sick I am of it All!" Said Betty

in his writing-table, and took out a leather case. He looked long at the face within, a young, bright face, with long ringlets above the formal bodice and sloping shoulders of the sixties.

"Well, well," he said; "well, well," locked it away, and went back to *De Pœnis Parvulorum.*

"I *will* go out," said Betty as she parted with the peas. "I don't care!"

It was not worth while to change one's frock. Even when one was properly dressed, at a rare local garden-party or flower-show, one never met any one that mattered.

She fetched her sketching things. At eighteen one does so pathetically try to feed the burgeoning life with the husks of polite accomplishment. She insisted on withholding from the clutches of the parish the time to practice Beethoven and Sullivan for an hour daily. Daily, for half an hour, she read an improving book. Just now it was The French Revolution, and Betty thought it would last till she was sixty. She tried to read French and German—Télémaque and Maria Stuart. She fully intended to become all that a cultured young woman should be. But self-improvement is a dull game when there is no one to applaud your score.

Betty crossed the road and passed through the swing-gate into the park, where the grass was up for hay, with red sorrel and buttercups and tall daisies and feathery-flowered grasses, their colors all tangled and blended together like raveled ends of silk on the wrong side of some great square of tapestry. Here and there, in the wide sweep of tall growing things, stood a tree—a May tree shining like silver, a laburnum like fine gold. There were horse-chestnuts whose spires of blossom showed like fat candles on a Christmas tree for giant children. And the sun was warm and the tree-shadows black on the grass.

Betty told herself that she hated it all. She took the narrow path—the grasses met above her feet—crossed the park, and reached the rabbit warren, where the chalk breaks through the thin, dry turf, and the wild thyme grows.

A May bush, overhanging a little precipice of chalk, caught her eye. A wild rose was tangled round it. It was, without doubt, the most difficult composition within sight.

"I will sketch that," said Eighteen confidently.

For half an hour she busily blotted and washed and niggled. Then she became aware that she no longer had the rabbit warren to herself.

"And he's an artist, too!" said Betty. "How awfully interesting! I wish I could see his face."

But this his slouched Panama forbade. He was in white. One sleeve and breast of his painting jacket were smeared with many colors; he had a camp-stool and an easel, and looked, she could not help feeling, much more like a real artist than she did in her shabby old pink gown and that hateful old garden hat with last year's dusty, flattened roses in it.

She went on sketching with feverish, unskilled fingers, and a pulse that had actually quickened its beat.

She cast little glances at him as often as she dared. He was certainly a real artist. She could tell that by the very way he held his palette. Was he staying with people about there? Should she meet him? Would they ever be introduced to each other?

"Oh, what a pity," said Betty from the heart, "that we aren't introduced *now!*"

Her sketch grew worse and worse.

"It's no good," she said. "I can't do anything with it."

She glanced at him. He had pushed back the hat. She saw quite plainly that he was smiling—a very little, but he *was* smiling. Also he was looking at her, and across the gray turf their eyes met. And she knew that he knew that this was not her first glance at him.

She paled with fury.

"He has been watching me all the time! He is making fun of me. He knows I can't sketch. Of course he can see it by the silly way I hold everything." She ran her knife round her sketch, detached it, and tore it across and across.

The stranger raised his hat and called eagerly:

"I say—please don't move for a minute. Do you mind? I've just got your pink gown. It's coming beautifully. Between brother artists—— Do, please! Do sit still and go on sketching—ah, do!"

Betty's attitude petrified instantly. She held a brush in her hand, and she looked down at her block. But she did not go on sketching. She sat rigid, and three delicious words rang in her ears: "Between brother artists." How very, very nice of him! He hadn't been making fun, after all. But wasn't it rather impertinent of him to put her in his picture without asking her? Well, it wasn't she but her pink gown he wanted. And "between brother artists!" Betty drew a long breath.

"It's no use," he called; "don't bother any more. The pose is gone."

She rose to her feet and he came toward her.

"Let me see the sketch," he said. "Why did you tear it up?" He fitted the pieces together. "Why, it's quite good. You ought to study in Paris," he added idly.

She took the torn papers from his hand with a bow and turned to go.

"Don't go," he said. "You're not going? Don't you want to look at my picture?"

Now Betty knew as well as you do that you mustn't speak to people unless you've been introduced to them. But the phrase "brother artists" had played ninepins with her little conventions.

"Thank you. I should like to very much," said Betty. "I don't care," she said to herself, "and besides, it's not as if he were a young man, or a tourist, or anything. He must be ever so old—thirty; I shouldn't wonder if he was thirty-five."

When she saw the picture she merely said "Oh," and stood at gaze. For it *was* a picture—a picture that, seen in foreign lands, might well make one sick with longing for the dry turf and the pale dog-violets that love the chalk, for the hum of the bees and the scent of the thyme. He had chosen the bold sweep of the brown upland against the sky and low to the left, where the line broke, the dim violet of the Kentish hills. In the green foreground the pink figure, just roughly blocked in, was blocked in by a hand that knew its trade and was artist to the tips of its fingers.

"Oh!" said Betty again.

"Yes," said he, "I think I've got it this time. I think it'll make a hole in the wall, eh? Yes, it is good."

"Yes," said Betty; "oh, yes."

"Do you often go a-sketching?" he asked.

"How modest he is," thought Betty: "he changes the subject so as not to seem to want to be praised." Aloud she answered with shy, fluttered earnestness: "Yes—no, I don't know—sometimes."

His lips were grave, but there was the light behind his eyes that goes with a smile.

"What unnecessary agitation!" he was thinking. "Poor little thing, I suppose she's never seen a man before. Oh, these country girls." Aloud he was saying: "This is such a perfect country. You ought to sketch every day."

"I've no one to teach me," said Betty, innocently phrasing a long-felt want.

The man raised his eyebrows. "Well, after that, here goes!" he said to himself. "I wish you'd let *me* teach you," he said to her, beginning to put his traps together.

"Oh, I didn't mean that!" said Betty in real distress. What would he think of her? How greedy and grasping she must seem! "I didn't mean that, at all!"

"No; but I do," he said.

"But you're a great artist," said Betty, watching him with clasped hands. "I suppose it would be—I mean—don't you know, we're not rich, and I suppose your lessons are worth pounds and pounds."

"I don't give lessons for money"—his lips tightened—"only for love."

"That means nothing, doesn't it?" she said, and flushed to find herself on the defensive feebly against—nothing.

"At tennis, yes," he said, and to himself he added: "*Vieux jeu*, my dear, but you did it very prettily."

"But I couldn't let you give me lessons for nothing."

"Why not?" he asked. And his calmness made Betty feel ashamed and sordid.

"I don't know," she answered tremulously, "but I don't think my stepfather would want me to."

"You think it would annoy him?"

"I'm sure it would, if he knew about it."

Betty was thinking how little her stepfather had ever cared to know of her and her interests. But the man caught the ball as he saw it.

"Then why let him know?" was the next move; and it seemed to him that Betty's move of rejoinder came with a readiness born of some practice at the game.

"Oh," she said innocently, "I never thought of that! But wouldn't it be wrong?"

"She's got the whole thing stereotyped. But it's dainty type, anyhow," he thought. "Of course it wouldn't be wrong," he said. "It wouldn't hurt him. Don't you know that nothing's wrong unless it hurts somebody?"

"Yes," she said eagerly, "that's what I think. But, all the same, it doesn't seem fair that you should take all that trouble for me and get nothing in return."

"Well played! We're getting on!" he thought, and added aloud: "But perhaps I sha'n't get nothing in return?"

Her eyes dropped over the wonderful thought that perhaps she might do something for *him*. But what? She looked straight at him, and the innocent appeal sent a tiny thorn of doubt through his armor of complacency. Was she—after all? No, no novice could play the game so well. And yet ——

"I would do anything I could, you know," she said eagerly, "because it is so awfully kind of you, and I do so want to be able to paint. What can I do?"

"What can you do?" he asked, and brought his face a little nearer to the pretty, flushed, freckled face under the shabby hat. Her eyes met his. He felt a quick relenting, and drew back.

"Well, for one thing, you could let me paint your portrait."

Betty was silent.

"Come, play up, you little duffer," he urged inwardly.

When she spoke her voice trembled.

"I don't know how to thank you," she said.

"And you will?"

"Oh, I will; indeed I will!"

"How good and sweet you are," he said. Then there was a silence.

Betty tightened the strap of her sketching things and said:

"I think I ought to go home now."

He had the appropriate counter ready.

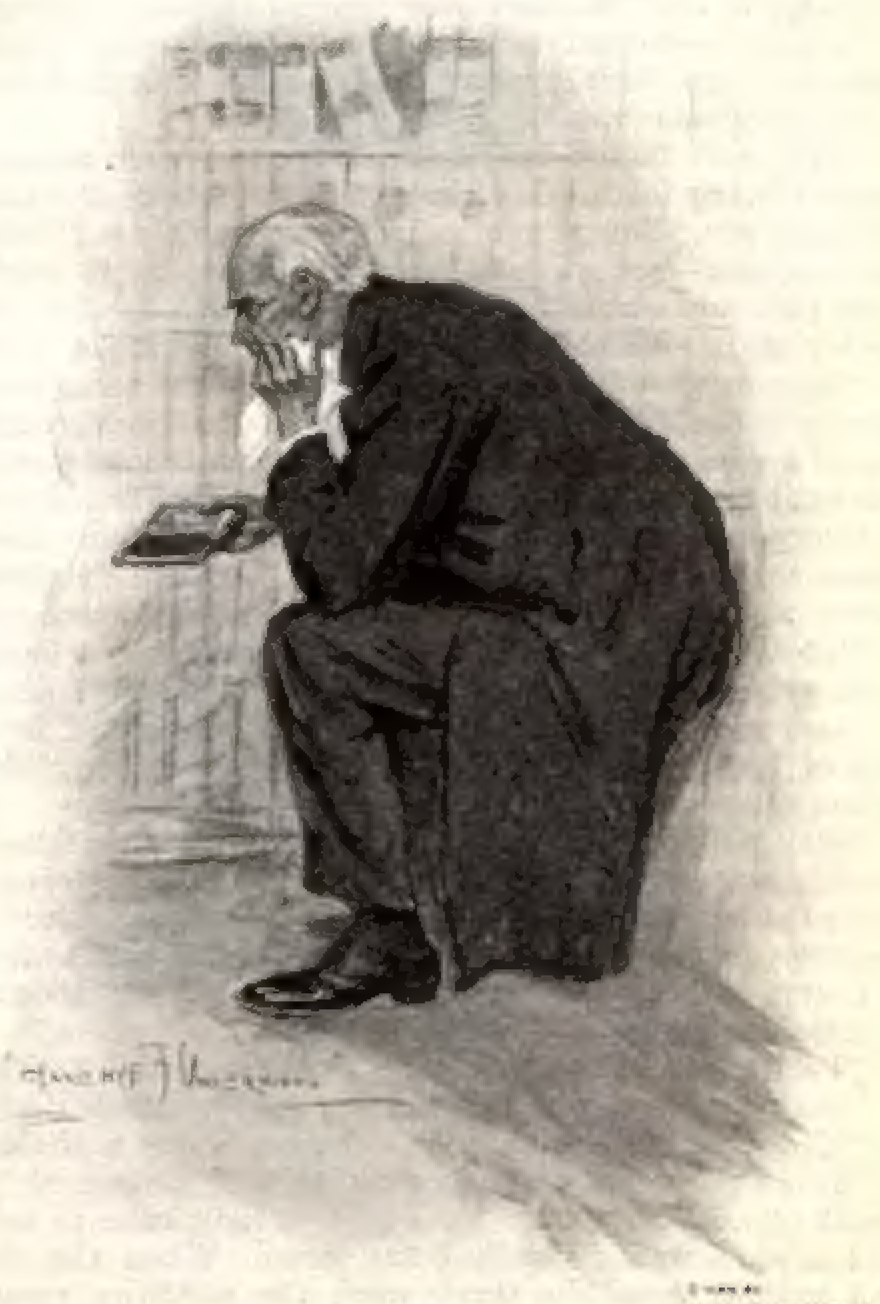
"Ah, don't go yet!" he said; "let us sit down; see, that bank is quite in the shade now, and tell me ——"

"Tell you what?" she asked, for he had made the artistic pause.

"Oh, anything—anything about yourself."

Betty was as incapable of flight as any bird on a limed twig.

She walked beside him to the bank, and sat down at his bidding, and he lay at her feet, looking up into her eyes. He asked idle questions: she answered them with a conscientious, tremulous truthfulness that showed to him as the most finished art. And it seemed to him a very fortunate accident that he should have found here, in this unlikely spot, so accomplished a player at his favorite game. Yet it



A Young, Bright Face, with Long Ringlets Above the Formal Bodice and Sloping Shoulders of the Sixties was the variety of his game for which he cared least. He did not greatly relish a skilled adversary. Betty told him nervously and in words ill-chosen everything that he asked to know, but all the while the undercurrent of questions ran strong within her—"When is he to teach me? Where? How?"—so that when at last there was left but the bare fifteen minutes needed to get one home in time for the midday dinner she said abruptly:

"And when shall I see you again?"

"You take the words out of my mouth," said he. And indeed she had. "She has no *finesse* yet," he told himself. "She might have left that move to me."

"The lessons, you know," said Betty, "and—and the picture, if you really want to do it."

"If I want to do it! You know I want to do it. Yes. It's like the nursery game. How, when and where? Well, as to the how—I can paint and you can learn. The where—there's a circle of pines in the wood here. You know it? A sort of giant fairy ring?"

She did know it.

"Now for the when—and that's the most important. I should like to paint you in the early morning, when the day is young and innocent and beautiful, like—like ——" He was careful to break off in a most natural seeming embarrassment. "That's a bit thick, but she'll swallow it all right. Gone down? Right!" he told himself.

"I could come out at six if you liked, or—or five," said Betty, humbly anxious to do her part.

He was almost shocked. "My good child," he told her silently, "some one really ought to teach you not to do *all* the running. You don't give a man a chance."

"Then will you meet me here, to-morrow, at six?" he said. "You won't disappoint me, will you?" he added tenderly.

"No," said downright Betty, "I'll be sure to come. But not to-morrow," she added with undisguised regret; "to-morrow's Sunday."

"Monday then," said he, "and good-by."

"Good-by, and—oh, I don't know how to thank you!"

"I'm very much mistaken if you don't," he said as he stood bareheaded, watching the pink gown out of sight. "Well, adventures to the adventurous! A clergyman's daughter, too! I might have known it."

II—THE IRRESISTIBLE

BETTY had to run all the way home, and then she was late for dinner. Her stepfather's dry face and dusty clothes, the solid comfort of the mahogany-furnished dining-room, the warm, wet scent of mutton—these seemed needed to wake her from what was, when she had awakened, a dream—the open sky, the sweet air of the May fields and *Him*. Already the stranger was Him to Betty. But, then, she did not know his name.

She slipped into her place at the foot of the long white dining-table, a table built to serve a dozen guests, and where no guests ever sat, save rarely a curate or two, and, more rarely even, an aunt.

"You are late again, Lizzie," said her stepfather.

"Yes, father," said she, trying to hide her hands and the fact that she had not had time to wash them. A long streak of burnt sienna marked one finger, and her nails had little slices of various colors in them. Her paint-box was always hard to open.

Usually Mr. Underwood saw nothing. But when he saw anything he saw everything. His eye was caught by the green smudge on her pink sleeve.

"I wish you would contrive to keep yourself clean, or else wear a pinafore," he said.

Betty flushed scarlet.

"I'm very sorry," she said, "but it's only water-color. It will wash out."

"You are nearly twenty, are you not?" the vicar inquired with the dry smile that always infuriated his stepdaughter. How was she to know that it was the only smile he knew, and that smiles of any sort had long grown difficult to him?

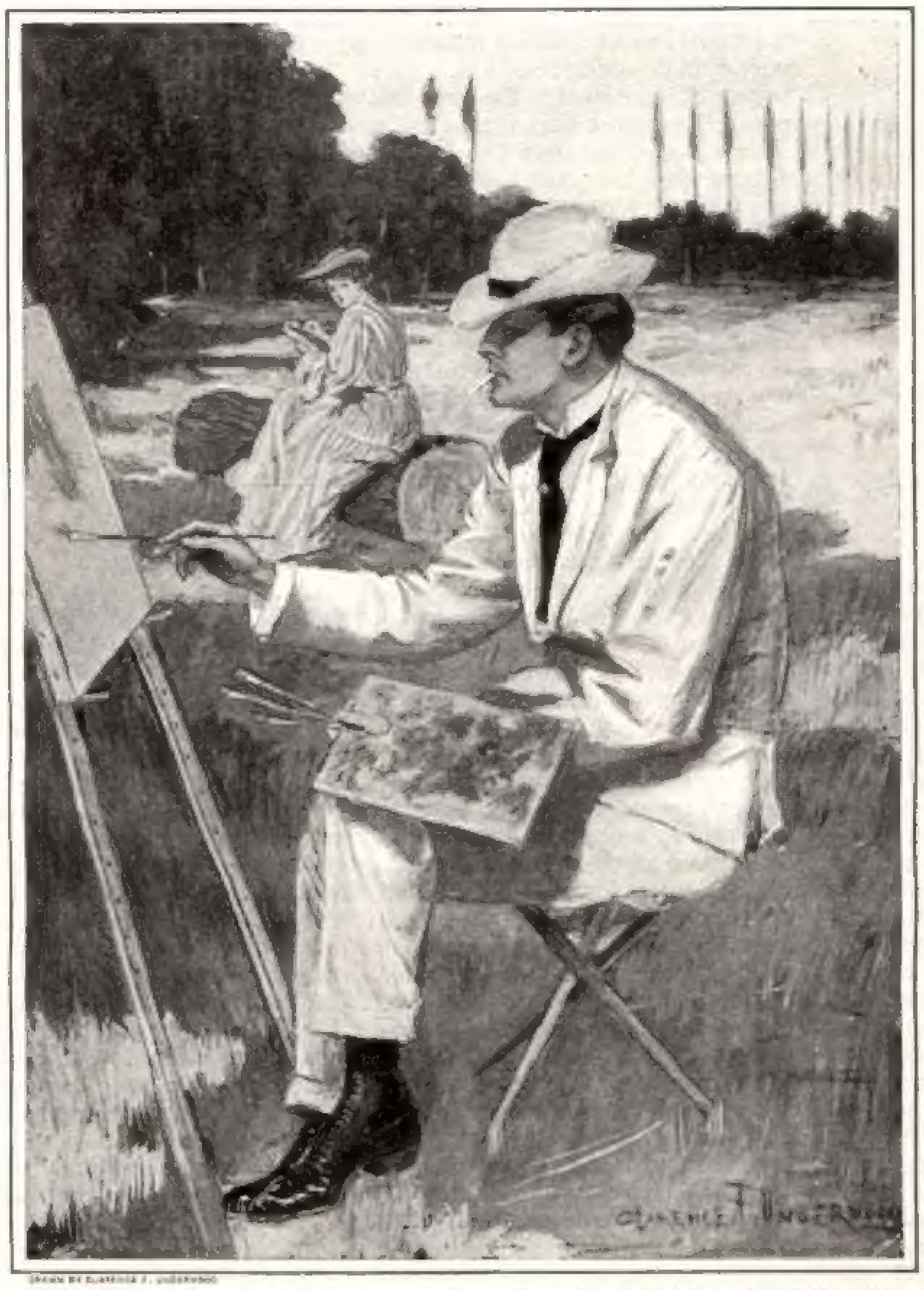
"Eighteen," she said.

"It is almost time you began to think about being a lady."

This was badinage. No failures had taught the Reverend Cecil that his stepdaughter had an ideal of him in which badinage had no place. She merely supposed that he wished to be disagreeable.

She kept a mutinous silence. The old man sighed. It is one's duty to correct the faults of one's child, but it is not pleasant. The Reverend Cecil had not the habit of shirking any duty because he happened to dislike it.

The mutton was taken away.



DRAWN BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

"Oh, What a Pity," Said Betty from the Heart, "that We Aren't Introduced *Now!*"

Betty, her whole being transfigured by the emotions of the morning, stirred the stewed rhubarb on her plate. She felt rising in her a sort of wild, forlorn courage. Why shouldn't she speak out? Her stepfather couldn't hate her more than he did, whatever she said. He might even be glad to be rid of her. She spoke suddenly and rather loudly before she knew that she had meant to speak at all.

"Father," she said, "I wish you'd let me go to Paris and study art. Not now," she hurriedly explained with a sudden vision of being taken at her word and packed off to France before six o'clock on Monday morning—"Not now, but later. In the autumn, perhaps. I would work very hard. I wish you'd let me."

He put on his spectacles and looked at her with wistful kindness. She read in his glance only a frozen contempt.

"No, my child," he said. "Paris is a sink of iniquity. I passed a week there once, many years ago. It was at the time of the great exhibition. You are growing discontented, Lizzie. Work is the cure for that. Mrs. Symes tells me that the chemises are not cut out yet."

"I'll cut them out to-day. They haven't finished the shirts yet, anyway," said Betty; "but I do wish you'd just think about Paris, or even London."

"You can have lessons at home if you like. I believe there are excellent drawing-mistresses in Sevenoaks. Mrs. Simpson was recommending one of them to me only the other day. With certificates from the high school, I seem to remember her saying."

"But that's not what I want," said Betty with a courage that surprised her as much as it surprised him. "Don't you see, father? One gets older every day, and presently I shall be quite old, and I sha'n't have been anywhere or seen anything."

He thought he laughed indulgently at the folly of youth. She thought his laugh the most contemptuous, the cruelest sound in the world. "He doesn't deserve that I should tell him about Him," she thought, "and I won't. I don't care!"

"No, no," he said; "no, no, no! The home is the place for girls—the safe, quiet shelter of the home. Perhaps some day your husband will take you abroad for a fortnight now and then. If you manage to get a husband, that is."

He had seen, through his spectacles, her flushed prettiness, and old as he was he remembered well enough how a face like hers would seem to a young man's eyes. Of course she would get a husband! So he spoke in kindly irony. And she hated him for a wanton insult.

"Try to do your duty in that state of life to which you are called," he went on; "occupy yourself with music and books and the details of housekeeping. No—don't have my study turned out," he added in haste, remembering how his advice about household details had been followed when last he gave it. "Don't be a discontented child. Go and cut out the nice little chemises." This seemed to him almost a touch of kindly humor, and he went back to Augustine, pleased with himself.

Betty set her teeth and went, black rage in her heart, to cut out the hateful little chemises.

Not till the paint had been washed from her hands, and the crumpled print dress exchanged for a quite respectable muslin did she consciously allow the morning's memories to come out and meet her eyes. Then she went down to the arbor where she had shelled peas only that morning.

"It seems years and years ago," she said. And sitting there she slowly and carefully went over everything—what he had said, what she had said. There were some things she could not quite remember. But she remembered enough. "Brother artists" were the words she said oftenest to herself, but the words that sang themselves were, "Young and innocent and beautiful, like—like ——"

"But he couldn't have meant me, of course," she told herself.

And on Monday she would see him again—and he would give her a lesson!

Sunday was incredibly wearisome. Her Sunday-school class had never been so tiresome nor so soaked in hair-oil. In church she was shocked to find herself watching from her pew in the chancel the entry of late comers—of whom He was not one. No afternoon had ever been half so long. She wrote up her diary. Thursday and Friday were quickly chronicled. At "Saturday" she paused long, pen in hand, and then wrote very quickly: "I went out sketching and met a gentleman, an artist. He was very kind and is going to teach me to paint, and he is going to paint my portrait. I do not like him particularly. He is rather old, and not really good-looking. I shall not tell father, because he is simply hateful to me. I am going to meet this artist at six, to-morrow. It will be dreadful having to get up so early. I almost wish I hadn't said I would go. It will be such a bother."

Then she hid the diary in a drawer, under her confirmation dress and veil, and locked the drawer carefully.

He was not at church in the evening, either. He had thought of it, but decided that it was too much trouble to get into decent clothes.

"I shall see her soon enough," he thought; "curse my impulsive generosity! Six o'clock, forsooth, and all to please a clergyman's daughter."

She came back from church with tired steps.

"I do hope I'm not going to be ill," she said. "I feel so odd, just as if I hadn't had anything to eat for days—and yet I'm not a bit hungry, either. I dare say I sha'n't wake up in time to get there by six."

She was awake before five.

She woke with a flutter of the heart. What was it? Had anything happened? Was any one ill? Then she recognized that she was not unhappy. And she felt more than ever as though it were days since she had had anything to eat.

"Oh, dear," said Betty, jumping out of bed. "I'm going out to meet Him, and have a drawing-lesson!"

She dressed quickly. It was too soon to start. Not for anything must she be first at the rendezvous, even though it were only for a drawing-lesson. That "only" pulled her up sharply.

When she was dressed she dug out the diary and wrote:

"This is terrible. Is it possible that I have fallen in love with him? I don't know. 'Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?' It is a most frightful tragedy to happen to one, and at my age, too! What a long life of loneliness stretches in front of me! For of course he could never care for me. And if this *is* love—well, it will be once and forever with me, I know. That's my nature, I'm afraid. But I'm not—I can't be. But I never felt so unlike myself. I feel a sort of calm exaltation, as if something very wonderful were very near me. Dear Diary, what a comfort it is to have you to tell everything to!"

It seemed to her that she must certainly be late. She had to creep down the front stairs so very slowly and softly in order that she might not awaken her stepfather. She had so carefully and silently to unfasten a window and creep out, to close the window again, without noise, lest

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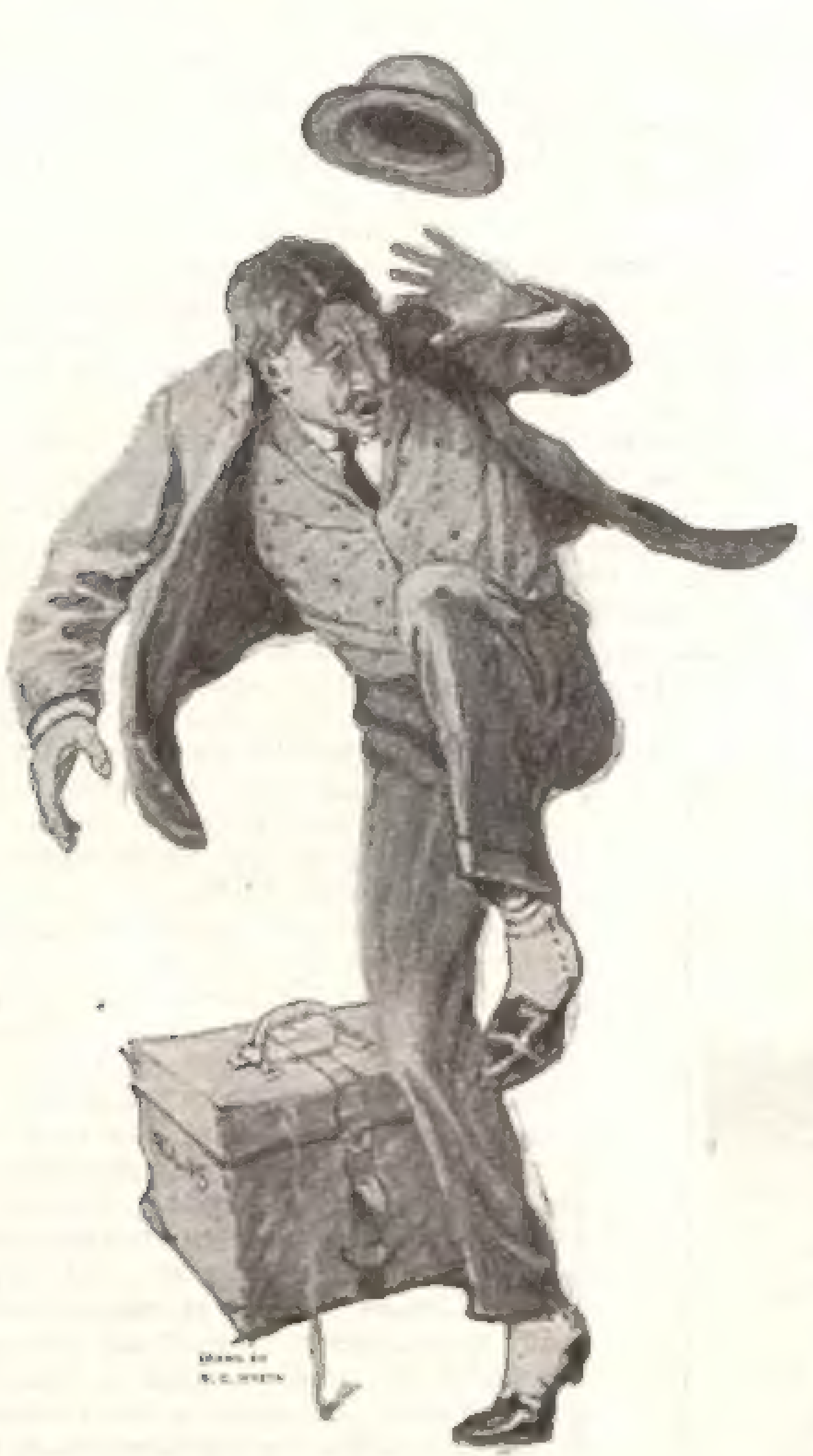
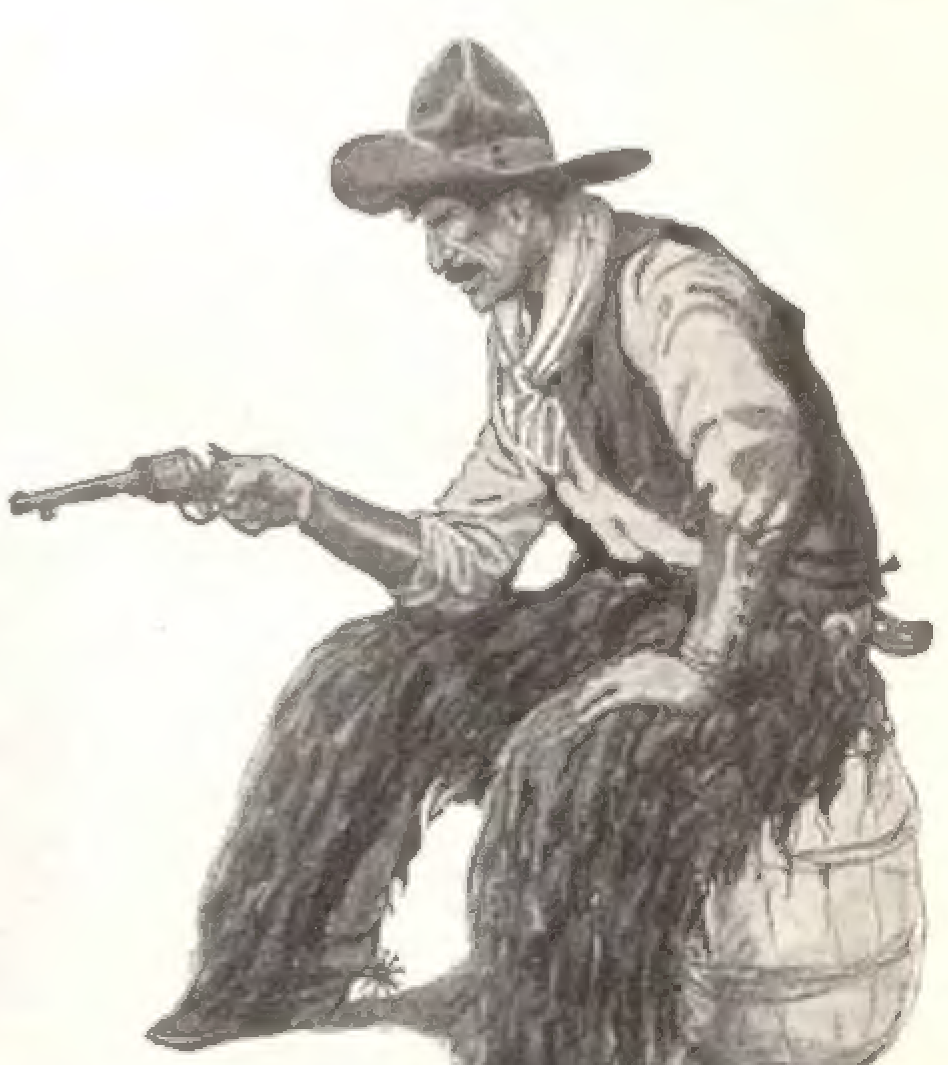
THE TENDERFOOT

An Advance Agent of Civilization

BY EMERSON HOUGH





IS IT history you seek? Then throw away the dull list of dates and dynasties and read the story of the tenderfoot. Is it romance that you would have—romance with thrill and grip? Then follow the page telling the doings of this same great Western figure, the Man with the Sore Toe. There is nothing in all the world to equal it, and there can never be again in all the world, for now all the wild regions are discovered and there is nothing left to do.

Everything in the world is relative. To-day our tenderfeet travel West in palace cars, and build cottages in Los Angeles, where they settle down and call themselves "Western" in spite of their entire Easterness. Once they traveled in stagecoaches, or plodded alongside of ox teams, or hoofed it straight, as did that pathetic tenderfoot of New England, Nathaniel Wyeth, who sought out new fur regions in the Rockies to his own undoing. The supply of tenderfeet under one name or other is something perennial. There are as many now east of the Mississippi as ever went West in any era of the world. From now on until the end of time there will ever appear, drifting across the page of record, that most laughable and most lovable of all Western characters, the Tenderfoot—rapt, entranced, open-mouthed and sore-toed.

The "new chum" of Australia, the "cheechako" of Alaska and the "sport" of Canada are all much the same. Into the pine lands of his Majesty come fearful and wonderful folk, with American money and clothes, who go a-hunting with guides to do the hunting for them. Now, in all eastern Canada, the entire population, being of necessity snow-shoers throughout the long winter, shed their toenails in entirety each April, as do chickens their feathers in August, and by that token one may know that spring has come. These hardy folks smile at the man who complains when the snow-shoe thongs cut his heel and denude his toes. For them, he is a "sport." In the far West he is a tenderfoot; and the phrase is wide enough for the world. No one knows the inglorious Webster who first invented this generic title, but it could not be improved upon in a score of dictionaries, and could not be defined in a page of explanation. It covers a volume of endeavor, folly, pluck, romance, hope, failure, despair, cheerfulness, life and death. The picture is perfectly obvious: some horny-footed son of toil sat grinning at his shack door, and said, "Evenin', stranger!" to the man who limped up and stood on the side of his foot as he talked; "feet a little tender, eh?"

Thus, no doubt, it began. Always there was the supercilious attitude of the man already there. Suppose Cabeza de Vaca had met Coronado toiling along in his iron hat and steel trousers in the scorching sun of the Panhandle desert; what would he have said? Blithely he would have inquired, "You blooming tenderfoot, what are *you* doing out West?" And Cortez, away back in 1513, would have smiled at Cabeza de Vaca; and so on. But always the tenderfoot pressed on, wide-eyed, hopeful, following the sun. We may not set this continent as his habitat, nor this era for his day. Aryan, Celt, Cimri, all these were tenderfeet, and the Angles and the Danes later. The diary of the tenderfoot is the history of the world, the tale of his accomplishments is the record of civilization.

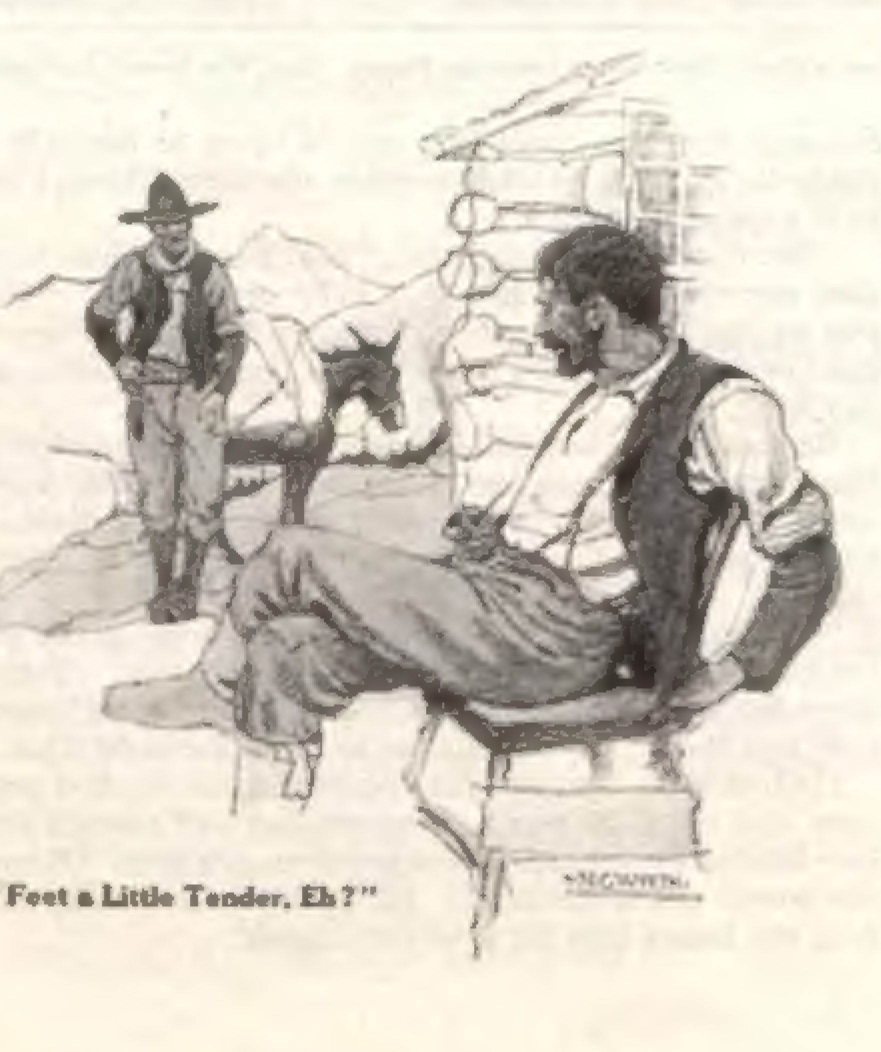
In sooth, it has always been not the man with a head but the man with feet who has done the work of the world. A reporter need not have brains, but he must have feet—any city editor will tell you that. A man is no better than his feet, any more than a horse or a dog; and neither is a nation, as we shall see in time. Growing ease in transportation does not bode well for us. We are becoming a nation of tenderfeet. The man in the auto does not compare in historic or commercial value with the man on foot. Travel *à pied* has been the great individual way of Men. After a time, that sore toe gets well, and the bruised heel is quenched, if we may mix metaphors just a trifle. The abrasion just over the Achilles tendon, where the foolish top-boots gall, in time turns into leather. The soles of the feet, which erstwhile elicited many a sad "Ouch" at prick of cactus thorn, become so calloused as to strike fire among the flints. Thus, with feet scintillant, scornful, threatening and young—beautiful upon the mountains—the tenderfoot arrives, and in time becomes the Man Who was There First. Cabeza de Vaca, two years upon a cow-ranch, says to Coronado, just out of Harvard: "Prithee, sweet sir, what do ye here a-wandering with sore feet?" The old citizen of Nome, who has spent all of one winter in Alaska, and who can both make and eat sour-dough bread, laughs through his beard at the cheechako just across by rail from Skagway.

What tenderfeet have failed to do in all the West would make a vast book. It would only be equaled in interest by the greater book of what they have accomplished. They have discovered most of the big mines of the West—hardly an old-timer has ever won reward for his fitness and experience. They have turned up in charge of the leading daily newspapers all over the West, and have calmly set to work to mould public opinion for their new-found homes, as seriously and about as effectually as though they had lived there all their lives. They have taken over most of the cow-range for their own. Men like old John Chisum, real cow-kings, are forgotten, and folk like the Wolcotts and Tisdales of Wyoming have come in Pullmans and cut off the cow-punchers from their ancient right of mavericking on the range. Tenderfeet have broken into most of the big commercial industries of the West, and have shown up in ownership of most of the best farms. The old-time Westerner has always grown disgusted and moved on; as see Daniel Boone, who discovered an empire and died dead-broke. The feet of the young men have, of a verity, been the feet of the tenderfeet. Having been laughed at by the West, they have retorted by taking over the West for their own. Without the West there could have been no tenderfoot, and without the tenderfoot there would be no West. The two are united as firmly as liberty and union were half a century ago.

The West has been obliged to accept the tenderfoot as philosophically as it might, and, indeed, it has had itself to blame for him. The old West panted as a hart for Eastern capital, and in time secured it. With Eastern capital came the tenderfoot. Some lunger goes West and discovers a choice spot among the solemn mountains where he ceases to cough. At once he sends back home for his wife's folks and the local minister and starts a sanatorium, which in due time separates other lungers from their money. The old-timer had not thought of that, but, sighing, he sells the sanatorium eggs. Some other lunger wanders out into the hills and sees something red or yellow staining the earth, and sends back East for some fellow-lunger who delivered the valedictory at Cornell, and they two, in their fool scientific way, start a mine and take away from the old-timer the heritage which was beneath his feet. The old-timer sighs and sells milk to the mine. Some Cabeza de Vermont with permanent pneumonia goes out to California and gets a full breath—the only time in his life he felt he could both get it and afford it—and he is so overjoyed at this that he lays out a thousand acres of town lots; and, just as the old-timer sneers widest, along comes the Boom. The old-timer sells them hay. But why should he complain? Did he not howl for Eastern capital? Did he not invite the tenderfoot to take the West? Ah, old-timer, your pottage has gone! Hairy Esau of the hills, once able to winter on bull elk and summer on cottontail, your day has gone, and Jacob has the farm. And lo! the feet of Jacob are not as the feet of Esau.

But, ah! Esau, best-beloved brother, didn't we have fun with Jacob for a while? When Jacob got off the train, was he not joyously recognized? Didn't we let him in on all manner of ground floors? Didn't we pass him the good things and in general hand him the freight-bill, from snipe-hunting to bonanzas? What could we have done without Jacob in times of care or in hours of ease? Would not Jacob, kind and obliging by disposition, even, peradventure, dance to the piping of a six-shooter at his feet and so give pleasance to a mournful man? Didn't Jacob generally enliven things all along the line? Without Jacob, the Great American Desert would be the Great American Desert to-day, and much of the mirth of the trans-Missouri would still be bottled and unsmiled.

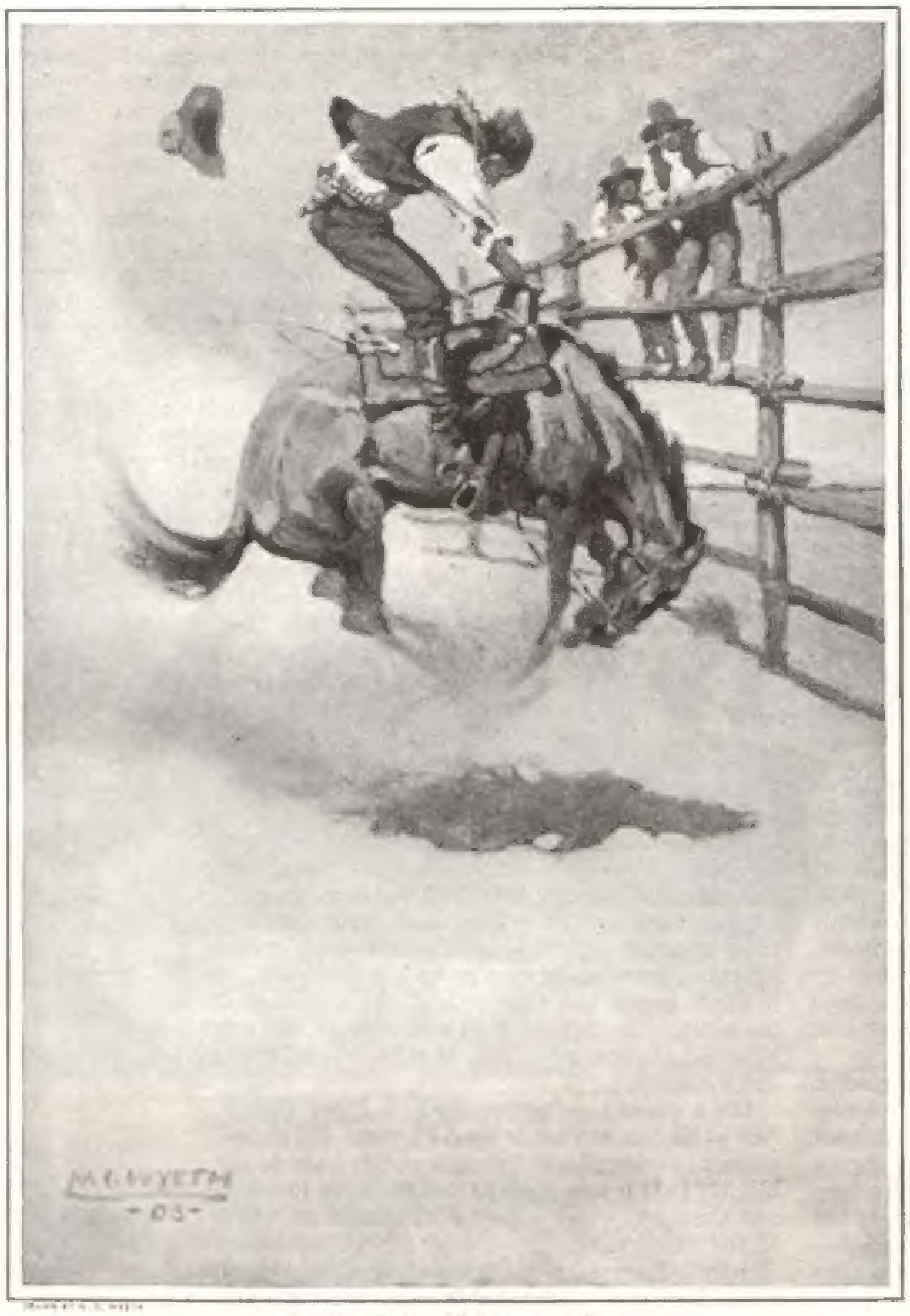
There was a great gulf fixed between Those-Who-Got-There-First and Those-Who-Came-There-Later; a vaster distinction between those who made their living in the country and those who got money from home. Indeed, this



"Feet a Little Tender, Eh?"

was a purely reasonable attitude, and had beneath it the whole matter of sectional feeling between the West and the States. To the man who had "come to stay" and who had taken root, the West was a place for living out life, of recognizing an environment, of adjustment to it, and of conquering it. Upon the contrary, the States' feeling toward the West was always of that holiday nature which went with curiosity and investigation, not to mention superciliousness. It is a curious thing to say of a portion of the art of America that it has no better basis than this; yet it is the truth that nearly all the writing about the West has been done in a purely holiday spirit, and very largely done by Men Who Got Money from Home.

The dramatic art, also, so far as it had to do with the West, at times produced its own remarkable results. Thus, I remember that one of the stage sets in Arizona showed a pair of snow-shoes on the ranch-house wall. Shakespeare may have had Julius Cæsar carry a gold watch, or wear a top hat, but never in his wildest moments was he guilty of anything quite so bad as those snowshoes for the hot land of Arizona. And in what moment of stage frenzy did that other tenderfoot drama, J—n E——e of the Yellowstone, find its being? Its star was wise to abandon this play. Had he been in the West when he undertook it, it would have been useless for him to run for county clerk thereafter. And then that early and prominent exponent of Western drama, The G—l I Left B——d Me—done by no less a hand than the fine Italian one of a playwright accepted as a master in stagecraft and dramatic art—what could have been the process by which it was evolved? It may be easy on the stage to have an army sergeant or a scout fall in love with the colonel's daughter and dance with her at the officers' ball; but if that thing ever started in real life at an actual army post, they would burn the scout at the stake, and hang, draw and quarter the army sergeant. Yet all these plays were held as Western, and made successes—tenderfoot successes. If ever there was a country butchered to make a literary and dramatic holiday, then certainly that country has been the American West. It has been the victim of the Man Who Got Money from Home. It has been discovered, despoiled, exploited and misused by the tenderfoot in art.



The Tenderfoot Will Learn in Time

Now, it was into this land of the man who got there first and who didn't get money from home that for one reason or another there ambled the tenderfoot, ofttimes taking himself seriously, as befitted one owning a college degree or two. He thought he would be well received, and, as a matter of fact, he was. The only strange and wonderful thing about it was his invariable belief that he could conceal his identity. A brass band and a flaming banner could not more distinctly proclaim his advent than he did for himself without saying a word. All good tenderfeet read the magazines and papers, or they would not go West; and having thus read, the tenderfoot, of course, knew how to disguise himself so that he could not be mistaken for anything but a Western man. Of course, all men in the West bore arms. The shop-windows of the East show even to-day glittering rows of long-bladed, sharp-pointed knives, such as were made after Bowie—who would turn over in his grave to witness their worthlessness. So the *émigré* got himself a long knife when he started West. It might be good for opening tin cans until the point broke off; and all sustenance in the West comes in tin cans—a fact which the tenderfoot did not always know when he bought his knife; but, in time, some friend would advise him to carry it in the grub-box and not in his belt. No one but a novice has for years carried any such knife on his person, for the day of ever-present fresh meat is gone. Even a guide in the elk or moose country usually contents himself with a good pocket-knife. As for the use of such a knife in fighting, it is far better to take half a brick or send for the policeman.

With the knife, of course, must go the "gun." The tenderfoot bought the very largest gun he dared, and for a time could not understand why the residents called it a "baby" and took it away from him. Moreover, he invariably carried his pistol-belt so tight he could scarcely get his feet to the ground. The first day with a real gun and a beltful of real ammunition would teach him that the belt should be worn loose, very loose, and impinging upon that certain osseous portion of the other hip which in the plans of Nature was made for the resting-place of a gun-belt.

And then the hat! He knew that all the West wore the wide, white hat, and he bought one. But, somehow, it was not quite the right sort of hat after all, and the West smiled at its obviousness. He saw no leather bands on the hats around him in his new home. Most of the citizens were probably wearing any sort that Whiteman, the Jew, happened to have in stock at the time.

And his boots? Ah, here is the vital thing, the crux of the matter, the boot and the feet therein! Always the typical tenderfoot wore high boots of heavy grain leather, boots such as you may see in shops to-day where they fit out "sportsmen." He usually asked his sister how they looked before he started West, and his sister answered with bated breath that the boots were becoming, but just a little fierce—sort of dangerous looking, you know. They were dangerous. If they had not rubbed a blister on his heels before he got off the train, it was because the porter oiled them.

If a tenderfoot happened to have leggins along with him they seemed never to be just the kind people were wearing in the particular part of the country where he alighted. Somehow his gloves, too, were not quite right. Lastly, if a tenderfoot had remained utterly concealed from view and had merely thrown his luggage on the station platform, the populace would have known that a tenderfoot had come to town. They would have known him by his bed. Of course, the newcomer brought his bed along, for he had read about all that sort of thing; but he never brought it right. Of late years the bold hunters who go into the "Rockies"—they always call them "Rockies," with an offhand, easy sort of familiarity, you know—have been addicted to sleeping-bags and air-mattresses. Sometimes they give these away to their guides at the end of the trip, and sometimes the guides firmly decline, and sometimes forget where they left them in the barn. The tenderfoot would bring blankets too light or too little, and if he knew how to roll them in a canvas, he would not have his canvas doubled over and under the entire bed, or he would have it too light or too narrow, and, of course, too new. Probably he would not have any Katy in his kit. Now, a Katy is a quilt in many parts of the West, and in all parts it is a constituent part of any well-composed bed of an outdoor man—that is to say, the sort of man the tenderfoot calls a "native" when he writes home to his sister his first installment of adventure; the letter inclosing the photograph of himself, with his gun in due prominence upon the front portion of his abdomen. With the bed, the well-informed tenderfoot would have a slicker, and this is not so bad when properly dirty; but he would probably be surprised when some old-timer told him that he could always tell a tenderfoot because he was sure to have a right new slicker. An old-timer gets a mackintosh when he can afford it, which is not always.

The tenderfoot—especially the tenderfoot who has discovered the West with the deliberate intention of informing the East about it—is careful to call attention to his "chaps"; and it may be some time before he learns that cow-punchers call them leggins. He may for a time mention his "lariat," because he has read about that somewhere; but it will not be long before he calls it "rope," as every one else does. In the Middle West he will never hear of a "lasso." That is Californian, where it sometimes is called "lass." It will be longer before the tenderfoot learns the technical names of different makes of saddles, and knows a "Menier tree" from an apple orchard; or can explain the difference between a centre fire and a Texas saddle, or discourse learnedly as to the merits of rope-tied or rope-wrapped—*à la* Texas or *à la* California—or is able to talk wisely of the merits of the Mexican stirrup and *tapadera* as against the round-bottom stirrup. He hears the last-named stirrup is safer for riding "outlaws," and after a while learns that an "outlaw" is a horse and not a bad man. It is still later, perhaps, before he learns to take out a scar-backed and saddle-worn mount from the corral instead of the sleek, smooth-backed, care-free looking animal, which is so much more attractive in appearance. That is where he learns that the wicked are smug—and discovers what an "outlaw" really is.

If the tenderfoot be from Harvard, he will, no doubt, try to reason the cowmen out of their usual term "cavvieyard"—plains' speech for the horse band. He will explain that the word is Spanish, *caballada*, and should so be spoken, "trippingly on the tongue." He will despair, however, for he cannot alter local speech; and in time he will learn the difference between a "menada" and a "remuda," and will brazenly call the first "menather." In "horse wrangler" he is more on his own ground. Many senior wranglers from Oxford have become horse wranglers in the West. He learns that a *concho* is a metal disk on one's leather trousers; and ponders about the derivation of "quirt," which he finally is obliged to leave resting closely to the old Spanish word *cuero*, which means leather. He learns all about *latigo* and "hackamore" and *moral*—the latter pronounced, of course, "morell." For a time he insists on using the Eastern pronunciation for "corral." He has heard it called on the stage and in good society "corral" and "corrawl," and is sure that must be right; but all over the West the word is called "correll." In short, the tenderfoot begins to find that Spain and Texas are written indelibly all over what was once the cow-country of the West.

When the tenderfoot is camping out he builds a big fire. The man whom he calls a "native" does not. A large fire is wasteful, wearisome, uncomfortable and dangerous, and one can neither cook nor be warmed at it. On the plains he does not know what the native means who asks him to gather up some "chips" and make a fire, until he remembers reading of the *bois des vaches*—what the men of the lower ranges still call "boonyeegers," the only fuel of the plains for the men antedating crops or transportation. The tenderfoot always rolls up in his bed—when he is so far along in Western education as to venture to sleep without a tent—and lies down with his head to the wind. This is wrong, as is almost everything else he does. The old-timer, of course, sleeps with his feet to the wind, so that the bed-covering will not be blown loose and that the air may not get in so freely around his neck at the open part of the blankets. In the gray of morning the coyotes call, and the tenderfoot has a sensation. At breakfast—when he invariably cooks the bacon too much—he nonchalantly asks the old-timer if he "heard the wolves howl this morning." "No," answers the other, "but it seems to me that I did hear a coyote yipping a little while ago." The tenderfoot calls that *koi*-ote; the Westerner always calls it *ki*-ote, unless he is a native of the far Southwest, where the Mexicans call it ki-*ó*-te.

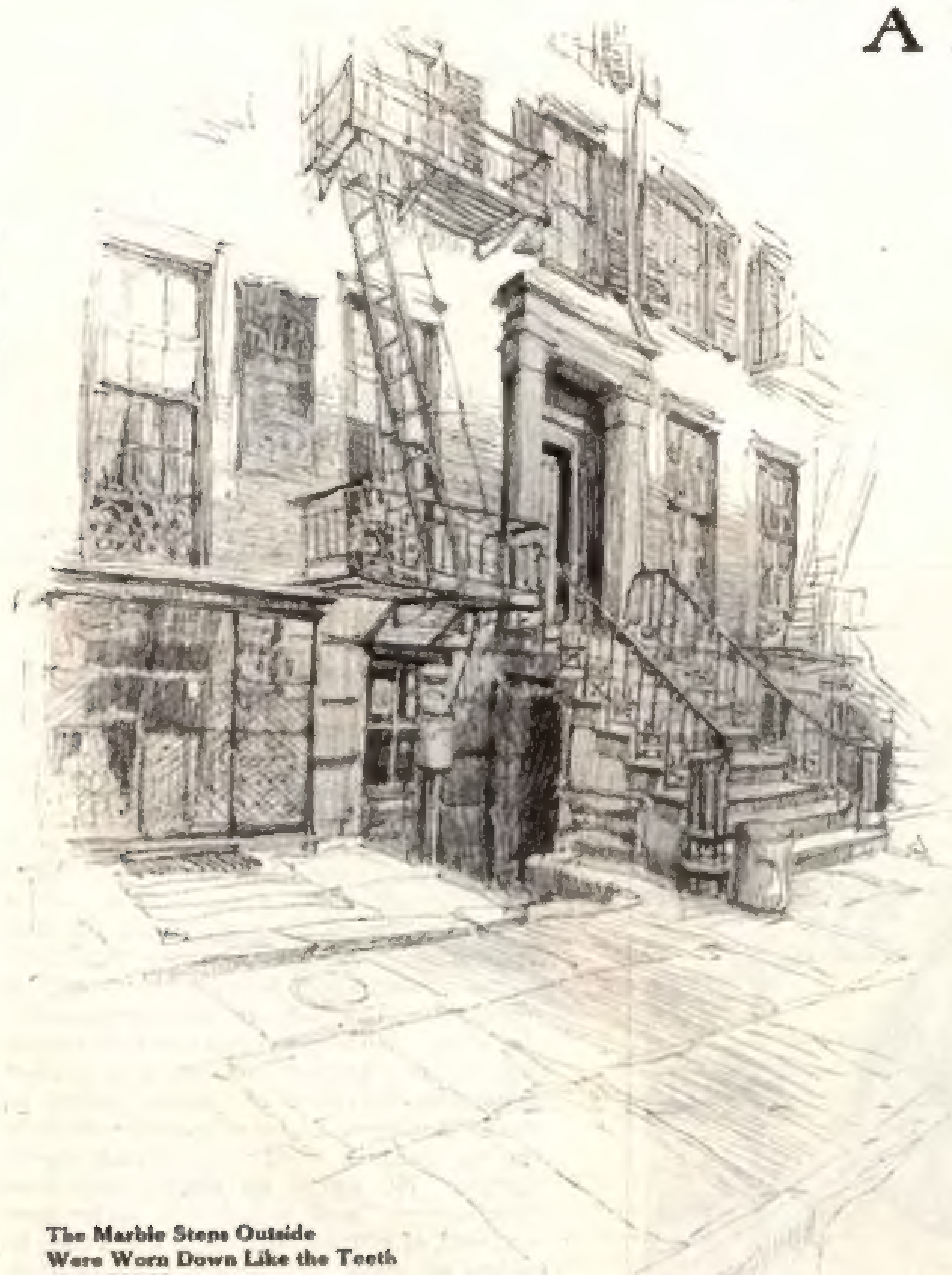
For a long time the tenderfoot is guilty of the unpardonable solecism of speaking of "cattle" instead of "cows"; forgetting that on the range proper all horned animals are "cows," no matter what their sex. He assumes the term "bronco" to mean all horses, which is wrong—for there are many sorts of horses recognized in the West, though only one sort of kine. He probably will spell the word "broncho" when he writes home to his sister. A good

(Continued on Page 25)

The Beguiling of Peter Griggs

A Little Dinner—and the Price of It

By F. Hopkinson Smith



The Marble Steps Outside Were Worn Down Like the Teeth of an Old Horse

PETER was in his room when I knocked—up two flights of stairs off Washington Square—Eighth Street really—in one of those houses with a past—of mahogany, open wood fires, old Madeira in silver coasters pushed across hand-polished tables—that kind of a past.

None of all this could be seen in its present. The marble steps outside were worn down like the teeth of an old horse, and as yellow; the iron railings were bent and cankered by rust; the front door was in blisters; the halls bare, steps uncarpeted, and the spindling mahogany balusters showed here and there substitutes of pine.

Nor did the occupants revive any of its old-time charm. The basement held a grocery—a kindling-wood, ice and potato sort of grocery; the parlor boasted a merchant tailor—much pressing and repairing, with now and then a whole suit; the second floor front was given over to a wig-maker and the second story back to a manicure. Here the tide of the commercial and the commonplace stopped—stopped just short of the third floor where old Peter Griggs lived.

You would understand why if you knew the man.

Just as this particular old house possessed two distinct personalities—one of the past and the other of the present—so did the occupant of the third floor.

Downtown in the custom house, where he was employed (he had something to do with invoices), he was just plain Mr. Griggs—a short, crisp, "Yes and No" little man—exact, precise and absurdly correct: never, in all his life, had he made a mistake.

Up in these rooms on the third floor he was dear old Peter—or Pete—or Griggsy—or whatever his many friends loved best to call him. Up here, too, he was the merriest companion possible; giving out as much as he absorbed, and always with his heart turned inside out. That he had been for more than thirty years fastened to a high stool facing his desk bespoke neither political influence nor the backing of rich friends. Nobody, really, had ever wanted his place. If they did they never dared ask for it—not above their breath. They would as soon have thought of ousting the old clock from its perch in the rotunda, or moving one of the great columns that faced the street. So he just stayed on ticking away at his post, quite like the old clock itself, and getting stiffer and stiffer in the line of his duty—quite like the columns—and getting more and more covered with the dust of long habit—quite like both of them.

This dust, being outside dust, and never sinking in the thousandth part of an inch below the surface, left its mark on the man beneath as a live coal fading and whitening leaves its covering of ashes on the spark.

The two—the ashes and the spark—made up the sum of Peter's individuality. The ash part was what he offered to the world of routine—the world he hated. The spark part—cheery, warm, enthusiastic, full of dreams, of imaginings, with an absorbing love for little bits of beauty, such as old Satsuma, Cloisonné, quaint miniatures and the like—all good, and yet within reach of his purse—that part he gave to the friends he loved.

I am inside his room now, standing behind him taking in the glow of the fire and the red damask curtains shielding the door that leads to his bedroom; my eye roving over the bookcases crammed with books, the tables littered with curios and the mantel covered with miniatures and ivories. I invariably do this to discover his newest "find" before he calls my attention to it. As he has not yet moved or given me any other sign of recognition than a gruff "Draw up a chair," in a voice that does not sound a bit like him—his eyes all the time on the smouldering fire, there is yet a chance to look him over before he begins to talk. (We shall all be busy listening when he does begin.)

I say "*all*," for there is a second visitor close behind me, and the sound of another footstep can already be heard in the hall below.

It is the back of Peter's head now that interests me, and the droop of his shoulders. They always remind me of Leech's sketch of Old Scrooge waiting for Marly's ghost, whenever I come upon him thus unobserved. To-night he not only wears his calico dressing-gown—an unheard-of garment in these days—but a red velvet cap pulled over his scalp. Most bald men would have the cap black—but then most bald men have not Peter's eye for color.

It's a queer head—this head of Peter Griggs. Not at all like any other head I know. If I should attempt to describe it, I should merely have to say bluntly that it was more like an enlarged hickory-nut than any other object I can think of. It is of the same texture, too, and almost as devoid of hair. Except on his temples, and close down where his collar binds his thin neck, there is really very little hair left; and this is so near the color of the shriveled skin beneath that I never know where one begins and the other ends.

When I face him—and by this time I am facing him—I must admit that the hickory-nut simile still holds. There are no particular features, no decided bumps, no decided hollows; the nose is only an enlarged ridge, the cheeks and eye-sockets only seams. But the eyes count—yes, the eyes count—count so that you see at once that they are the live points of the live coal smouldering beneath.

Here the hickory-nut as a simile goes all to pieces. These eyes are the flash from some distant lighthouse, burning dull when the commonplace of life passes before him, and bursting into effulgence when something touches his heart or stirs his imagination. Downtown in the dismal tomb even the lighthouse goes to smash. Here the eyes set so far back in his head that they look for all the world like two wary foxes peeping out of a hole, losing nothing of what is going on outside—never being fooled, never being wheedled or coaxed out of their retreat. "Can't fool Mr. Griggs," some broker says, as he tries to get his papers signed out of his turn. Uptown these foxes are running around loose in an abandonment of jollity, frisking here and there, all restraint cast aside—trusting everybody—and glad to. That's why I couldn't understand his tone of voice when I opened his door.

"Not sick, old fellow?" I cried. He had not yet lifted his head or vouchsafed a single word of welcome.

"Yes, sick at heart. My old carcass is all right, but inside—way down where a man lives—I'm sick unto death. Take a look at the mantelpiece. You see my best miniature's gone, don't you?"

"Not the Cosway?"

"Yes, the Cosway!"

"Stolen?"

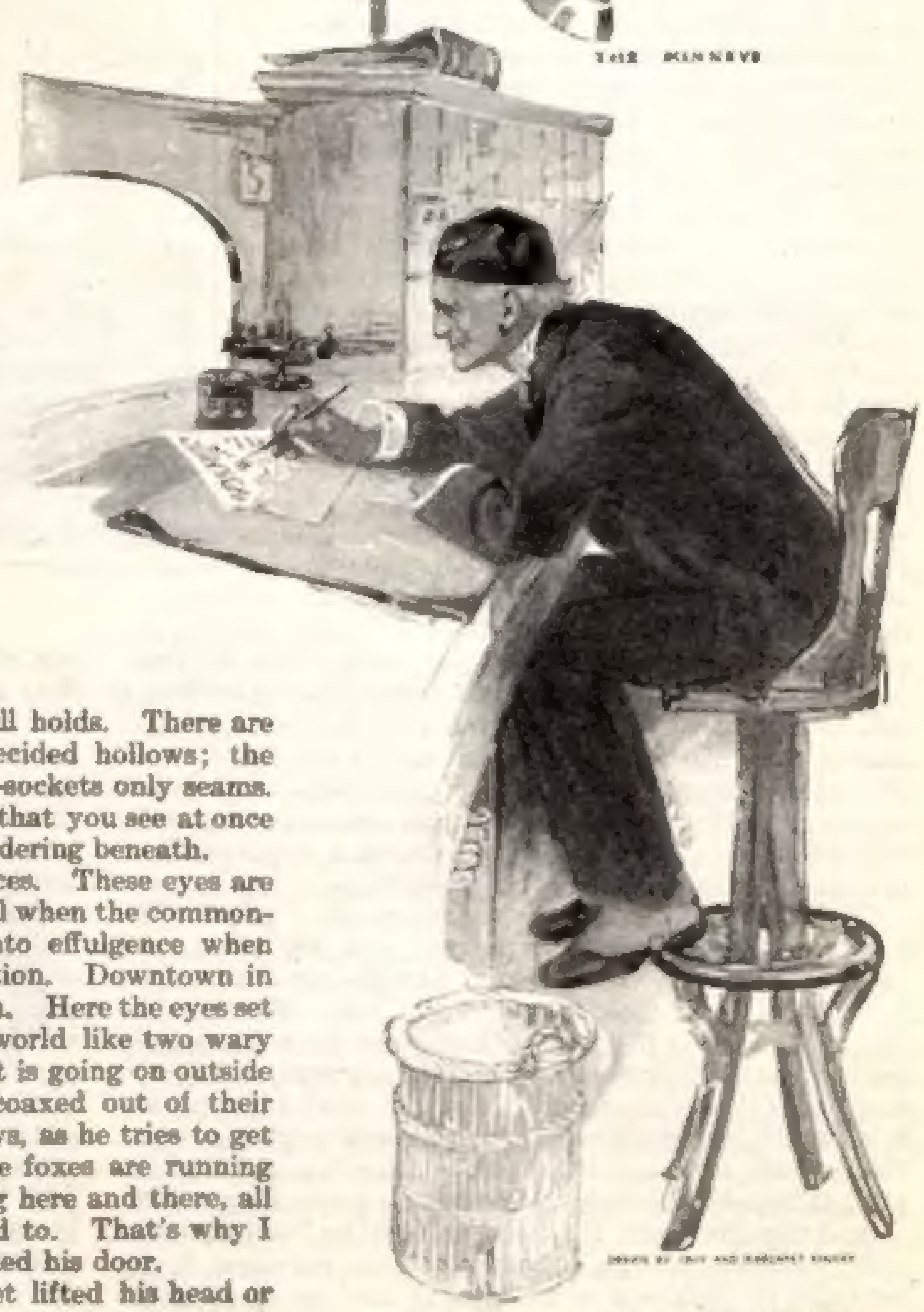
"Worse than stolen! Oh, my boy, such mean people live in the world! I couldn't believe it possible. I've read in the papers something like it, but that I should have been—oh, I can't get over it! It haunts me like a ghost. It isn't the value—it's the way it was done; and I was so helpless, and I meant only to be kind."

The other men had arrived now and the three of us were ranged around Peter in a circle, wondering with wide-opened eyes at his tone of voice, his dismal expression, and especially at the air of dejection which seemed to ooze through every square inch of his calico dressing-gown.

"Sit down, all of you," he continued, "and listen. And it's all your fault. If only one of you had come up to see me! I waited and waited; I knew most of you would be off somewhere eating your Thanksgiving turkey, but that every mother's son of you should have forgotten me—that's what I won't forgive you for."

We, with one accord, began to make excuses, but he waved us into silence.

"After a while I got so lonely I couldn't stand it any longer. So about six o'clock I started out to dine alone somewhere—some place where I had no associations with any one of you. I hadn't gone as far as Broadway when along came two men and a woman. You'd have said 'two gentlemen and a lady'—I say two men and a woman. I looked at them and they looked at me. I saw they were from out of town, and right away came the thought, they must be lonely, too. Everybody is lonesome on Thanksgiving if they're away from home, or, like me, have no place to go to. The Large Man stopped and nudged the Small Man, and the Woman turned and looked at me earnestly, then all three talked together for a minute, then I heard the Small Man say, 'I'll go you a ten on it,' which conveyed no



A Short, Crisp, "Yes and No" Little Man

meaning to me. Then all three of them walked back to where I stood and the Large Man asked me where Foscari's restaurant was.

"Well, of course, that was in the next street, so I volunteered to show them the place. On the way over the Small Man and the Woman lagged behind and I overheard them say that it would never do—that is, the Woman said so; at which the Small Man laughed and said they couldn't find a better. All this time the Large Man held me by the arm in a friendly sort of way, as if he was afraid I would stub my toe and fall if he didn't help me over the gutters; telling me all the time that he didn't know the ropes around New York and how much obliged he was to me for taking all this trouble to show him. Pretty soon we arrived at Foscari's. I never dine there—never was inside the place. Cheap sort of a restaurant—down two steps from the sidewalk, but they asked for Foscari's, and that's where I took them.

"'Here's the place,' I said, and I lifted my hat to the Woman and turned to go back.

"'No, don't go,' said the Large Man, still holding on to my arm. 'You've been white and decent to us; we're all stranded here. This is Thanksgiving—come in and have dinner with us.'

"Then I began by thanking them and ended by saying I couldn't. Then the Small Man began to urge me, saying that out in his country, near the Rockies, everybody was willing to sit down at anybody's table when they were invited; and the Large Man kept on squeezing my arm in a friendly sort of way, so I finally said I didn't care if I did, and in we all went. When we got inside the place was practically empty—only one guest, really—and he was over by the wall in a corner. There were only two waiters—one an Irishman who said his name was Mike, with a very red head and an enormous mouth—a queer kind of a servant for that kind of a restaurant, I thought—and the other a young Italian, who was probably the cook.

"'You order,' said the Large Man. 'You know what's good in New York.'

"So I ordered.

"And I want to tell you that the dinner was a particularly good one—well cooked and well served. We had soup and fish and an Italian ragout, macaroni, peppers and two bottles of red wine. Before the soup was over I was glad I'd come; glad, not only because the dinner was all right, but because the people were human kind of people—no foolishness about them—no pretension. They were not our kind of people, of course—couldn't find them in New York if you looked everywhere—not born and brought up here. The Woman was gentle and kindly, saying very little, but the Large Man was a hearty, breezy sort of a fellow—even if his language at times was rough and uncouth—at least, I thought so. Big bones and a well-fed body; quick in his movements, yet slow in his talk, showing force and determination in everything he said. The Small Man was as tough physically and as alert mentally, but there wasn't so much of him. He talked, however, twice as fast as the Large Man, and said less.

"He talked of the city—how smart the people were, how stuck up some of them, thinking they knew it all, and how, if they but thought about it, they must see after all that the West was the only thing that kept the country alive. That kind of talk—not in an offensive way—just as all of us talk when we believe in our section of the country.

"All this time the solitary guest sat against the wall listening. Near as I could make out he only had one dish and a small bottle of wine. Presently he made a remark—not to us—not to the room—more as if to himself.

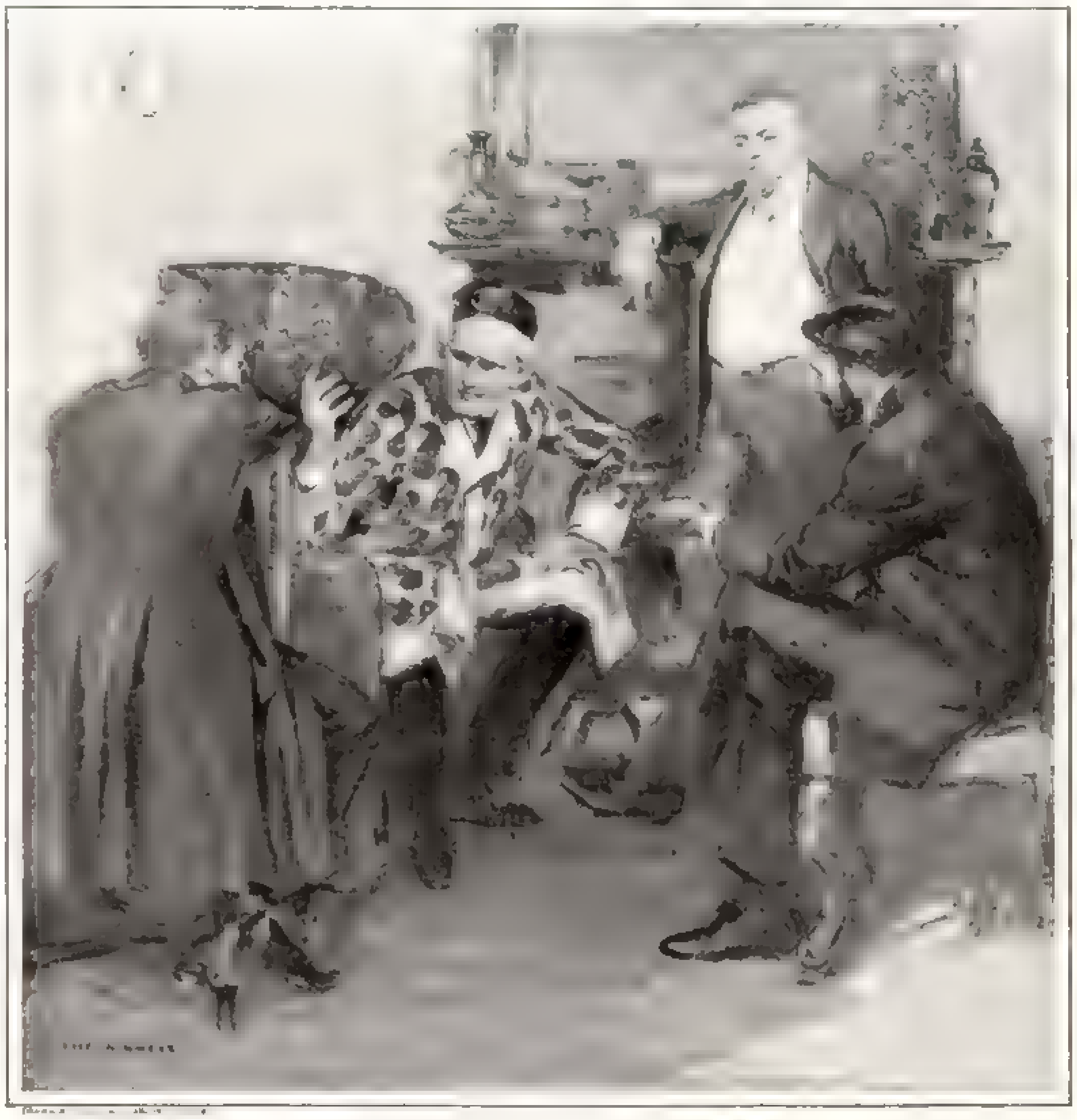
"'West is the only thing, is it? And every man Jack of them from New England stock!'

"This didn't come in any offensive spirit—just as an aside, as if to keep himself company, being lonely, of course.

"But the Large Man caught it before all the words were out of his mouth.

"'Dead right, pard,' he said—I only quote his words, gentlemen. 'My father came from Boston—left there in '58. Where're you from?'

"'Boston,' answered the man looking at him over the prongs of his fork.



"How a Man of My Experience Could Have——"

"'That so? Well, why ain't you eatin' your turkey with your folks? Got any?'

"'Yes, got a lot of them, but I was short of a ticket.'

"Here the Large Man got up and went over to the Man from Boston.

"'Shake for Boston,' he said, holding out his big hand. 'And now bring that bottle over here and chip in with us.' Then he opened his pocketbook and took out a square slip of paper.

"'Here, tuck that in your clothes.' Again I must remark, gentlemen, that I am only quoting their language so that you can get a better idea of what sort of people I was with. 'That's a pass to your 'burg. I'm going South and I won't use it.'

"There were five of us at the table now, the Bostonian bringing over his plate without a word except 'Thank you,' and taking his share of the different dishes.

"The talk now became very interesting. The Large Man told stories of his early life on a farm and the Bostonian recited verses, and recited them very well, and the Woman laughed in the right place, and when the cigars were brought and the coffee and the cognac, I was sorry it was all over. That, when I look back upon it, is the most extraordinary thing of all. How a man of my experience could have—— Well, I won't stop, I'll just keep on.

"With the coffee, and before the red-headed Irishman had brought the bill—oh, you should go round to Foscari's and look at that Irishman just to see how coarse and vulgar a man can be who spends his whole life feeding animals who—no, I *will* go on, for the most interesting part is to come. When the coffee was served, I say, the Large Man asked the waiter where he could send a telephone message to his hotel—wanted the porter to get his trunks down. The Irishman answered: 'Out in the hall, to the right o' where ye come in.' 'I'll go with you,' said the Woman; so the two got up and I opened the door for her, and we three sat down again—that is, the Small Man, the Bostonian and myself.

"We talked on, not noticing the time; then the Small Man looked at his watch, jumped up and called out to the waiter: 'Where did you say that telephone place was?'

"'In the hall—on the other side of that dure; ye kin see it from where ye're sittin'.'

"'Well, he's taking a devil of a time to do his telephoning,' said the Small Man. 'Hold on to my coffee till I go and punch him up.'

"The Bostonian and I kept on talking. He was a draughtsman in an architect's office, so he told me, and was promised a place the following week, and I was very much interested in what he told me of his walking the streets looking for work.

"Mike, the waiter, now laid the bill on the table. I didn't want to know the amount; my hosts wouldn't want me to see it, of course, and so I didn't look at it. The Bostonian craned his head, but I forestalled his glance and turned a plate over it before he could read the total.

"Mike now approached.

"'Ye'd better pay now,' he said, 'before any more o' ye skip. It's nine dollars and sixty cints.'

"'But I'm only an invited guest,' I said. 'They'll all be back in a minute; wait till they come.'

"'I'll wait nothin.' The boss is out and I'm in charge. H'ist out yer money.'

"The Bostonian had risen from the table now and was looking at me as if I'd just been detected in picking his pocket.

"'But I'm an invited guest,' I protested.

"'Invited guest, are ye?' continued the Irishman. 'And ye ordered the grub yersilf! You heard him!' This to the Bostonian. 'Didn't he order the stuff? Let's see yer wad. No more o' ye's goin' to l'ave this room 'till I gits nine dollars and sixty cints. Here, Macaroni'—and he called the Italian—'ring up the station-house and till thim to sind somebody 'round. Ye can't play that game on me!'

"'My dear fellow,' I said—I had now to be as courteous as I could—'I don't want to play anything on you. You may be right in your views that these people have served me a scurvy trick, but I don't believe it.'

"'Well, thin, pull yer wad out, or I'll call the perlice.'

"'Don't do anything of the kind,' I urged. 'My name is Peter Griggs and I live quite near here. Lived there for twenty years. You can find out all about me from any of the neighbors; I haven't enough money with me, but I'll go to my room and get it.'

"'No ye don't; none o' that guff for me!' You can't think how coarse he was. Then he walked deliberately over to the door and stood with his back against it.

"The Bostonian now joined in.

"'It looks as if you had been buncoed, my friend,' he said. 'It's an old dodge, this, of getting somebody to pay for your dinner, especially on holidays, and yet I can't see how anybody would pick you out as a greenhorn. I'd divide the bill with you, but really, as you know, I haven't the money.' I saw from his tone that he was thinking better of me.

"'No, I'll pay it myself. You, certainly, were not to blame. Will you go to my room with me, Mike?' I called him Mike because it seemed the best way to conciliate the man.

"'How far is it?' he asked, softening a little.

"'Two blocks.'

"'And ye'll pay if I go?'

"'Of course I will pay. Do I look like a man who would cheat you?'

"'All right, come on.'

"I bade the Bostonian good-by, and we started.

"Mike didn't speak a word on the way, nor did I. I felt like a suspected thief that a policeman was taking to the station house; I've passed them many times in the street, and I've often wondered what was passing in the thief's mind. I knew now. I knew, too, what the Bostonian thought of me, and the Italian, and Mike.

"Then a shiver went through me, and the next moment I broke out into a cold sweat. I suddenly remembered that I hadn't any money in my room. I had given every cent, except two dollars of the amount I had brought uptown with me, to my washerwoman the night before. The bill was not due, but Mrs. Jones wanted it for Thanksgiving and so I let her have it. And yet, gentlemen—would you believe it!—I walked on, trying to think if there mightn't be some bills in the vest I'd worn the day before, or in the top drawer of my desk, or in a china cup on the mantel. Really, it was an awful, awful position! I couldn't run! I couldn't explain. I just had to keep on.

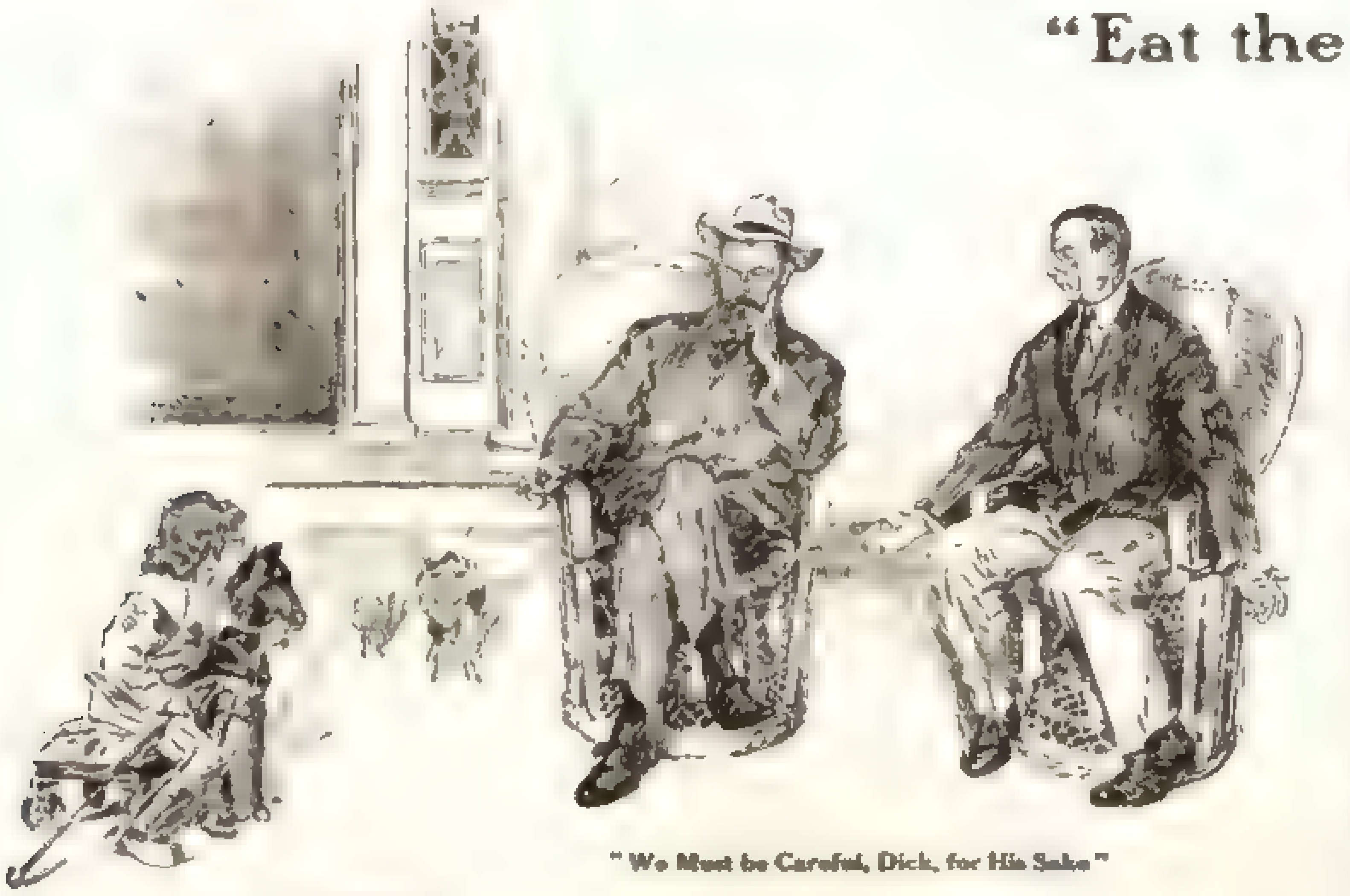
"When I got here I turned up the light and asked him to sit down while I searched my clothes—you can see what disgrace does for a man—asked a common, low, vulgar waiter to sit down in my room. He didn't sit down—he just kept walking round and round, peering into the bookcases, handling the little things on the mantel, feeling the quality

(Concluded on Page 22)

SEEKING INVESTMENT

"Eat the Cake and Have it, Too"

By George Carling



"We Must be Careful, Dick, for His Sake"

GET stock certificates printed at a dollar a hundred, and run them up to a hundred dollars apiece." This remark, made to me at the beginning of my career by my old business associate, Adolph Lewes, I had always treasured; and my development of the Etna Farm Implement Works was a striking instance of the success of the principle. I had invested a million dollars in acquiring the various plants and supplying the working capital, and had capitalized the consolidation at ten millions.

I had never offered any of the stock for sale until it was showing dividends. With the use of two or three good patents and the splendid ability of McGregor, my superintendent, in manipulating wages, I had succeeded for three or four years in showing a dividend of five per cent. on the entire capitalization; and I was now commencing to reap the reward of my enterprise and ability by seeing a good market price established for such blocks of the stock as I cared to offer, from eighty-five to ninety being obtained.

But my splendid success brought with it the wicked criticisms which the envy and malice of petty minds so frequently direct against leaders of finance. One newspaper in particular, pretending to be devoted to the interests of the wage-earners, had published several articles attacking me in a bitterly savage manner. It had got hold of the story of my deal in the little mill below Seringford, which I had bought for $5000 and forced the Power Company to take over at $200,000. It charged that the stock I held in various companies had been largely acquired through the ruin and disgrace of others. It hashed up the stories of Gratley's suicide, of Hugh Grant's failure, and of Straitson's defalcation, and ridiculed my high aims and precepts.

All this, however, would have annoyed me but little; but I could see that my wife was greatly distressed.

"Tell me that there is no truth in these miserable stories, Richard!" she cried. "It cannot be so! You have never done these dreadful things!"

"There is just a trifle of truth woven through them all," I replied as calmly as I could. "I sold that mill-site, as these fellows state, and there were good and sufficient reasons at the time why the transaction should not appear in my name. But it was just clear business, right through."

"And the rest of it, Richard, about Gratley and the others. What does it all mean?"

"'Man's goings are of the Lord: how can a man then understand his own way?' How am I responsible for all these things, Elfrida? Men speculate or invest unwisely; then, when disaster comes, any man who has had successful dealings with them is suspected of unfair methods."

She sat with her chin resting on her hand, looking intently at the window, but not through it; while I dwelt upon the best things to quiet her mind. I valued my wife's good opinion, as any man should. It is the source from which comes rest and confidence, even though its conservatism gives no inspiration for new projects

Presently she looked at me and said: "Richard, is it all worth while? Would there not be far greater happiness in a moderate business, where this cruel envy and malice would not appear?"

"There is no such business!" I retorted bitterly. "No matter how obscure a man may be, his faults, his shortcomings and his misfortunes are public talk. His good deeds are whispered in secret until after his death. 'They praise the dead which are already dead more than the living which are yet alive.' I built that great power plant at Seringford, and rescued the railways from bankruptcy. From a drowsy, unprogressive farmers' village it has become a bright and prosperous manufacturing town. Real estate has trebled in value. But does any man ever mention me as the creator of it all? No one points out the fact that I have doubled the value of the great oak industry of this section; or that I have gathered together all the weak little tool factories, and made them into a strong and prosperous business—bringing more money into Toonsville than ever came in before."

"Oh, Dick! My dear husband! Forgive me! I did not mean to overlook those things. They are noble! But I have seen you harassed and worried lately. Can you not rest content with all that splendid work?"

"There are others to consider, Elfrida. Men have invested in these various companies upon my representations, and they may need my protection."

I might also have reminded her that I had several times, in my addresses to Christian associations and societies, pointed out that wealth is a sacred trust, to be used in conjunction with a man's talents and energies. A man is not doing his whole duty who simply puts his fortune into high-class securities, and lazily draws and spends the interest. Wealth should be a wealth producer.

It was with these noble thoughts in my mind that I was now earnestly looking for some lucrative employment for a surplus of about a million and a half which had accumulated from my sales of stock. Such tasks are always difficult and harassing. So many schemes are presented by irresponsible persons that the care of money fastens a very solemn duty upon the stewards.

About this time a man called upon me and presented a letter of introduction which read as follows:

> Office of Wallace & Sibley,
> Lumber.
> WISKEGON, MICHIGAN.
>
> *My dear Mr. Dubble:* The bearer, Mr. Twitman, has a very interesting proposition to lay before you. If you care to investigate his facts and figures I should be very happy to see you here, and to coöperate with you in such investigation.
>
> I am, very truly yours,
> WALTER H. WALLACE.

I glanced at Mr Twitman. He was a very small man and a very remarkable-looking one. His hair was exceedingly red and bristly, and dressed in the pompadour manner, standing on end. His mustache was of the same fiery color and very heavy, with the ends twisted into ferocious points Staring blue eyes, standing well out of the sockets, completed an appearance of aggressiveness and pugnacity which seemed astounding with his five feet of height and perhaps one hundred and twenty-five pounds of weight

"I am very happy, Mr. Twitman," I said, "to receive a friend of my friend, Wallace."

"Wallace is a first-rate fellow," he responded glibly "We were schoolmates together down in the Black Creek Valley, although he's somewhat older than I. Ever been in the Valley, Mr. Dubble? Used to be lots of timber in that section. My wife's uncle was a big owner down that way at one time—that is to say, a big owner as things were then; now he wouldn't be thought very much, probably. But as I said before, Wallace is a first-rate fellow. I've talked this project over with him, and he thinks it's all right, and I've talked it over with other big lumber-men, and they think it's all right, and now I want to talk it up to you till you think it's all right. Furthermore, we have to consider that if we don't go into it in this way, or some similar way, the lumber market will become demoralized, although, of course, there might be developments which would keep things from going as bad as I think they might; one never can tell. But as I said before, to my mind this combination can be made a strong one, and may prove a very profitable one, unless anything unforeseen occurs—but on the face of it, it doesn't seem to me as if anything of the kind would occur"

I sat back in my chair utterly bewildered at this extraordinary jumble of asseverations and objections, and with rising indignation at what I suspected was some attempt at a joke which Wallace might be endeavoring to play on me. But the little man was bristling with excitement and earnestness, and he rattled along without a moment's pause, gurgling out his sentences in an impetuous, uncontrollable torrent. His statements were immediately overwhelmed by his objections and difficulties—and these, in turn, were at once buried under new statements.

Twice during this avalanche of words I read over Wallace's letter to assure myself of the man's credentials.

But among all the confusing torrent of chaff I picked out here and there a kernel of information; and when he ran down I had a fairly clear idea of what troubled him. He had used up over an hour in telling a story which I could give in three minutes, and will.

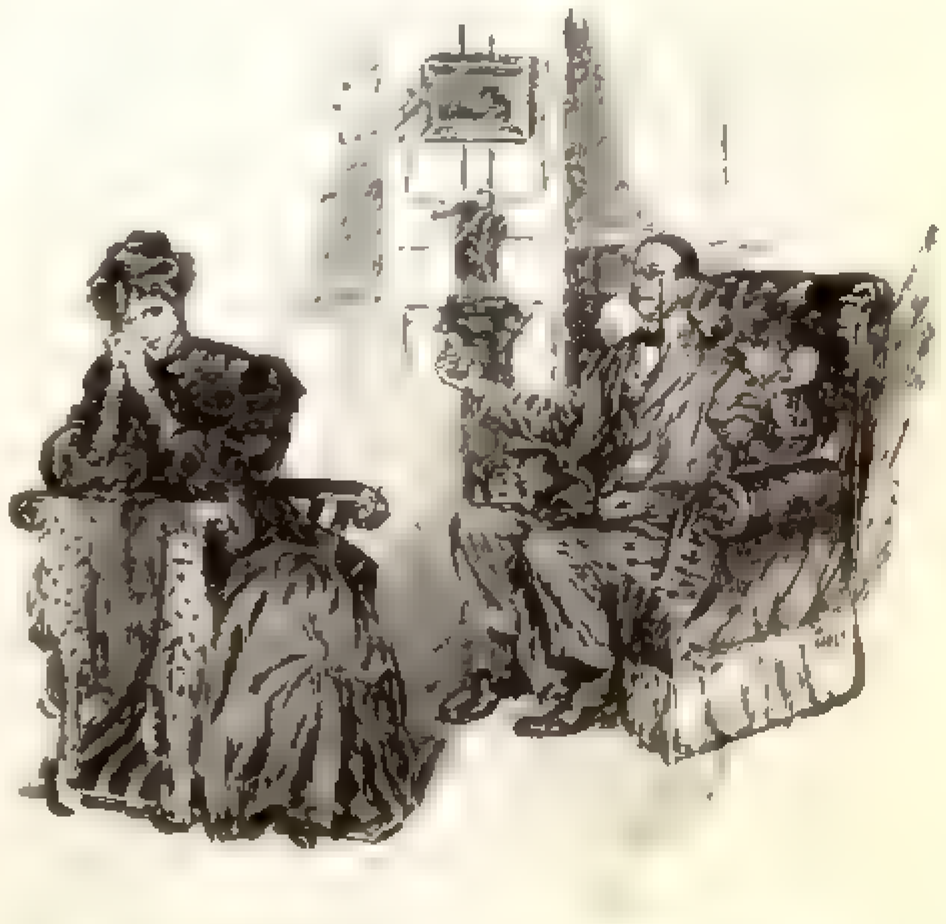
The project was to form a company in Northern Michigan to act as selling-agents for the lumber manufacturers in that section, thus controlling the prices and eliminating disastrous competition which then existed. I gathered from Twitman that a number of the principal mill-owners were willing to take stock in such a company, and on account of my very large lumber interests in Indiana it was thought desirable to obtain my coöperation.

"One moment, Mr. Twitman," I said, "just one moment, please. It seems to me that there is something back of all this which you have not touched upon. I can hardly believe that all these operators think it necessary to form a new and separate company to control prices, when that can be done in a much more simple manner."

"But there's the logs, Mr. Dubble! Gee whiz! didn't I tell you about the logs? Why, they're the cream of the entire plan! You see, the big timber tracts have been practically cleared off in our section, and, although there are lots of standing trees scattered around, they belong to the farmers and settlers, and not to the mill-men. These farmers get out the logs as they are clearing up and sell them to the mills. As I said before, there has been no unity of purpose among the mill-owners, and they have been cutting each others' throats, both in buying the logs and selling the sawed lumber, although of course the price has been more or less regulated by ——"

"And what is the new company to do about these logs?" I interrupted again.

"This company, Mr. Dubble, will bring all the big millmen into harmony, and the idea is to have an agreement among ourselves, fixing the prices we will pay for the logs,



While I Dwelt upon the Best Things to Quiet Her Mind instead of overbidding each other for them. Of course there may be ——"

"I see," I broke in once more. "You buy at your own figures and sell at your own figures!"

"Precisely, Mr. Dubble! That is practically the plan. We feel that if we should pay only an understood price and cut out the competition we've always made and met with in buying, we can increase our profits very easily and very materially. Of course, this would all be *sub rosa*. There'd be no papers or anything of that kind—nothing which could be looked into—simply a friendly little verbal agreement to pay what we think is right, and no more. Nevertheless, as I said before——"

"I've an engagement now overdue, Mr. Twitman. I will meet you within a week at Wallace's office, and we will look more deeply into the matter."

It took him fifteen minutes to say good-by, but I was finally rid of him.

Before taking any further steps I laid the matter before Rainsford, my father-in-law. He was a man of ample capital and much experience, and we frequently acted together.

"Dick," he said, "don't you suspect that the Standard Wool crowd are reaching out for the lumber trade?"

"I think not," I replied. "There is no indication of it whatever. I should surely have heard if anything of the kind was under way."

"I'm afraid of it, Dick!" he said after a long pause, "and I wish you were also. Don't think that they have forgotten that we beat them before. They never forget, and they'll jump at any chance to get even."

There could be no doubt about his earnestness. Twice the little wreaths from his cigar had grown smaller and smaller, and then flickered out entirely—an unheard-of thing with him—and he sat staring straight ahead. He struck another match, and, forgetting why, gazed at it until the flame reached his fingers, and then dropped it; while I, equally absorbed, was trying to estimate the value of his warning, but could not. I was too intent upon bringing him to my way of thinking.

We were good friends, Rainsford and I; for, although he was old enough to be my father, our tastes and pursuits were similar. And now there was another link, his grandchild and my son, who was just now laying out a toy farm on the great veranda, and insistently calling our attention to the "ten-acre lot" or the "brindle bull, as fierce as grandpa's." Twisted and deformed from his birth, little Dickie was the object upon which all our love, our care and our sadness focused.

"Poor little chap!" said Rainsford as his eyes turned to the child. "We must be careful, Dick, for his sake. He must never have to butt up against the things we have to."

The remark sunk right in. I think I had never in my struggles with the rapacious Standard Wool Company felt any great fear of them. But now, for the sake of that cheerful little helpless chap, I could not but hesitate. The monstrous company towered above me as never before. Its stupendous wealth, the enormity of its known operations, the mystery of its unknown movements grew upon me overpoweringly as I pondered upon what it could or might do.

But the possibilities of the new combination which Twitman had proposed were very tempting, and in two or three days I had made up my mind to see Wallace and the others.

My interviews with the Michigan mill-men were quite satisfactory, and with but little loss of time the Wiskegon Lumber Company was chartered. Its authorized capital was five million dollars; three millions paid in. I subscribed for 8500 shares, Twitman took 7500, and the mill-men together took 14,000, leaving 20,000 unsold.

Within a month I was astounded and dismayed at learning that Twitman had transferred his entire holdings to the Standard Wool Company; and I saw that Rainsford was right—that their crowding into this new Wiskegon Company was but the entering wedge with which they were plotting to split up all my interests. My fear was not alone for my comparatively small interest in the Wiskegon Company, but for my vastly more important Indiana Company.

I passed a couple of weeks of great uneasiness and perplexity when I received the following letter from the Standard's president, John Grauman:

CLEVELAND, OHIO

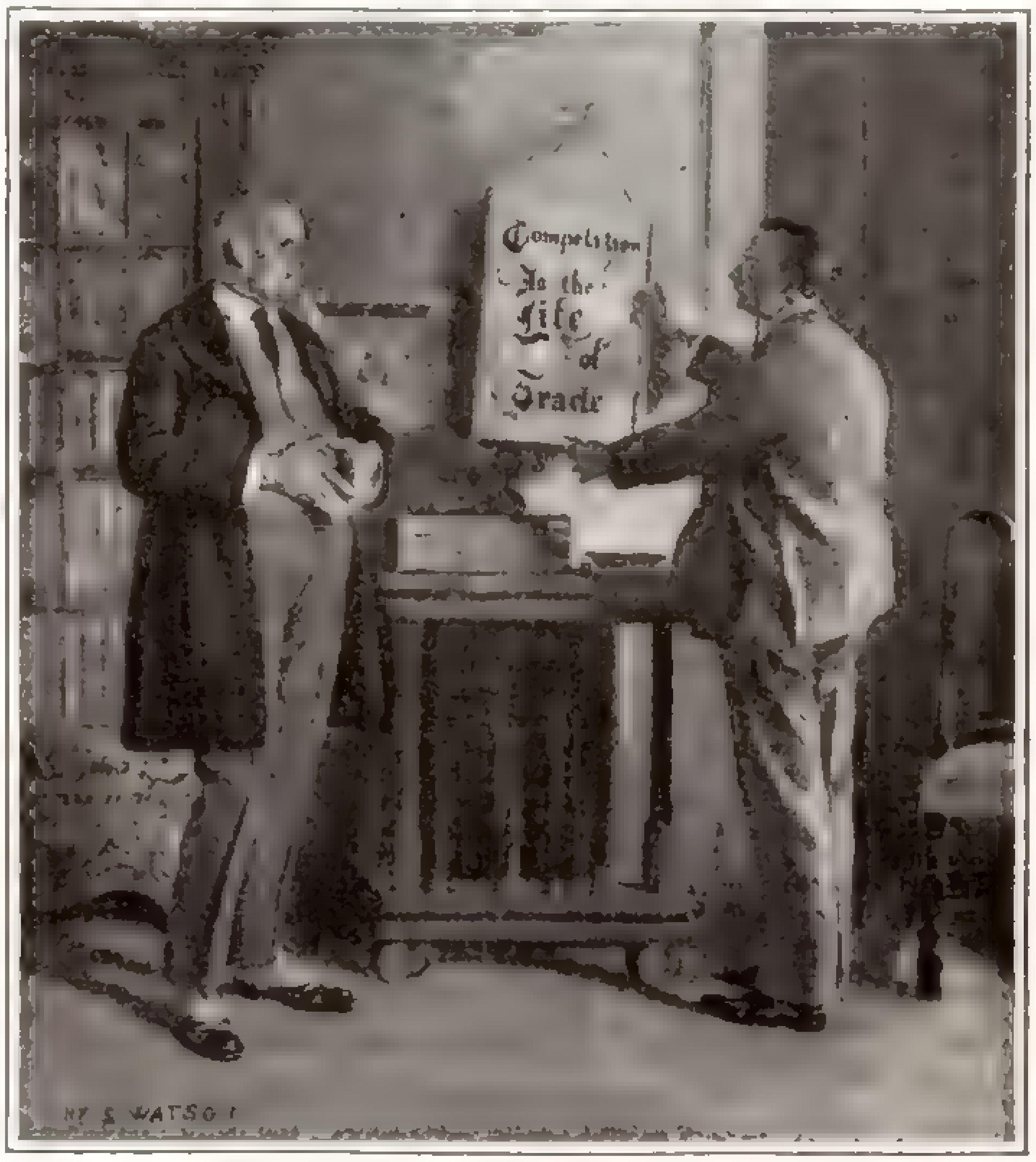
Mr. Richard Dubble.

My dear Sir: As you are doubtless aware, my company has acquired a considerable interest in the Wiskegon Lumber Company, and if you will favor me with a visit here I think that a discussion and agreement as to our future policy and movements would be productive of great good to both.

Awaiting your reply, I am,
Yours very truly,
JOHN GRAUMAN

I wasted much intense thought in trying to divine the purpose behind this letter, finally deciding to accede to Mr. Grauman's request, my great curiosity to see and talk with the most wonderful financier of any age overcoming my dislike and suspicion.

I was both surprised and disappointed at the impression the noted man first made upon me. He had none of the ponderous dignity and sternness of his lieutenant, John Strang. I expected that the most colossal schemer and capitalist of the whole world would possess some striking characteristics of appearance and manner; but to me he seemed commonplace. He looked old and careworn; his cheeks were loose and flabby, and his eyes were expressionless, save for the unconfident watchfulness seen in those of a cat. In speech he was slow and hesitating.


Competition Is the Life of Trade

"It Sets Brother Against Brother; Father Against Son"

Still, there was a fascination about him—due, I think, more to the fact that he was the richest man in the world, and, as some said, the most unscrupulous, rather than to any quality, good or bad, which was visible in him.

He greeted me with cordial words but with nothing showing in his eyes: "Mr. Dubble, I have often looked forward to a meeting with you. I believe—yes, I hope—that it will lead to an understanding which will be helpful to both."

"I hope so, Mr. Grauman. My previous meetings with your agents have hardly had such happy results."

The watchfulness in his eyes intensified a little, but he paid no other attention to my allusion.

"You have some very remarkable qualities, Mr. Dubble; that is what I hear. Qualities which ought to make you as valuable to us as I think we can be to you."

I bowed, but made no reply. My ability was the only capital with which I could or would do business with John Grauman, and I did not propose to decry my own stock-in-trade. He paused a little, and I had time to glance around the room. It was the library of his Cleveland home. There was a good showing of books—for use undoubtedly, the bindings being plain. The furnishings were by no means costly, but, although old-fashioned, were in excellent condition, showing good housekeeping. There were two or three cheap pictures on the walls, and the same number of mottos, framed. Toward one of these—"*Waste not, want not!*"—Mr. Grauman glanced at the same moment as I did.

"A good precept," he said. "I have always tried to remember that. Wastefulness is a sin, a terribly prevalent sin. Everywhere we find it: in the government; in the church; in the great industries; among the very poor, as well as the very rich. I think that even with men who have reputations for great carefulness, the true principles for the elimination of waste are but little known. I think that this is true."

This must have been a favorite topic with Mr. Grauman, or perhaps he wished to impress me for some purpose. He warmed up a little as he continued:

"Even the churches are wasteful! A dozen small ones struggling where one pastor in one large building could do the work. Instead of strong combination there is competition—and competition is waste! Ruinous, grievous waste! When will the world learn that? Who can estimate the untold millions lost in the multitude of divided energies in competition? From my youth up have I fought against that wicked error." He pointed his lean finger to a frame with its face turned to the wall. "Look at that, Mr. Dubble! For thirty years that little motto has hung that way, always reminding me of the work I have to do; my aim in life; my duty to mankind."

I stepped across the room and turned the picture. It was a plainly printed sentence, the ink and paper faded and discolored: "*Competition is the Life of Trade.*"

"Turn it back, Mr. Dubble," he said gently; "it wearies me! Wearies me to think of the vast numbers of progressive, capable men wasting their lives in the belief and practice of that hideous heresy. Never can the world attain to universal brotherhood and love until that terrible doctrine is entirely abolished. Competition is Antagonism! Antagonism and Waste! It sets brother against brother; father against son; State against State."

His head sank upon his breast and he seemed to be lost in deep thought. Presently he continued in a low voice:

"I have done what I could, but it is so little, and the time is so short! I must train others to take my place—to continue the good work when I am gone. That is why I want you, Mr. Dubble. You are young; you have ability and energy; you have the qualities which will be of great value to us. Why not join with us?"

"I am willing to listen to your proposition, Mr. Grauman."

"It is simple," he replied. "Coöperation to which each brings his knowledge, experience, ability and fidelity. Money is unnecessary; we have plenty. Our operations are far greater than you can have any conception of—our influence extends unto circles very remote from any of our ostensible business—our power will soon be unbounded. But we want men—earnest, trustworthy and untiring men! Men whose devotion to our principles will carry them through any operation—will close their ears to the sneers of the masses whose welfare we are working for—who will sacrifice their nearest and their dearest if the cruel but stern necessity arises. You are such a man, Dubble. We hoped to have secured you some few years back, but you rebelled a little, you remember."

Impressed as I was, I could not withhold the retort which sprang to my lips:

"That rebellion paid me pretty well, Mr. Grauman. There were several millions in it, if I remember rightly."

I think there was the gleam of a twinkle in his eyes as he replied:

"You did very well. We were glad to let you try the experiment with us. It gave us proof of your ability, and we well knew that when the time came, as I trust it now has, your resources would be used in coöperation with ours.

"They call me 'money mad,'" he continued without a trace of feeling or resentment. "Perhaps I am, but it is not for myself. I think there are few men who care less for the things which money will buy. My desires, my aims, are nobler and higher; more worthy of my stewardship: to teach men how to avoid waste; to teach men how to spend money; to get the best out of it; to make good bargains. Advice and admonitions are useless. Compulsion only is effective, and that requires the power which only money gives. Laws are clumsy and defective; they state what men shall not do—nothing of what they shall do. Great men of business are stewards in a mighty and a

(Continued on Page 25

The Packers and the Cattlemen

BY J. OGDEN ARMOUR

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THE packers are always in the market for cattle. They have large plants, which if allowed to lie idle do so at great loss. As long as they pay the top price—always with an eye to the selling market for the product on the other side of the slaughter-house—they get their choice of the cattle. But if buyers for the large packers should combine to depress prices, what would happen? The moment prices went to a point that promised a little extra profit on the slaughtered product, the buyer for small packers, for shipment and for speculation, would sweep the market, and back prices would go over the heads of a badly rattled "combine."

There may be an impression that the buying capacity of all except representatives of the large packers is too limited to have much effect on the market. The best answer to that lies in the official figures. In 1904, the receipts of cattle at the Chicago Union Stock Yards were 3,259,185 head; of these, 1,326,332 head were reshipped—to feeders, the seaboard packers, to Buffalo, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Pittsburg, Indianapolis, other cities and to Europe. During the past year, 1905, receipts were 3,411,029 and the shipments were 1,405,708. Thus more than forty per cent. of the cattle received were bought for shipment.

It is important to remember in this connection the fact that there is not a slaughtering establishment in this country that is regularly run at its full capacity. See what this means so far as the control of the cattle market by any "combine" is concerned. The instant cattle prices became depressed so that there was an attractive margin the smaller packers and killers would jump in, get the cattle and kill extensively. There are hundreds of these smaller houses which make a business of waiting upon the turns of the market for the hour of opportunity, killing at certain times two, three and four times as many cattle as they do when prices rule above a certain low point.

If the packers could regulate the cattle market they would prefer to have a steady market with an even inflow of cattle—about the same number each day. Their profits depend upon the rapid turning of the money invested, upon shortening as much as possible the period between the moment when steers arrive and the time when their beef is sold. When their plants lie idle they lose. Every manufacturer's aim is to keep his plant in even and continuous operation.

Right here it should be remembered that the large packer must have, every day, a certain amount of high-grade cattle. The only way he can get this is to go into the market when it opens. If he were to hang back he would get left on this imperative material; he would get only the "tail ends." His only protection in this particular is to buy early. The sort of buying methods attributed to "trust buyers" would leave him in the lurch on this score.

An important chapter in any comprehensive history of the development of the cattle business would be the chapter on cattle loan companies. These companies assisted to develop and stimulate and make a business of cattle-raising in a measure difficult to overestimate. Among the first one of these was the Omaha Cattle Loan Company, organized nine years ago by Thomas B. McPherson. The packers backed it with their money and credit as they backed others at Omaha, Kansas City, St. Joseph and Chicago—for selfish reasons, of course. These loan companies, managed by men who knew cattle, made a specialty of loaning money on cattle and thus put life into the industry. Before their time, cattle-raising on a large scale was practically closed to the man of small capital. The local banks, where there were banks, were too weak to take the risk; but with the cattle loan companies in business the capable cattlemen were able to go into the business on a large scale. These companies helped develop the growing of higher-grade stock. An idea of the importance of this feature may be gathered from the fact that the Omaha concern loaned $10,000,000 annually almost entirely on ranch and feeder cattle.

True, these companies are all out of business now—put out by two causes. Enforcement of the no-fence law by the United States Government has made loaning on large herds extra hazardous. Then the prosperity of the West, to which the cattle business, stimulated by the cattle loan companies, has contributed no small share, has filled the local banks with money and has enabled the local banker to loan the money on cattle that used to come from these cattle loan companies.

Now consider recent low prices. Natural causes have continued to hold cattle prices down with the break of 1903. Chief among these causes has been the breaking up of the big Western and Northwestern range herds consequent upon enforcement of the no-fence law by the United States Government.

The Cattle-Buyer

Since the buffalo gave way to the steer on the Western plains in the late seventies, a considerable proportion of the beef cattle supply has come from the Western ranges. As the packing industry developed and, by making an assured market, converted range-cattle-raising from an adventure into a settled business, the cattleman learned that it was better to fence the ranges than to herd the cattle on the open plains. All around him in Montana, Western Nebraska, Wyoming, Colorado, Idaho and the Dakotas were millions of acres of grass land fit for nothing but cattle grazing and fit for that only where water could be had. By acquiring ownership of a small tract surrounding or adjacent to a water supply he could practically control thousands or millions of acres surrounding him. If it was public land he used it for nothing. If it was Indian Reservation land he rented it for a cent or a fraction of a cent an acre a year. With a barbed-wire fence he could inclose what he needed and go into the cattle business on a large scale.

A few years ago the United States Government began to enforce the law against fencing these lands. The range cattleman has not found and cannot find a substitute for the fenced range of which he has been dispossessed. Without fences his herds cannot be kept together. This increase in the hazard of the range-cattle business has made this class of cattle a poorer loan risk. Loans have been withdrawn, thus imposing an additional burden upon the cattleman. Therefore, he has bowed to the inevitable and has broken up his herds.

Some of the cattle from range herds so dispersed have found a market among Western feeders, but the bulk of them have come to market and have been sent to the slaughter-houses. Then, too, the wonderful abundance of grass has helped to make 1905 almost a record year in the number of cattle sent to market. The West, from Texas to Canada, has been literally a garden as to pasturage.

These cattle have been a weight on the market for the past two years. During the past season 380,000 head of range cattle have been marketed in Chicago alone—a larger number than was ever received in this market during a similar period except in 1894. At all the market points for Western cattle the receipts will total about three-quarters of a million head.

Very many of the big range herds have already been broken up. Next year will, I think, see fewer range cattle in the market than this year, and the year after still fewer. If one were in a prophetic mood he might say that these conditions will produce, in a few years, much higher-priced cattle and consequently higher-priced beef. We shall continue to raise beef cattle in this country, but at greater expense. It has taken, on the range, ten to twenty acres to produce a steer, but these acres cost practically nothing and the steers made good beef. Sometimes they competed with choice fed steers for the export trade. Fewer acres will produce a steer on a Western farm, but acres, many or few, will represent much money—$5 to $100 an acre—invested in the bare land, and that will mean a costlier steer.

Sheep prices are now high—very high. There is a big demand for both mutton and wool and the supply does not keep pace with it. Hog prices have averaged very high for a period covering the past four years. Now, the handling of hogs is almost as big a part of the packers' business as is the killing of cattle—and the sheep department is not much behind either of these branches. If all the packers, or any of them, were in a combine to depress prices, why should they neglect sheep and hogs? To do this would be to fall far short of the business shrewdness with which their enemies credit them. In the last few years raisers of sheep and hogs have universally made great profits while the cattlemen have suffered to a considerable extent—and all because of natural conditions wholly beyond the control of the packers. The cattle business has been in a transitional condition—the subject of fundamental changes which have thrown immense numbers of cattle on the market and forced a period of low prices. This is the whole story.

Sober-minded men never would cry "monopoly" in relation to the business of the packers if they understood that business. While the meat industry is probably the largest in the country, it is less known than many of far less consequence. Its character and magnitude have never been comprehensively presented to the public. A comprehensive and authoritative compendium of this industry is to be found nowhere outside of Government reports. Unfortunately for a clear understanding of many questions of public moment, these reports are not popular and widely read literature compared with the "best sellers" of the book stores. The last census figures are now five years old, of course—the facts they express are still "new" to a majority of the people—but because they are the only official figures extant they will be used to illustrate points in this article. The conditions they reflect still hold in the main. Any changes that might be made in them would strengthen rather than weaken the packers' case.

This alleged "Beef Trust" cannot be seriously regarded as monopolizing the dressed beef and packing industry in the face of official Government figures, backed by the investigation recently made under Mr. Garfield, Chief of the Bureau of Corporations of the Department of Commerce. It is admitted now, even by most of its critics, that the so-called "Beef Trust" handles less than fifty per cent. of the beef and packing industry of the country. This is the statement in Mr. Garfield's report, and, as will be shown later, that the industry holds this moiety of the business only by the advantage of foresight, superior organization and superior business methods. But these advantages are not enough to give such a "combine" a monopoly of the dressed-beef and meat-packing industry. The industry is too widely distributed, is too deeply rooted in too many widely-separated localities to be monopolized. Without having analyzed the figures in this express relation, I feel safe in asserting that the packing industry holds a higher relative position as to value of product in *more States and cities* than any other industry in the country. There were, in 1900, 921 meat-packing establishments in the United States. This figure did not include establishments that slaughtered only: those were classified separately in the census reports of 1900; it included only those that both slaughtered and performed the other functions classed under the head of packing and utilization of by-products, and there were 921 of them.

These packing houses were distributed among forty-two of the forty-nine States and Territories, and the District of Columbia. All of these States except nine had three or more packing houses. In twenty-six of them the industry amounted, back in 1900, to more than one million dollars each annually.

This industry ranked first among manufacturing industries in value of product in each of six States—Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Missouri and Nebraska. In California it ranked second only to sugar refining. Maryland—never thought of as a meat-packing State—gave it fourth place, as did Minnesota, Oregon and Washington. It held seventh place or higher—probably much higher now in widely different States, each having several specialties—in New York, Ohio, Kentucky, Rhode Island, Texas and Wisconsin. Does that look as if it were a monopoly confined to the five or six Western States where the large packers had their business concentrated?

In looking at the packing industry alone we find, of course—Chicago having developed it—that Illinois led in

1900 in volume of product, with over one-third of the total. Kansas and Nebraska were second and third, on account of the large houses at Kansas City, Kansas, and South Omaha, Nebraska, each with almost ten per cent. of the total. But what other State do you think ranked fourth in packing-house products? None other than New York, and Indiana was fifth. The next eight named in the order of their rank as packing States were: Missouri, Massachusetts, Iowa, Pennsylvania, Ohio, California, New Jersey and Wisconsin. Each of those eight produced in 1900 one and seven-tenths to five and one-half per cent. of the country's total packing-industry product.

The packing industry is thus widely distributed and deeply-rooted because it is a *supply-and-demand business* that can be established wherever natural supply and demand conditions permit. No other industry of comparable importance is so close to the people in all aspects or so closely knitted into the fabric of national prosperity. It has grown as the nation has grown, and has contributed its share—I might truthfully say more than its proportionate share—to general and individual prosperity. In the fifty years from 1850 to 1900 the total paid for the raw material used in the industry, the product of American farms, was raised from $9,451,096 to $683,583,577—was multiplied by seventy-five.

The period of most rapid development was the decade from 1870 to 1880; that was due to the development of the refrigerator car for shipping fresh beef, development of the export trade, development of the canning feature of the business, and development of by-product utilization—120 distinct by-products now being made by the packing houses. During the next decade, 1880 to 1890, the great Chicago packing houses took commanding position.

The stock-grower or cattleman who makes a business of raising, finishing and marketing beef cattle does not need to be told that there is no combine of packers to depress the price of his stock. His smaller neighbor, who raises a few cattle as a "side line" in connection with his farming operations, and who does not closely follow market reports, crop reports, and who does not analyze conditions in the cattle business, may be easily led into error along with the unanalytical general public.

Go where you will throughout the cattle country—the grazing States or the feeding States where range cattle are "finished" for market—and you will find cattlemen among the prosperous men of the community. They are a wide-awake, energetic, progressive class. They are raising and marketing cattle, not for fun or for their health, but to make money. They do make money—not in all seasons of each year, nor every year—few do in any business—but in the long run a good proportion of them have prospered. It is obvious that any combine of cattle-buyers that would put down prices so that these men could not make money would ruin the cattle business, cut off the livestock supply upon which the packing industry depends, and thus ruin the packing business. Do business men knowingly commit business suicide?

The packers could not by a combination control the market price of live cattle. The very nature and character of the business forbids that. They would not do it if they could. That would be business suicide. The packers have greatly helped to develop the cattle business. That they have been moved by no philanthropic motive, but by cold business sense, does not alter the fact. They had a business of their own; they saw opportunities, wide as the world, for developing and extending that business; but to utilize those opportunities they had to encourage development of the cattle business. This they did, not merely by building an industry that furnished an every-day market for cattle, but they did it by personally lending their aid to specific developments of the stock-raising business.

The most casual review of the period prior to the development of beef refrigeration and beef canning shows that weak, uncertain market conditions were the rule. The entire trade was on a hand-to-mouth basis. The cattle-raiser had no stable market, and speculators fleeced him at every turn.

In the first twenty years after refrigerating and canning were commenced by the Chicago packers the population of the country increased fifty per cent.; *the number of cattle shipped and marketed by the cattlemen of Western ranges and Middle Western corn farms increased 500 per cent.* The marketing of this immense production *at a profit* was made possible only by the packers' energy, the utilization of by-products, the establishment of new markets, and by pushing the business to the utmost bounds of the earth.

There is no attempt to deny that at certain times the prices for live cattle are unprofitably low—the natural result of a temporary oversupply; but it should be remembered that the price which the packer receives for his beef invariably reflects this depression of the price of his raw material. He has no control over the one price or the other; both are governed by supply and demand.

The Modern Forester

THERE are many large perquisites which fall to the lot of the trained foresters in the employ of the large timber companies, and special commissions which net them independent incomes. In the rapidly advancing value of timber, owners of private forests are competing with each other to secure available tracts of land suitable for reforesting. The practical forester is the natural adviser of companies in search of new forest lands.

An extensive railroad corporation recently called into consultation a well-known forester for an opinion on a tract of land which the company was contemplating using for raising catalpa and other trees for its future supply of ties and telegraph purposes. The forester was requested to examine the tract of land in question and make his report. The report was against the experiment, and the forester was given a check for $1500 for his two months' work which would probably save the railroad company many thousands.

Instead of dropping the matter there, the company requested the forester to go ahead and select suitable land and to recommend the right trees to raise on it. The man secured a tract of land which had been denuded of large chestnuts and oaks, and advised its reforesting. This the company proceeded to do under the direction of the forester, who is retained at a salary of $4000 to develop the young forest.

Another forester who was formerly in the employ of the Government now represents a syndicate of timber companies who are on a still hunt for all available forest land, young or old. This syndicate proposes to follow the advice of its five-thousand-dollar expert in all purchases. So much trust is given to him that in emergencies he can close bargains with owners of wooded tracts that often involve direct expenditures of over fifty thousand dollars. Not only is his recommendation followed in purchasing new forest land, but he is required to secure old denuded forests and second-growth timber land for reforesting.

Several other practical foresters are engaged to-day by American lumber concerns to explore the wilds of Canada for similar purposes. American timber companies expect, within the next twenty years, to get much of their lumber from the Dominion, and those which control the forest lands will be in a position to control the markets for lumber. When the routes for the new Canadian transcontinental railroad were surveyed it was found that American interests controlled a good part of the forests, and that, even more than the grain farmers, the lumber owners would profit by the projection of the new lines. Canadians expressed great bitterness at this discovery, but the land was obtained in the ordinary way of purchase. Foreseeing the possibilities of this great Northwestern region, the lumber companies have been steadily buying the forest lands under the advice of expert foresters.

The forester is thus a man who not only understands how to cultivate the old forests and to reforest denuded land, but who has a shrewd business eye to the possibilities of great tracts in respect to their future marketing of products. A practical forester recently undertook to make surveys on his own account. He spent two years in the woods, and then emerged from oblivion to make propositions to a number of large lumber companies. Without disclosing the location of his discoveries, he exhibited maps with the rivers, lakes, woods and possible markets, and then offered to secure the forests at reasonable figures—not for a salary, or a lump sum, but for a certain percentage of the profits. To-day he is drawing an income from several companies much in excess of any salary he could get—an income, too, which will steadily increase as the lumber possessions are developed.

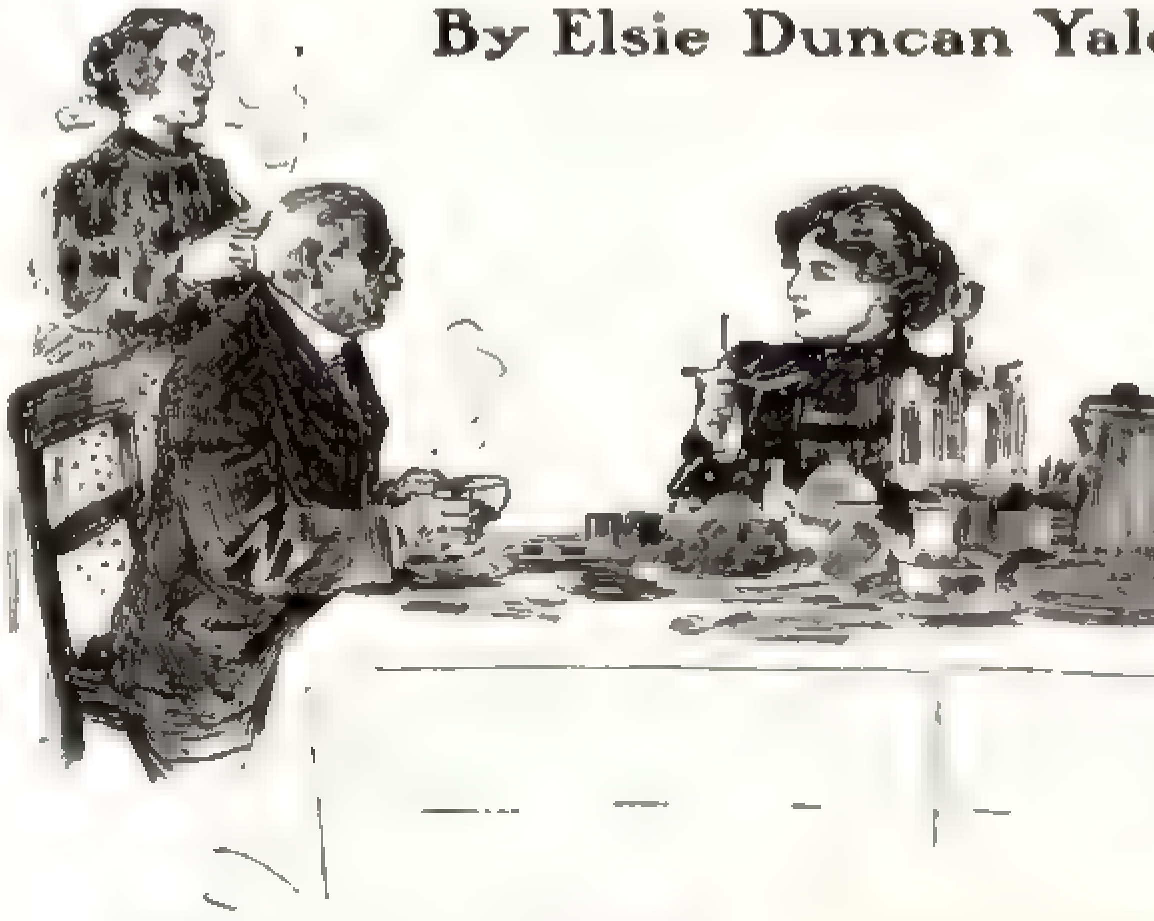
The head of one of Michigan's largest lumber companies is a practical forester. He started in to survey tracts of almost virgin and abandoned forest land five years ago. He offered to sell his knowledge to two or three companies, but they did not place much faith in the value of a forester, and he was turned away from office after office. Finally, in desperation, he undertook to raise the funds among his friends to purchase the land which he knew would prove so profitable within a few years. With twenty-five thousand dollars in hand, he secured options on the forests which to-day are valued at over half a million dollars. He is not only at the head of one of the largest lumber companies of the Northwest, but he is steadily outdistancing all competitors by the novelties he is introducing to increase the growth and output of his forests. His practical knowledge of forestry has thus made him a rich man and a power in the lumber councils of the Northwest.

His is not a single, isolated case. One of the most active partners of a Canadian lumber company is an American forester who learned his profession under the direction of the United States Forestry Bureau. He is considered the best technical expert in the Dominion on all matters pertaining to forests. Many have been the large salaries offered him by railroads and other corporations interested in forests. But his services cannot be purchased. He is interested in developing his own valuable forest tracts, and has no time or inclination to barter his services for a salary.

This suggests one of the new lines of development of modern forestry. Many of the large lumber companies are anxious to admit expert foresters into partnership with them. By giving them an interest in the business they secure their services indefinitely. When a man has spent five or ten years in the great timber districts he has acquired knowledge of a peculiarly valuable, technical nature, and this practical information could easily be used greatly to the disadvantage of any rival lumber company. What is more natural than to take the expert into the firm and secure his special knowledge for all time? The lumber companies of the future will thus be made up largely of expert foresters, practical woodsmen and shrewd business men. Such combinations are difficult to beat. —*George E. Walsh.*

THE SONG OF THE SCIENTIFIC HOUSEWIVES

By Elsie Duncan Yale



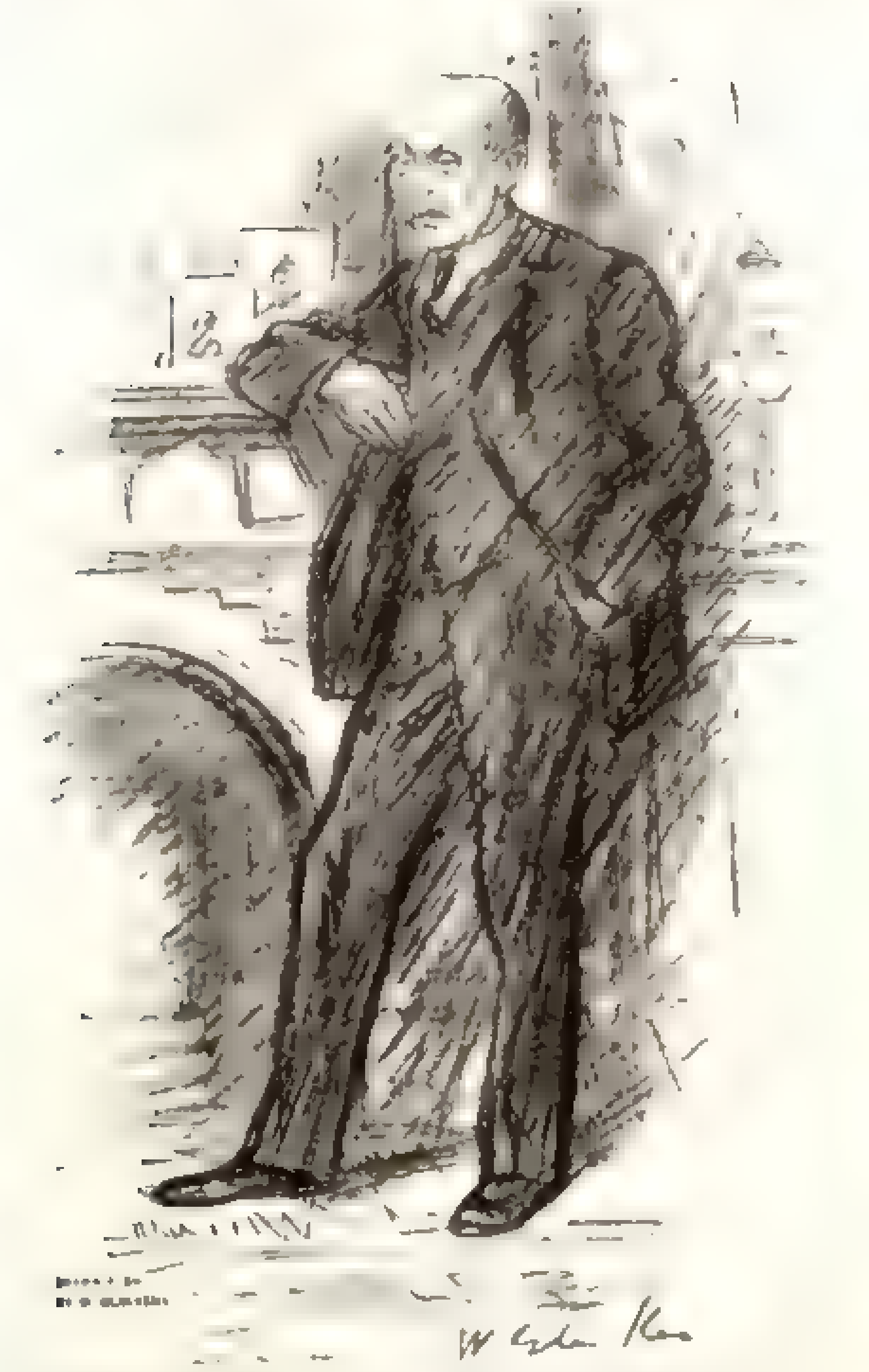
Before we learned to do things right we always used to cook
Without so much as peeping at a dietetic book,
But this is not the way at all, as science has made plain,
And now, as we prepare the meals, we murmur this refrain:
"There's nitrogen, and hydrogen, a small per cent. of fat,
The carbo-hydrates, gluten, starch—remember all of that;
The right proportion must be found in every meal each day,
For 'tis the only accurate and hygienic way."

Pa used to plead for pork and beans, the children called for cake,
The boarders begged for pumpkin pie whenever we would bake.
We used to try to please them all, in our misguided way,
But now, as we prepare the meals, beneath our breath we say:
"There's nitrogen, and hydrogen, a small per cent. of fat,
The carbo-hydrates, gluten, starch—remember all of that;
The right proportion must be found in every meal each day,
For 'tis the only accurate and hygienic way."

Pa hopes in vain for ham and eggs; the children can't have pie;
The boarders one and all have left—we often wonder why.
We steadfastly decline to do the way we know is wrong,
And as we cook the daily meals we hum the well-known song:
"There's nitrogen, and hydrogen, a small per cent. of fat,
The carbo-hydrates, gluten, starch—remember all of that;
The right proportion must be found in every meal each day,
For 'tis the only accurate and hygienic way."

EUROPEAN SPIES IN AMERICA

By Broughton Brandenburg



Bismarck Considered Him the Only Man Fit to Pit Against the Brilliant, Erratic, but Always Dangerous, Count Laborde

IT IS one of the consequences of becoming a world-power over night and of having twelve million foreign-born residents," said a keen old German diplomatic spy in answer to my puzzled question as to why he and hundreds of others of his kind of all nations were filtering into the United States. On reflection, his answer seemed good and sufficient.

"Yes," added the veteran New York correspondent for a Berlin paper who sat with us; "ten years ago there was a mere handful of spies in this country and there had been no more than that since the Civil War, but now the *messieurs d'espionnage* are thick: like this"—and he picked up the salt-cellar and sprinkled liberally the top of the café table.

This I know to be true, though that part of the public that is wholly American has very little idea of such a thing. What it knows of spies it has learned incidentally in reading of Russia, or following the Dreyfus case—or perhaps some familiar cheap fiction of the day, which, after all, is not nearly so great exaggeration as it seems. So far it does not appear that there is any particular menace to our welfare as a people, or that we are going to have a spy system grafted to our institutions. Maybe it is of some consequence that our few pitiful little state and military secrets are common chatter among the freemasonry of the professional operators of Europe, but I do not think so. The new diplomacy of telling the truth forestalls the ablest Laborde, while our military ingenuousness is baffling, to say the least.

The peculiar adventure of the first real spy I ever encountered illustrates the foregoing more or less well. He was a Swiss, short, thick, massive, shock-bearded, and, though of middle age, as active and alert as any youth. By a series of double dealings in that period during the Boer War when the peace of the world hung in suspense for a few weeks, thanks to the activity of the Kaiser, he contrived to make any soil where his fellow-professionals were thick too hot to hold him. He was without more than enough money to flee and then could barely reach Miquelon, whence he shipped to Cape Sydney. He must recoup his name and fortunes, and it occurred to him to get the plans of American forts on the Canadian frontier and sell them to the British Government, which he felt sure stood ready to pay a high price for any such information.

Consulting the best maps he could find, he learned that Fort Porter and Fort Niagara, on the Niagara frontier, seemed to afford the only likely ground. Then, according to the story he told me, he slogged on in the furnaces at Cape Sydney until he had earned enough for his scheme. Going to St. Catherines, Ontario, he bought twelve homing pigeons and smuggled them over the river in a rowboat one night. He had already made himself a set of tiny cameras which could be suspended one under each pigeon in such fashion as to operate by a simple clockwork and take a picture of all that lay underneath the bird one minute, two minutes, etc., after the bird was released. He must find the proper spot from which to release the pigeons so that they would fly directly over Fort Porter, and, getting into an elaborate disguise, he left the farmhouse near Tonawanda where he had "concealed" himself and went to reconnoitre the fort, boldly, in broad daylight.

The street-car conductor let him off at the right spot and pointed the proper direction. When he had walked a little way he came to a pretty park with a row of houses down one side to the river-front, some young folks playing golf, and an old Gettysburg field-piece or so overlooking the Niagara. Soldiers were coming and going with here and there an officer, but nowhere could he see the fort. At last he ventured to inquire of a soldier:

"How far is it to Fort Porter?"

"This far and no farther. Here it is."

"Well, but where are the fortifications?"

"In the future."

That same day he sold a dozen pigeons and applied for work as a singer in a cheap concert hall on East Broadway in Buffalo.

However, it is not to be thought that any man *sent* here would have been allowed to make so ludicrous a mistake.

The following relation of odd incidents and adventures are meant to be illuminating of the vagaries of a spy's life, and I give them as they were told to me, without proof of their exact veracity, though it would be unfair not to say that I believe them myself. I do, implicitly—not because I am personally familiar with all the marvelous details, but because the men and women who have related them know the truth and are not given to lying needlessly. The good spy is never a braggart. Building up a system of getting inside information in immigration matters brought me in communication with many of these strange people, but a mere accident opened the door to the inner and higher circle of the profession.

One day I found a card at my office bearing the name Adolphe Meschna, "the envoy of Mr. Jacques," written on it in French and an uptown address. The stenographer said that the young man had been most anxious to see me. I wrote him a letter, making an appointment several days after in my studio, and forgot all about it. On the appointed day I walked in, and was surprised to see a stranger, a powerfully-built, short and stocky youth, sitting calmly at the end of the table. He rose, bowed, called me by my name and in good English said:

"I have come to report for orders."

"Where do you come from?" I asked, puzzled.

"From Madrid."

"Who sent you?"

"Mr. Jacques telegraphed me from Berne to come to you at once."

"But I do not know Mr. Jacques and never heard of him," said I.

A look of blank dismay struck across his features; then his small, hard, black eyes that contrasted so markedly with his Scotch red cheeks and tow hair began to snap dangerously. I stood on my guard during the moment's silence that ensued.

"There has been a serious mistake," he said after a quick reconsideration of the situation. "I have a duty to perform that concerns you, I am sure, and so let us be perfectly frank in order to reach an understanding if possible. You have my name; I am an operator in the French secret service. Mr. Jacques is my chief, his name being something else that neither you nor I know, and I was sent funds and orders to come to you for orders indefinitely. My chief has never made a mistake in six years with me." He laid before me, as he spoke, the stub of his North German Lloyd ticket from Gibraltar, his passport, about a thousand dollars in bills, and added: "There is part proof. Now, call up the French consul-general and ask the vice-consul how to make sure that a man you are dealing with represents the French diplomatic police."

I did so and received a certain date and a Latin word with instruction to mention the one and the man would give me the other. I gave the date and got the word.

"That is the keyword to the cipher for last week," he said.

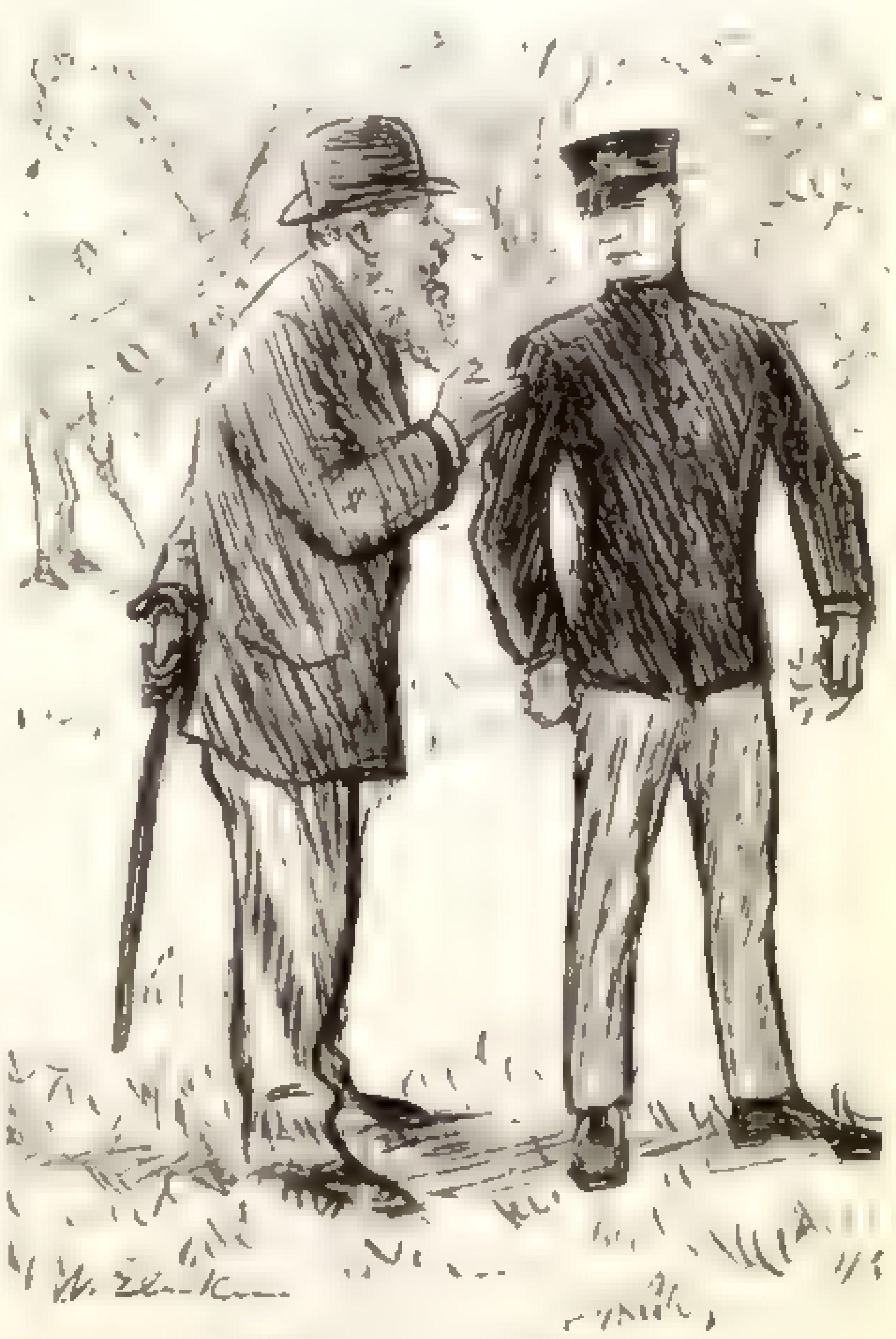
After an hour's conversation we found we had absolutely no interests in common except in the study of anarchy. He for one reason; I for another. He left to telegraph for further instructions. Twice the cable reiterated his orders. In the three days that passed we became quite good friends. The fourth day I received a letter from a certain trusted representative in the north of Europe, a letter I should have had ten days before, in which he said a man would call on me coming from "Mr. Jacques," and asked if I would be so good as to start him into the French colony to find a given man, the object being to protect the King of Spain on his approaching visit to Paris. There were many other advices which need not be mentioned here. Less than an hour later, Meschna came in and, when he had read the letter, became very pale, and laid before me an evening paper with a bulletin announcing the attempt to kill President Loubet and King Alphonso.

Through him I gradually came to know many other professionals of his sort—old men, young girls, practicing physicians, mining experts, day laborers, cab-drivers, but all part of the systems which have been established in the United States by foreign Governments, families, societies or corporations. What I am setting down here is violating no confidence and will do no one harm, for the incidents are carefully chosen with that end in view. It is rather queer, though, to go out in the city and know that the apparently commonplace coachman of a noted society woman's turnout is a German nobleman "educated with and better than the Kaiser," as the other spies say, and that the neat little Hebrew telephone-girl in a world-famous hotel has been a trusted spy of the Société Belgique since she was a child.

The profession of being a spy runs in the family, like the profession of histrionics. The majority of the women spies are the daughters of past masters in the art. Among the men, the free-lances, or independent blackmailers as they often are, will frequently be found to be the sons of discredited diplomats and army officers. When one has grown familiar with the customs, rules and dangers of spy-life, the profession does not seem so dishonorable and detestable. I have met numbers of men, like Meschna, for instance, whom I hold in the highest regard. They are brave, just, loyal and unselfish, and almost without variation men of this stripe have sprung from a common source: the corps of field-officers of the army of the nation they serve.

A cadet who shows signs of unusual cleverness as well as the necessary steadfastness of heart is selected without his knowledge while in the military colleges and given a special training. After a brief experience with his regiment, he is detailed to staff duty, and one day finds himself assigned to secret diplomatic work of an easy sort. If he stands the test, he is shown the future that has been laid out for him and has his choice. Usually this is only nominal. His employment as a spy rarely interferes with his upward climb to success and high rank. There have been ministers of war who served long years as part of the hidden machinery of continental government.

Before the great plunge is taken the candidate is taught some of the technicalities of the trade. Each nation has its



"How Far is it to Fort Porter?"

own curriculum, though there is a general schooling that all save the Russians and English pass through sometime. If a man has not mastered three or four languages he is never considered for high duty. He must have physical vitality, no marked facial or hand scars or gold front teeth, and his sight must be good. He is taught telegraphy, some electrical engineering, how to run and repair marine, stationary and railway engines, and how to write in at least three styles of script. Then come the difficult things—the instruction in "trailing" without being detected, and in altering apparent identity suddenly, simply and without much artificial disguise. The last touch is training in the penetration of disguises.

The Bertillon system is excellent to prove a man's identity after he has been taken into custody, but it is of little help in detecting his identity on the street. A favorite method with some instructors is to give a photograph of a smooth-shaven and sheared criminal to the pupil and to ask the pupil to draw a sketch of the man. Then he is asked to add a mustache, next a fringe of hair around a bald crown, then a luxuriant growth of hair, with an imperial added, followed by a full beard. Sketches are drawn in which the pupil is to show how the convict must have looked ten years younger, how he will look ten years and twenty years hence; also what lines dissipation will bring into his face. After such a course the spy is equipped to analyze any disguise.

Much is left to the cleverness and experience of each spy in perfecting his own disguises, though it must be said these are rarely used. A pair of rubber-covered quills thrust up the nostrils will give the nose a very different shape. A little gum-arabic in the folds of the eyelids can make a heavy-lidded pair of eyes wide and stary. A rubber strip laid around the gums of either the lower or upper jaw, or both, will completely alter the shape of the mouth. Wax will hold back the ears. Paraffine injected warm under the skin will make a lump or fullness anywhere desired. A solution of henna, alum and sulphuric acid will shrivel the hands and make the face look old and yellow without harm to it.

A brilliant feat in which the disguise was the thing occurred early in the December of 1904, in Washington, at the first night of a grand opera performance. A very dashing lady of the diplomatic corps, being in need of funds, collected a number of secrets to which she had access, forming an important set of papers relating to the present dangerous status of affairs between Germany and England. These were offered for sale to the Government most interested and the bargain was made.

As usual in such affairs, there was no trust on either side. There can be no intermediaries for fear of leakage and the papers are delivered only for cash or the equivalent. A handsome viscount was selected as the man to meet the noblewoman in her box at the opera, get the papers, be sure they were what she said they were, and pay her. The exchange could not take place at her house for obvious reasons and her husband must be absent from the box when the viscount arrived. The two were old friends, but had not met for some years.

From a spy on the viscount's movements a gigantic organization of capital learned of the intended sale. Its agents acted with incredible swiftness, considering that the campaign was directed from Brussels. The best-fitted spy to carry out the plan, with his valet, barely caught the Congressional Limited from New York. He is a man of the same height and general proportions of the viscount, but is quite unlike him in appearance and is twenty years younger. An attaché of a disinterested Government had been instructed to detain the viscount in his hotel until nine o'clock or more.

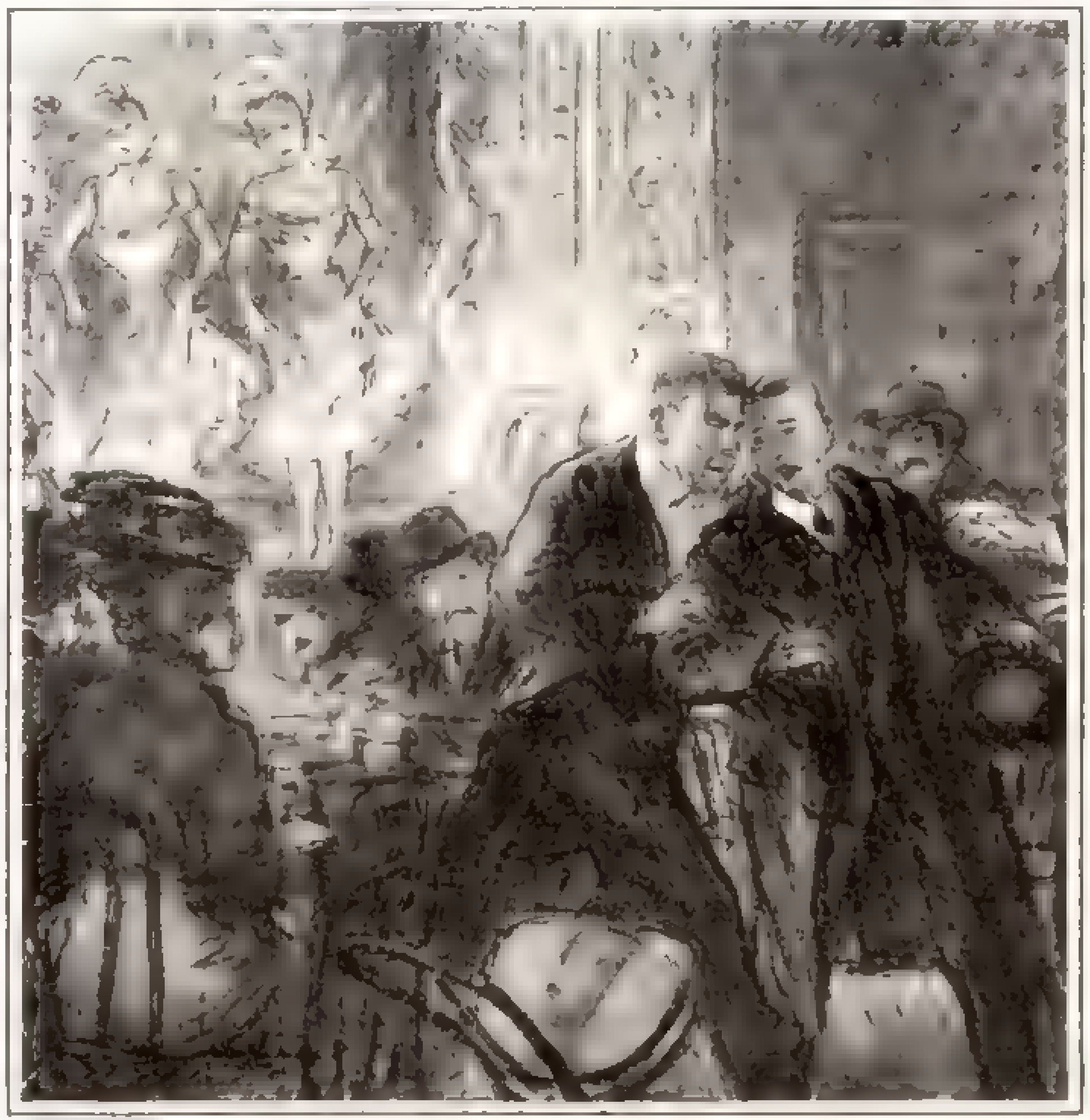
Into the cab at the station stepped the spy from New York, but at the opera house emerged a perfect counterpart of the noted viscount, even to the fullness under his eyes and his bulging forehead, the effect being achieved with injected paraffine and the valet doing the work and dressing the spy in the cab.

The woman's husband was with her in the box, but the spy presented himself at once, was well received and managed to whisper that he would return opportunely, would not mention his first visit, and that there would be with him a young gentleman to whom the woman should slip the papers: the viscount would pay her when the opportunity came.

A half-hour later the real viscount appeared in the back of the house looking a trifle anxious, but, catching a smile from the box, was at his ease. Again the spy had changed his appearance in the waiting carriage, and, approaching the viscount, explained that he was Captain B —— and came from Madame in the box to request that the viscount appear immediately.

"It will be necessary to present me to her husband," he added, "if I am to induce him to go to the foyer with me."

The viscount and the spy appeared in the box at the end of the act; the viscount introduced his friend, Captain B ——; the woman gave the spy the papers in a program, and a half-hour later he had said good-evening to her husband in the foyer and was galloping to the station, while the viscount was wondering why the woman did not make an effort to convey the papers to him and the woman was puzzled as to why she did not get her money.



The Audience was Surprised to See the Versatile Stage Manager Seize a Boyish-Faced Patron by the Back of the Neck and Hustle Him into Another Room

Over in the Greenwich quarter in New York there is a curious little restaurant called the Ristorante del San Marino. Its proprietors are refugees from San Marino, the smallest republic in the world, and there is a cook there who has a name as a chef to conjure with in Europe, but there are such numbers of great and powerful men who are afraid of him that he is on this side of the Atlantic instead of on the other—and likely to stay. Here, if one wishes, one can any night see numbers of the cleverest spies of the world in their hours of leisure. Each has his own wine bottle, sealed with his own seal, and it is one of the few places where the profession meet with the usual nerve-destroying precautions laid aside. Here they can drink a glass of wine in the company of their fellows in security from being drugged. One has but to watch the company dining to see the beneficial effects of the extremely careful and temperate lives they lead. Nearly all have clear eyes and a good color. If one has a good ear to pick up rapid Italian and French, much will be learned—not secrets, but things that are commonly known to the profession, though practically unheard of in the world at large.

From such a conversation I learned that a popular and lovable young queen is slowly dying from a hideous disease with which she was purposely infected by those who should, by all the laws of God and man, have protected her. If her people learn the truth the peace of Europe will be jeopardized. A wretched woman who played a leading part in the awful plot, though only a tool, is hiding here in the United States, but every spy of the hundreds here is eager to find her, not for pay or honor, but from reasons that spring from the first principles of human nature. When she is found there will be a terrible vengeance. Some morning a plain, common woman of foreign birth—maybe a servant, maybe a beggar—will be found murdered with unusual brutality, and her death will be a mystery.

There is an old Guernseyman who has been to the extreme heights in diplomatic service, who is fond of standing before my fireplace and lecturing on the hidden history of modern times. How able he is can be understood when it is said that Bismarck considered him the only man fit to pit against the brilliant, erratic, but always dangerous, Count Laborde. He is not of the spies and never was. He has been a diplomatic general, but he knows thousands of their unrecorded exploits. To listen to him is to learn of the worth and virtues of misunderstood and unpopular ministers, kings and emperors, and of the foibles, weaknesses, treacheries and degradations of others who live or have lived secure in the public eye. A brief acquaintance with him is well calculated to rid one of that feeling of awe with which one usually looks on the eminent and great. They are found to be just as human as other people, and, as Mr. Dooley says, mostly more so.

Reckoning back two centuries and more, the genealogist comes to the fountain head of king-blood. There is one family the members of which wear the principal crowns and coronets of the world to-day. It is the house of Schleswig-Holstein, or more properly Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg and Saxe-Weimar-Eisenack.

The notorious social irregularities, to use a euphemism, of this family have had the result of scattering drops of the king-blood through the white population of Europe and America in something approaching profusion. Now I have stated the most prominent reason for there being an extensive spy system in America. Hardly a week passes that there does not arrive in the United States some man, woman or child, perhaps an entire family, that is on the pension-list of some branch of the Family of Kings. Not long ago, by the making public of the papers in the Coutts bank, it was proved that a certain group of Americans had the right to claim royal descent through the marriage of Lady Fitzherbert and George IV. The spies have always known this.

"If I published the stubs of my check-book for one quarter," laughed a veteran over the dinner-table one night, "I would shake Europe with a social earthquake and give your American Sunday supplements material for years of full-page royal lineage mysteries and surmises. Do not forget that king-blood asserts itself. There is a great American politician of Irish descent whose grandmother ——" There he wandered into gossip that it will do nobody good to relate.

It seems almost incredible, on first consideration, that there are hundreds of persons in America who are pensioned for good reasons by the first families of Europe, but the men who know who they are, where they are and why they are say that such is the case. Not only must they receive their stipends—some knowing the source, others ignorant or deceived—but they must be looked after, kept from becoming entangled with plotters, with adventurers, or returning where their presence is not desired.

Some of the difficulties and intricacies of these little things are illustrated in the following story:

A youth of superlatively blue blood, born in Hungary, with an early Hungarian training by nurse and tutor, ran away to America to follow a Hungarian singer of obscure origin and minor talents though considerable beauty. No one was allowed to suspect that he was not in a private military school, but a corps of spies cross-hatched the United States to find him and failed. Long after his funds had given out, according to the family's estimate of his resources and expensive habits, he failed to send for money. Making sure that he was still in the United States and watching all steamers on which he would be likely to depart, the chief of the corps sought and found a former Hungarian concert-hall manager and provided the funds with which a small concert-hall was established in the Hungarian quarter of New York. The thing would have been a financial success as a restaurant, or a plain drinking-place with music, but month after month it was maintained as a concert-hall of the continental type and was widely advertised solely in Hungarian and German papers. A spy was assigned as stage manager and part of the company. Many who read this have been in the place and remember a thin, apelike man who had wonderful capacities in make-up and in facial contortion, and when not on the stage spent his time going in and out among the tables, sometimes engaging in rough repartee with the performers. Also in all possible channels it was made known that real Hungarian talent was wanted.

The place was established and these tactics pursued in the certainty that sooner or later the young man or the girl would gravitate to it. The youth did come in one night, and the audience was surprised to see the versatile stage

(Continued on Page 27)

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ A straight life is the shortest distance between honesty and honor.

¶ Of the five senses, common-sense and a sense of humor are the rarest.

¶ Those who get into society can't rub the price-mark off the admission ticket.

¶ The marriage relation would take care of itself if it were not for the married relations.

¶ We seldom sufficiently prize the collar-button that doesn't roll under the bureau.

¶ A man who settles into misery and calls it philosophy is an optimist standing on his head.

¶ The letters marked "personal and confidential" are the ones the private secretary opens first.

¶ Mr. Walter Wellman, who will seek the North Pole in an airship, would do well to take the assignment on space.

¶ If George Washington were to come back and see Congress, he would lose no time delivering another farewell address.

¶ There's a certain inconsistency about endowing a woman with all your worldly goods and then making her ask you for carfare.

¶ When a man tries to drown troubles on his way home, he always finds them sitting and grinning on his doorstep like drenched cats.

Standard Oil Silence

THE vice-president of Standard Oil has the correct theory of publicity as applied to that concern. On the witness-stand the other day he was induced to go the length of stating, as an opinion, not as a fact, that his name was Henry H. Rogers; but nothing could tempt him further. One can easily imagine that to give this exhibition of masterly silence must have been painful to him, because to exhibit anything of, about or connected with itself is a violation of the Oil Trust's most fundamental and important tradition. Publicity means death to it, and in disclosing its comprehensive grasp of that basic fact, as Mr. Rogers' silence disclosed it, the Standard precisely suggests what it wishes to conceal.

The only intimation the public has ever received that John D. Rockefeller's powerful intellect might be slightly dimmed by age came about a year ago, when the company—by his direction, it is said, and against Mr. Rogers' sage advice—made its first and last statement. It was an exceedingly feeble and foolish statement—as one might have expected of the first attempt at speech on the part of a concern long past the prattling age. It really shocked the financial world, for it raised the momentous question whether Standard Oil had been stricken with a fatal bit of explaining, and the vast structure was about to totter and fall. It proved, however, merely a passing aberration, and everybody felt relieved.

No matter what any one thinks of its morals, the Standard Oil Company is a great monument to human genius, a colossal edifice built by the brain of man, a thing in its bulk and proportions as impressive as the pyramids. It may be overthrown by law. In the shock of commercial battle some Titan foe may bring it down. But to see it frittered away, dissipated, "blown in" by a suicidal loquacity, to see it crumble to pieces through some officer's foolish desire to explain, would be a shame. It has nothing to say that would do it any good. Anything it did say would probably injure it. One can scarcely restrain enthusiasm for the penetrating sagacity with which it has comprehended this, and the firmness with which it has acted accordingly.

If Standard Oil once began explaining, its finish would be in sight. Its cue is to keep silent and let others do the talking while it devotes an undivided attention to more remunerative exercises. Mr. Rogers knows his business.

The Complex Life

THE Mayor of New York graphically illustrates the difficulty of pursuing the simple life under complicated conditions. It is commonly said that Tammany stole the election for him. His first use of the office was to throw out all Tammany men and select a slate highly prejudicial to the interests of that famous organization. He had the sanction of public approval. Still, if a friend kindly purloins an article for you and you promptly use it to break his head, your finer feelings must be left in a somewhat confused state.

When the Government was prosecuting the Beef Trust it received valuable help from some former employees of that concern who divulged the secrets they had learned while taking its pay. It is enough, no doubt, that they performed their duty to the public. Probably the Government's secret service was justified, on broad grounds, in holding up before them all possible considerations, material and other, to assist them in seeing that their duty was to the public rather than to their former employers. But the ethics of the matter are not as clear as a good academician might wish. The President was warmly praised in some quarters for manfully standing by a friend who was accused of behaving rather wickedly in his relations to the public. No doubt McCall and McCurdy amply justified themselves to their own consciences in maintaining lobbies to see that life insurance was not legislated against. No doubt, too, as they now see it, they are virtuous and abused gentlemen.

When living under highly evolved, complex conditions, simplicity is a difficult art.

Free Education in Finance

THE eleemosynary character of modern life insurance appears nowhere else with quite such refulgent purity as in the matter of "influencing" legislatures. Not a cent of the hundreds of thousands of dollars expended by the life-insurance companies for this purpose has been immorally applied. No blackmail has been paid—no bribe given. The method—or one method—it appears, has been to discover the persons to whose counsel the legislator would naturally be most inclined to listen, and to explain the true principles of insurance regulation to them. When these persons have comprehended what is just and right they will hasten to their friend the legislator and save him from the economic crime of voting for the bad bill—a step into which his benighted state might have betrayed him. But when the evangelist from Wall Street first approaches these future saviors of the legislator, he finds them in such a condition of darkness that he has to pay them to stand still and receive the light at his hands. This is the whole truth of the matter. We now see that that enormous expenditure represents far more than the mere protection of policy-holders. It represents a noble army of legislators' friends redeemed from error, and generously paid in coin for their own redemption.

Troubles of the Caliph

A WOMAN who thought her husband had been unjustly discharged from Government service, and who insisted upon waiting in the anteroom until she could see the President about it, was violently ejected from the White House. This shows the disadvantageous side of establishing a reputation as Harun the Just, the personal redresser of wrongs.

The President has appointed Mr. Rothschild surveyor of the port of Indianapolis. It doesn't matter that anybody could survey that port with a tape-line. By ancient custom, this office has been the patronage of Congressman Overstreet, while Mr. Rothschild is the nominee of Senator Beveridge. Congressman Overstreet shows that this surveyorship was the only patronage he had—the one solitary plum left in his dish—whereas the Federal building at Indiana's capital was already populous with Beveridge's men. He thinks that the President should not have applied, in this case, the Scriptural maxim, "To him that hath shall be given." Congressman Denby is deeply grieved because, in the same way, the President has just taken the Detroit post-office from him and handed it over to Senator Alger. In fact, the south wing of the Capitol contains a brave but mournful little army of members who find, with the way the President is giving their post-offices and surveyorships to overfed but hungry Senators, the political life is scarcely worth living.

Probably this distresses the President; but, in fact, he needs the Senators. For furthering the Administration's legislative plans a Senator counts one hundred, while a Representative at most counts only two and a fraction. Under the sanction of a high and beneficent purpose, therefore, Mr. Roosevelt will doubtless continue, although with a constricted heart, to deplete the meagre little plum-pot of the unfortunate Congressmen and swell the fat store of the Senators.

Congressman Overstreet is secretary and an experienced and valuable member of the Republican Congressional Committee or was, rather, until he was so ruthlessly despoiled of his surveyorship, when he resigned, with the evident idea that if the President was going to give Beveridge all the offices he could get him to do the campaign work, too. Congressman Babcock, whose legislative plans are in conflict with those of the Administration, has also given over campaign labors. Some others are so busy thinking of their own injuries that they can sound the call to arms with only half a heart. The President is high-minded, but even a Congressman is susceptible to human emotions; and, in pursuing great legislative plans, the Executive seems in a fair way to disorganize his party.

Wanted: Some Lung-Savers

FOR a people of unmatched mechanical genius we fail disgracefully in some important particulars. Press dispatches relate that the new Governor of Ohio reviewed his inaugural parade from a glass box. This saved the Governor from pneumonia, but not the thousands of good, useful, devoted citizens who paraded and looked on in the open. A civic parade is the acme of dullness at best. It is a shame that it should be made, in addition, a means of suffering and death. With fifty trained "supes" and a moving-picture machine, a very fine parade can be represented in a warm, comfortable hall, and kept passing a given point until the spectators fall off their chairs—absolutely without danger to the public health. Half the time of the Supreme Court is taken up with oral arguments which are quite useless, since every point in the case is carefully embodied in the printed briefs from which the court really makes up its decision. Phonographs trained upon a dummy bench would be a great improvement, from any sensible point of view. As for Congress, the expenditure of energy in utterly useless speech-making constitutes a vast national waste and reproach, which could easily be reduced by applying the multiple principle and requiring members to make their speeches in bunches of not less than twenty. We need a national commission for applying the latest improvements to public affairs.

Nobody Lost—But the Public

THE Northern Securities Company has recently made a report of its operations which contains one item of general interest. The item is, "Legal Expenses, $595,420."

This is what it cost the railroads to discover that there is one way in which they cannot effect consolidation. The cost to the Government in winning its celebrated legal victory over the company is not stated, that we know of, but it was undoubtedly very large. Possibly, as an academic demonstration, the victory was worth the price. A survey of the railroad field, however, fails to disclose any tangible benefits to anybody except the lawyers who received the fees. Certainly competition among railroads has not been increased. The concentration of railroad control is greater now than it was when the Government attacked this particular merger, or when a divided Supreme Court pronounced it illegal. No one competent to form an opinion on the subject doubts that this concentration will be greater five years hence than it is now. The Union Pacific still owns the Southern Pacific. Within a year it has absorbed the new Denver, Northwestern and Pacific. The "parallel and competing" Michigan Central and Lake Shore are still merged in the New York Central organization. Mr. Hill is said recently to have expanded his system by taking in lines to the Gulf. A treaty between himself and Mr. Harriman puts Northwest transportation where it was before the decision, so far as concerns the shipper. The big railroad units are really as big as ever, and growing.

This is interesting at the present time as an illustration that you may have a law and a court decision, and all the essentials may yet remain quite unchanged. The Northern Securities decision was a famous victory—for the Government's lawyers in their battle of wits with the railroad lawyers. It gained nothing whatever for the public.

A Wrong Way to Help the Philippines

By Francis G. Newlands

United States Senator from Nevada

THE embarrassments arising from our unfortunate possession of the Philippine Islands have reached an acute stage with the demand for the free admission of their sugar and tobacco to the United States. To-day the Filipino producer can get only forty dollars per ton in the world's markets for his sugar. The American price of raw sugar is seventy-five dollars per ton owing to our duty of thirty-five dollars per ton. Free trade in sugar, therefore, means that the Filipino producer shall receive in the American markets seventy-five dollars a ton, the American price, instead of forty dollars a ton, the world's price. The addition of thirty-five dollars a ton will be wholly at the expense of our consumers or our taxpayers.

If our consumers could buy the island product at the world's price, free of duty, it would mean cheaper sugar; or, if we should continue to collect a duty upon it, it would mean revenue for our Government. In either case the Filipino would remain just where he is, so far as the price of sugar is concerned. But the proposal is to take off the duty and give the island product the benefit of our protective tariff wholly at the expense of our consumers and taxpayers and for the exclusive advantage of the Filipino planters.

I am opposed to free trade with the Philippines, and for two reasons: first, because it would be a great injustice to the American people; second, because it would bring permanent harm, rather than permanent good, to the Filipino people. Nearly everybody now agrees that we acquired a Pandora's box of troubles when we got the Philippines. Nearly everybody agrees that, since we have them, we must do the best we can to get them well started on the way to prosperity. And three such representative men as Roosevelt, Taft and Bryan agree that it is our solemn duty, both to the American and to the Filipino people, to give the islands the great right of self-government, their only difference being as to the time. Now, the broad fact underlying this question of free trade in sugar and tobacco—the fact which reaches out into future generations of our country and of theirs—is this

If we make the Filipinos economically dependent, we can never make them politically independent.

The rush of events has carried us far from the old landmarks. With great problems of our own unsolved, we have taken upon our shoulders the problems of alien races and distant lands. Our precipitous statesmanship has put many a strain upon our institutions and we are walking in paths strange to our feet. But let us use some deliberation before we pile new and heavier burdens upon the consuming masses who bear the cost of government, and let us think twice before we irrevocably unite the fortunes of our children and the children of the Filipinos by economic bonds which it is easy to assume and difficult to put off.

A Subsidy for Tropical Islands

BY OUR policy in the tropics the American consumer is compelled to take the amount of the sugar tax out of his own pocket and hand it over to the island producer. This he has been doing at a time when we have growing expenses for military and naval purposes and the Isthmian Canal, with a resulting deficit in the national treasury. We admit the sugar of Hawaii duty free, which deprives our treasury of thirty-five dollars per ton on 400,000 tons, a total cost to the American consumer of $14,000,000. We do the same with Porto Rico's 100,000 tons, which takes $3,500,000 more from our pockets. Cuba's 1,000,000 tons come in with a fifth of the duty off (a concession of seven dollars per ton), which relieves us of $7,000,000 more. The total for all three is $24,500,000, and not a single cent is thereby saved in the cost of sugar on the tables of the United States.

Now come the Philippine Islands with their demand for similar treatment, which will promptly put up the price of their sugar in our markets from forty dollars per ton to seventy-five dollars per ton. Under such a stimulus, their old maximum of 400,000 tons annually will doubtless be restored. Then the United States Treasury will lose $14,000,000 more annually. But it may readily be much worse than that. If this sugar subsidy works in the Philippines as it has in Cuba it will stimulate production to 1,000,000 tons, when the patient American treasury will suffer to the extent of $35,000,000 annually, to be promptly subtracted from our revenues and then made good by some other form of taxation, the Filipino planters benefiting to the amount that the treasury loses.

Does justice to the Filipino people demand this sacrifice on our part? I answer that it does not—that American statesmanship should be able to devise a wiser plan and one capable of giving the Filipinos something better than a subsidy at far less cost to the United States. And I insist upon it that the real cost, after all, is not to be measured in dollars and cents, but by the increase and the permanency of those institutional tendencies which would make one country hopelessly dependent upon the other—which would perpetuate the Empire by preserving the Colony. The great Republic has no use for either.

Having studied the situation on the ground, I am convinced that the way does not lie through this great subsidy to tropical products at the expense of the masses of our own people.

The present economic state of the islands is most unhappy—"a state of financial collapse," says the Manila Chamber of Commerce. The people have been scourged by war and pestilence, and, prior to the American occupation, exploited by greed and graft. As a consequence, they are poor, thriftless, and strangers to modern methods and implements. Thus they are dealing with hard conditions to the smallest possible advantage of the country and themselves. It is not strange that they cannot command capital for improvements, or that those who succeed in borrowing must pay crushing interest for the accommodation. Nor is it strange that credit is low and debt general. Labor conditions have been demoralized, rather than bettered, by the higher wages paid in connection with public works, since indolence is a common failing, due either to the climate or to the racial characteristics of the Malays. The more they earn the less they work, and it has been increasingly difficult to obtain satisfactory labor for the restoration of agricultural industries.

All things considered, it must be frankly admitted that the Filipinos are in a sorry plight and that the responsibility of improving their condition rests heavily upon their American rulers.

Fortunately, the Insular Commission is composed of capable, honest men, devoted to the interests of our subjects. In my opinion, they have done good work with the comparatively slender revenues at their command. I call special attention to the competence of the Commission because this fact has an important bearing upon the measures which I propose for the relief and gradual improvement of economic conditions in the islands.

The Right Way to Help the Philippines

THE remedy for ignorance is knowledge; the remedy for poverty, opportunity and the helping hand. You can subsidize a man all his life without giving him enlightenment or teaching him how to get ahead. So far from helping him up, you can actually debauch him by such misdirected generosity, until you have made him hopelessly dependent on artificial support and accustomed him and his family to false standards of life. And as you can do this with an individual, so you can do it with a nation or race.

This is precisely what the United States will do for the Filipinos by giving them a subsidy of thirty-five dollars upon every ton of their sugar sold in our markets, instead of teaching them how to live and prosper by selling their sugar in the world's market at the world's prices. Not only will the United States thereby encourage the Filipinos to continue in slovenly, thriftless and antique ways of agriculture, instead of gaining prosperity and independence by the adoption of modern methods, but the United States will make the Filipinos permanently dependent on a bounty unjustly wrung from American consumers, and so bind the two countries together in economic bonds to be sundered only at the cost of calamity to our island subjects.

Although I yield to none in my solicitude for the welfare of the Philippine Islands, I urge that this be done in a way that will lift the Filipinos up, put them on their feet, and start them on the road to genuine independence, economic and political.

There should be a greater expenditure for education, and a form of education which will not train the rising generation away from industry, but fit them to engage intelligently and profitably in various industries, including the culture and manufacture of sugar. To-day the insular revenues permit the expenditure of about $2,000,000 gold on the entire educational system, a sum entirely disproportionate to the needs of 2,000,000 children of school age, of whom only about 500,000 enjoy the advantages of school

But it is not enough merely to train the rising generation. We must also teach those now active in the agricultural life of the islands how to hold their own in competition with the world. We should do for the Filipino farmer what we are doing for the American farmer in the way of scientific investigation and practical demonstration in regard to new crops and methods. In other words, we should bring the Filipino farmer up to date and thus help him to help himself. All this, of course, requires money, and the Philippine Government would have the money if a large portion of its current revenues were not used for permanent improvements, which might be provided for in another way, by a bond issue guaranteed by the United States so as to secure a low rate of interest.

We must go even further in order to discharge our duty to the Philippines. They cannot buy modern machinery and implements, apply modern methods, and make a place for themselves in the modern world without borrowing capital. This capital they cannot now obtain at living rates of interest, if they can obtain it at all.

The United States should guarantee an insular issue of bonds, to the extent of at least $10,000,000, to establish the Insular Agricultural Bank, and thus enable farmers to borrow money at low rates of interest and make necessary improvements. Loans should be extended not only to those already living on the land, but to thousands who would gladly avail themselves of the chance to make new homes on the soil. A revolving fund would thus be created which would accomplish wonders. The people's savings would add to it.

And while we are engaged in doing these things for the uplifting of the Filipino in his individual capacity, we should largely increase our aid for their collective advancement for good roads and permanent, public improvements essential to the development of the country and the growth of a higher civilization. A guarantee of another insular bond issue of $20,000,000 more would accomplish this, and the exact amount of our liability would be expressed in these bonds, which we would have to pay only in the contingency that the islands should be unable to pay.

A Provident Course

BUT this may be costly, it will be urged. On the contrary, it is in the highest degree a provident policy. It will enable us to discharge our duty in the Philippines not only in the most satisfactory way, so far as the lasting welfare of the people is concerned, but with the most economical expenditure.

If the proposed sugar subsidy restores Philippine production to its former maximum, as it unquestionably will, it will cost the American people $14,000,000 every year, or $140,000,000 in ten years, and $280,000,000 in twenty years. If the subsidy stimulates production in the Philippines as it has in Cuba, then it will cost our taxpayers $35,000,000 a year, or the vast sum of $350,000,000 in ten years, and $700,000,000 in twenty years. Every dollar of the amount would come straight from the pockets of consumers in the United States, and not one dollar of it would ever be repaid to the consumers, directly or indirectly. On the other hand, it is to be assumed that the money loaned by the Agricultural Bank through the excellent administration of the Insular Commission would be returned, dollar for dollar. The money spent for education and public works cannot be avoided in any event, if we do our duty by the people, and will be returned eventually in the form of local taxes. Hence, no objection can be maintained to the plan I propose on pecuniary grounds.

It may be objected that this is paternalism. Well, if there is a people on the face of the earth urgently in need of paternal guidance and assistance it is the Filipino people, and Uncle Sam will find that he has assumed all the burdens of fatherhood before the last echoes of Dewey's guns shall have died away. But I urge nothing which is more paternal than the loving care we have lavished on the "infant industries" of the United States at the expense of the whole people. Nor do I propose anything more paternal—

though I trust my proposals are far more businesslike than the policy our Government has already adopted in regard to Philippine railroad development.

The last Congress authorized the Insular Government to guarantee four per cent. interest on $30,000,000 of railroad bonds for thirty years. This is done for the joint benefit of the Filipinos and the railroad corporations. It is paternalism in its most extreme form, but it is an improvident kind. The United States can borrow money at two per cent. as readily as it can guarantee four per cent. on the bonds of private corporations. The saving in the interest charge would be so large that in thirty years it would pay the entire cost of building the railroads. What folly, then—to use no harsher term—to load upon the impoverished Filipinos a burden twice as great as necessity demands!

When this proposition was before the Senate I tried to amend it by proposing that the Insular Government should construct and operate these new railroads, but my amendment failed. I insist that it is no more paternal for the nation to lend its credit to our competent and honest Insular Commission than for the nation to authorize the Insular Government to lend its credit to private corporations which will exploit those harassed and discouraged people for "all the traffic will bear."

It may be objected that the Government has not entered upon the policy of building and owning public utilities, either at home or in the colonies. That is another mistake —the Government is building the most magnificent irrigation system in the world for the benefit of homeseekers, and the Government owns on the Isthmus of Panama a railroad and is trying to build a canal. I have the highest appreciation of what Secretary Taft has done and is trying to do for the benefit of the Philippines. There is no finer example in the history of colonial administration, and no statesman of any age or country has ever dealt with such problems in a loftier or more unselfish spirit. But subsidy will not solve the deplorable economic situation in the islands, which he is desirous of remedying. It may help the planters as in Hawaii and in Cuba, but it will not greatly aid the common people, the taos or peasants, to whose uplifting he has applied so much thought and effort. The explanation of this policy, perhaps, is to be found in the false doctrines of the political party to which he belongs—a party which proceeds on the theory that if the people on the top layer of society are made prosperous some of their prosperity will leak down among the common people, to use Mr. Bryan's striking illustration. This is prosperity by seepage. I prefer to see it applied by direct irrigation.

The Democratic minority in the House made haste to indorse free trade with the Philippines under the misapprehension that this policy will weaken the system of protection. The truth is, that it will only widen the sphere of protection without relieving the people of tariff taxes in the slightest degree. It does not mean genuine free trade, nor even freer trade. It means more restricted trade, for it is proposed to follow the admission of the Philippine products to the United States without duty by the repeal of Philippine duties on American products. This means that we shall close the door of the Philippine Islands upon the trade of the world, without opening the doors of the United States to that trade. The policy intensifies the evils inherent in exaggerated protection and should not appeal to any Democrat familiar with the situation. Furthermore, there is more than a possibility of ugly international complications to grow out of the plan.

At the very moment that we close the Philippines to the world's trade we are demanding the open door for our own goods in China and Korea, while vigorously cultivating our trade with Japan also. Can we consistently adopt such a policy with the great Oriental nations? Will they continue to extend equal opportunity to us in the Orient while we deny it to them? Is it not almost certain that by insisting upon a plan so ungenerous as this we shall either imperil our trade with the Orient or endanger the peace of the world?

Plunged into the conquest and government of the Philippine Islands almost before the average citizen knew where they were, we have made many mistakes and paid for them with blood and treasure. Let us not make the grave blunder of adopting a policy which will lay new and grievous burdens upon our own people, while holding up to the Filipinos the false ideal of prosperity to be gained through bounties rather than by intelligent labor and honest thrift. Above all, let us not rivet upon the Republic the bonds of Empire by making our Philippine possessions so economically dependent upon us that they can never be politically free. We are holding the Philippine Islands in trust for the Filipino people. That trust involves ultimately the concession of self-government and complete autonomy, and for this reason the islands should be treated as a separate entity, uncomplicated by tariff and shipping legislation with our own. So, when the time comes for cutting the political tie that binds us, the islands can move on in a thoroughly individualized life. Retaining Subig Bay as a naval and commercial station, we will have every advantage the occupation of the Philippines can give us—and we will relieve ourselves of the great disadvantage of holding 7,000,000 unwilling men in subjection 7000 miles away from our base, amid surroundings that constitute a constant menace to our peace.

A Trick of the Trade

THAT the managers mean business in their warfare against ticket speculators cannot be questioned, but their motive is not, as they are so fond of making believe, a disinterested desire to protect the interests of their patrons. There are many ulterior motives. In the theatre more than anywhere else it is true that nothing succeeds like success, and there are few more eloquent signs of prosperity than the staring placard: "Tickets bought on the sidewalk will be refused at the door."

A critic who wanted to see a play a second time lately offered his four dollars at the box-office. There were no seats to be had there, and the press-agent was called. He dodged out on the sidewalk, and the watchful newspaper man saw him buy the seats from a speculator. When he returned he said he had got them at a neighboring hotel. Incidentally he flatly refused the proffered money.

At one prominent theatre the sidewalk speculator was known to be an indigent brother of the proprietor. If the managers were always able to divide profits with the speculators it is not likely that the poor public would receive protection.

In the case of the hotels and ticket agencies, of course, the managers do receive their rake-off, and that is, no doubt, why the outcries of the public generally fall on deaf ears. When a play is really successful most theatres refuse to sell any seats below the eleventh row, even though tickets have been issued four weeks in advance. At one of the leading New York theatres an intending purchaser was bluntly told that if he wanted better seats he would have to go to an agency—which meant, of course, paying two dollars and a half for a two-dollar seat. Some managers refuse to send more than a portion of their best seats to the agencies, and perhaps they are wise, for in any business the good-will of the public is valuable.

Yet the managers have their excuses. Many playgoers, and especially transients at the hotels, whose time is likely to be limited, find it a great convenience to be able to learn what seats can be had, without making a pilgrimage from house to house; and there is the further excuse that the managers need the money. The recent multiplication of theatres has brought to many of them something very like hard times. Moreover, the increase of the expense of productions, due to the advance in actors' salaries and in the expense of stage settings, has made an advance in the price of seats of vital importance. In London the regular price of a chair in the orchestra is half a guinea, or slightly more than two dollars and a half. The crying evil here is not so much in the added expense to the public as in the trickery of the managers' methods.

Songs of Schooldays

The Mockeries of Fame

By J. W. Foley

his face is offle freckuld ann his hare
is offle redd butt it doant matter ware
u put him in the gaim he neavur maiks
a nerrur ann wenn he kums up ann taiks
his batt the fealders get way owt. thay no
that wenn he hitts um thay are sure to go
agenst the fense ann wenn he maiks a hit
his hare is redd but no wunn thinks uv it
ann he is just uz freckuld uz befoar
but no wun seams to notis enny moar.

heez in owr klass becaws he aint uz brite
uz sum uv uss ann maybee didunt kwite
have sutch a chanst uz uss but wenn it kums
to playen bawl instedd uv dooen sums
he betes uss awl ann o it maiks u sick
wenn u kann onley doo arithmetick.
nobuddy eaver hollers wenn u doo
a sum butt iff u maik a hoam runn u
are grate indede ann u are grater wenn
the peepul heer owr teem has wun agen.

u may be smart uz u kann bee but wenn
ure on the basebawl feeld sum day wi then
u no u doant amownt too shux ann so
u wunder wotts the good uv awl u no.
sumbuddy hoo kant doo his sums at awl
will grab his batt rite up ann hit the bawl
ann o he getts sutch mitey mitey cheers
us awl ure sums woant urn fore u in yeers
ann then u wunder wotts the good uv faim
wenn sum wun urns it in wun basebawl gaim.

Mr. Brady's Foibles

WILLIAM A. BRADY has made his mark chiefly as a producer of popular melodrama, but he has ambitions to do everything he does well, and an Irish honesty and frankness which endear him to those who are associated with him.

He has, however, rigid ideas as to how Shakespeare should be produced. In the final rehearsal of Robert Mantell's Macbeth one of the lines in the second act offended his ear:

"Ten thousand dollars to the general use."

He rose up in the empty auditorium and shouted:

> "Cut that line out! This is an English play, and a classic. I won't have any modern American nonsense written into it!"

> Mr. Mantell explained that "dollar" is a good old word, and that "half a dollar" is still popularly used in England to mean a half-crown.

> When Mr. Brady is in the wrong he makes no bones of owning up. While rehearsing Clyde Fitch's Lovers' Lane he had grave doubts as to many of the lines and much of the comic "business," which seemed to him too subtle and minute to "get over the footlights," as theatrical people express it. He pleaded to have them cut out, so as to get more snap and ginger into the action. Mr. Fitch is a past master of minor theatric effect, and knew very well that nothing delights an audience more than to catch the meaning of humorous subtleties. It gives them a pleasurable mental exercise and perhaps flatters their vanity as critics. He stipulated that his effects should at least be given a trial with the public. The first performance was in Trenton, and after it Mr. Brady telegraphed his author: "You are all to the good. Every one of the Fitchisms went like——." But the telegraph operator refused to repeat to the wires just what it was that they went like.

One of Mr. Brady's sayings has become a theatrical by-word. An experienced actor knows very well that, when he has nothing to do on the stage, the best thing for him is to do nothing; but crude actors think it necessary to invent "business" to fill in. A young woman in a company which Mr. Brady was rehearsing carried her inventions to the point of distracting attention from the principals in the scene. After mildly discouraging her to no purpose, Mr. Brady lost patience, rose up and shouted:

"Didn't I tell you to keep still? You're no diamond that has to sparkle *all* the time!"

Many a fidgeting actor has since profited by the remark.

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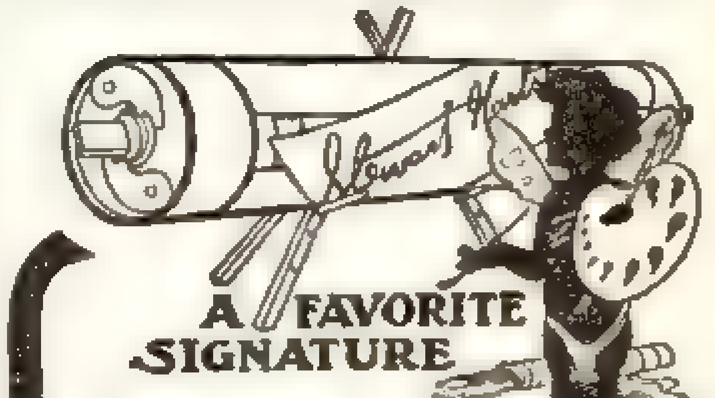

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An Answer to Mr. Armour

BY JOHN C. SCALES

Chairman Refrigerator Car Lines Committee, National League of Commission Merchants

IN THE SATURDAY EVENING POST of January 6, there appeared a long article from the pen of Mr. J. Ogden Armour, entitled The Private Freight Car System. It is to the arguments advanced in that article that I now make a short reply.

Leaving Mr. Armour's history of the rise of the "private car line"; his attacks (always the last resort of a desperate cause) upon the entire commission trade of the United States, and his platitudes of "appeal to the American people" and "a square deal" to stand for what they are worth, I make response only to those portions of his argument which inaccurately state the motives that inspired the National League of Commission Merchants to espouse the cause of the producers of the perishable fruits and vegetables of the country, and further correct his statements touching other salient points in the independent refrigerator car line controversy. Unfortunately for Mr. Armour, he has been misinformed upon every vital point relating to this controversy and to the work of the commission merchants in their efforts to help the producers in the attempt to have the burden of excessive icing charges removed.

In order to make plain this whole matter, it must be stated that in 1903 the Armour refrigerator car lines entered into exclusive contracts with the Pere Marquette and Michigan Central Railways, the two systems that transport the entire rail fruit shipments of the State of Michigan, which State, as is well known, is one of the very largest fruit-producing States in the Union. Those exclusive contracts provided that neither road should haul any refrigerator cars other than Armour's, or if they did haul any others that the Armour icing charge should apply. For a full understanding of what happened to the fruit producers of Michigan when these exclusive contracts were put in force, it is only necessary to let the cold figures of the change in icing prices tell the story, it being borne in mind that not one iota of change had taken place in the cost of ice delivered in the car bunkers.

A Little Change in Prices

Before the exclusive contracts were enforced, icing from Michigan points to Chicago was $7.50 per car, after $25; Michigan points to Philadelphia, before $20, after $50; Michigan points to Boston, before $20, after $55; Michigan points to Pittsburg, before $7.50, after $35, Lacota, Michigan, to Rockford, Illinois, before $8, after $37.50. This list could be indefinitely extended, but it would be tiresome. But, to show clearly what is the enormously additional cost of our people's perishable food bill, it need only be stated that in no section of the whole country where these Armour exclusive icing contracts exist (and they exist in every fruit and vegetable district from one end of the country to the other) is a less charge made for like distances. In fact, in many sections far higher Armour icing charges prevail. This is notably the case throughout Southern territory.

At last these extortionate and unbearable charges began to weigh so heavily upon the fruit interests of the country that letters began pouring in from all directions, from producers to their correspondents in Chicago and elsewhere, asking if the National League of Commission Merchants would not take up the matter and help to secure relief. The matter was at once taken up by the League according to its duty as the one organization in the country most closely affiliated with the producers of fruits and vegetables.

The first move was made in Michigan, and there the first step was to see Mr. Patriarch, traffic manager of the Pere Marquette Railway. From him it was learned that the exclusive contract was in existence, and that under its terms the railway had no control whatever over the Armours, and consequently that firm could charge for icing whatever it saw fit. Mr. Patriarch deprecated the great advance in icing charges, but the railway was powerless to give relief, and from that day the National League of Commission Merchants, in conjunction with the producers of the perishable and semi-perishable products of the country, has been doing its part to help lift the intolerable burden of excessive icing charges, which, through these exclusive Armour contracts, has made it possible for that corporation practically to levy any price it sees fit for icing.

The percentages levied in this icing have been and are so enormous as to stagger belief. As shown in several hearings before the Interstate Commerce Commission, they ran from 100 to 400, and in some instances over 400, per cent. above the cost of the ice. If such outrages as these, perpetrated upon the men with whom we were in daily business and friendly relations, did not justify the National League in responding to their request for help, then no cry for aid ever uttered would be entitled to be heeded. Mr. Armour states that the commission merchants of the country wish to drive the independent car lines out of existence, or, to use his own words, "drive the private car off the tracks of the railroads of this country." To that mistaken assumption I make the following reply, which is taken from the second annual report of the Refrigerator Car Lines Committee of the National League, that particular reply having been put in that report for the express purpose of answering such an attack as Mr. Armour makes and as has been made by his attorneys many times before:

"Never while the United States endures under its present Constitution can any legislation ever be framed that could prevent the formation of independent car lines for hire of cars to railways (and cars of independent car lines can be operated lawfully in no other way). Nor could a law be framed that could prevent a railway from obtaining equipment from any source it saw fit—as long as said equipment was suitable to the traffic. Such prevention could no more be done under our Constitution than a law could be framed debarring private individuals from hiring express wagons or drays to do their hauling, and compelling them to either buy or build wagons or drays for that service. As to commission merchants being interested in driving independent car lines out of existence, they never had nor never will have any such intention, and for the foregoing reasons could not do so if they wished; but they do not wish to do so. They know that, under present conditions, independent cars are necessary adjuncts to railway equipment."

The Omitted Word

Mr. Armour asserts that "the operation of the *private* fruit refrigerator car has changed the growing of fruits and berries from a gamble to a business." This assertion is framed in such a way as to make it only a half truth—had the word *private* been left out it would have been a whole truth. It has been refrigerator cars which have developed the fruit and vegetable industries of this country to their present stupendous proportions, but not Armour cars, save only in so far as their numbers reached—and the cars of that corporation are to the refrigerator cars of the whole country but as a drop in the bucket.

In reading Mr. Armour's article one would think there were scarcely any refrigerator cars in existence other than his. It may not be generally known, but the largest, best equipped and best operated railways in the United States own and operate and ice their own refrigerator cars, among which roads may be named the Illinois Central, Pennsylvania System, Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, the Nickel Plate, the Rock Island, the Northwestern, the Wabash System, the Grand Trunk, the Santa Fe and many other smaller systems. There is no better refrigeration service rendered by any independent car line than is rendered by these great systems.

So far as the development of the fruit and vegetable industries by Armour private cars is concerned, it can be said that the Illinois Central Railway has built up along its lines by far the largest fruit and vegetable industries developed anywhere in the United States, and this road has done this through the ownership, operation and icing of its own refrigerator cars. Other instances could be given, but space forbids. It is, however, pertinent to say that the Illinois Central (as were many other roads) was engaged in the task of building up the fruit and vegetable industry years before there was a single Armour fruit car in operation.

In Favor of Refrigerator Cars

Mr. Armour further says: "Why, then, are commission men so interested in putting the private refrigerator car lines out of business? Because the private car has been steadily and irresistibly liberating the grower from the clutches of the commission man." Now the truth is, it has been the commission merchants who have been and are the strongest advocates of refrigerator cars for the transportation of perishable products, and they did not and do not care as to the ownership of said cars. The commission merchants of the country have advocated refrigerator cars ever since their first introduction, advising their use against the protests, prejudices and fears of the producers. To this very day this campaign of education by the commission merchants is going on, for there are parts of the country yet remaining where it is difficult to convince the producers that refrigeration is the only proper method under which to ship perishable commodities.

But in speaking of refrigeration it is not necessary to speak of private refrigerator cars as distinctive from railway refrigerator cars. It is refrigeration of the products in transit that is required, and, as has been stated, this work is done by practically all the great railway systems of the country; but where a railway has not enough refrigerator cars of its own for transportation of a given crop at a given time, it hires additional cars from a private car line, or from some other railway. This is the universal practice and will continue to be possibly for years to come, or until every railway shall see the wisdom and necessity of owning a full refrigerator-car equipment of its own. Even then railways will hire additional cars from, or lease cars to, each other as a marketed crop in one section releases cars and a ripening crop in another section requires additional cars for its marketing.

In conclusion, the contention of all right-thinking people is that it is contrary to public policy, abhorrent to all sense of justice and inimical to the welfare of the people as a whole that any private or public or semi-public corporation or organization or agency, under any name or form whatsoever, should be permitted to enter into any agreement in any direction that would enable it to shut out competition and arbitrarily and artificially raise the cost of transporting any article, much less the perishable food supply of our nation. Yet this is what the Armour exclusive contract enables that corporation to do, and it has been done with such a high hand that the entire country has risen in protest, praying Congress to give relief through a rate bill that shall render impossible the continuance of evils which, at the present time, no law can reach.

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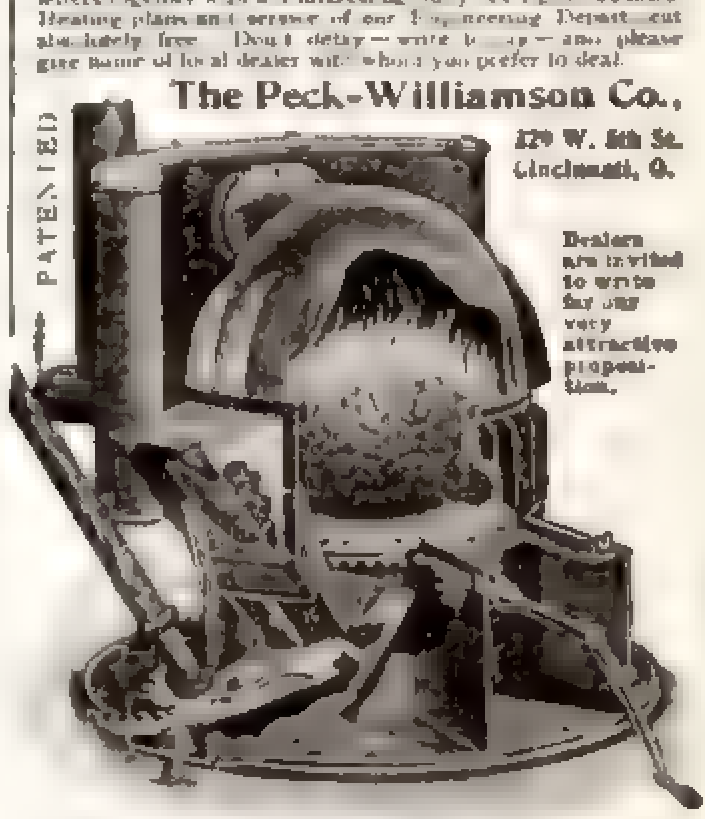

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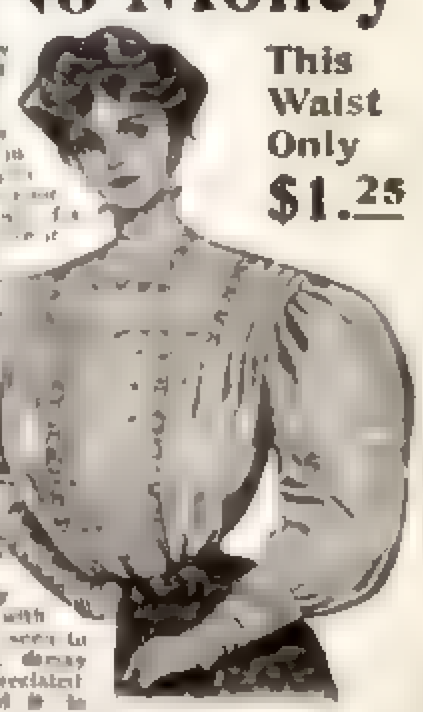

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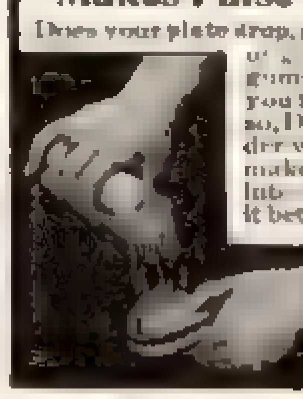

Senator Cullom's Personal Memories of Lincoln—Recorded by Willard French

PREFATORY NOTE

BECAUSE Senator Shelby M. Cullom knew President Lincoln longer, better, more intimately than any of those now remaining to scatter casual glimpses of the old for the pleasure and profit of the new generation, it was, in itself, a remunerative mission, securing from him, for publication, some of those memories. A vital element, however, must be lacking from the print—the essential presence of the veteran Senator.

His Washington home, on the Terrace, Massachusetts Avenue, just off Thomas Circle, is not so modern as to be gloomily oppressive. It is set back from the street—back beyond a grass-plot, with trees and vines and flowers. It has a broad, old-fashioned veranda, and a negro who opens the door with a suggestion of past-time hospitality. When the Senator comes he is the embodiment of the same cordial sincerity. He is tall and thin and straight, with white hair and beard, blue eyes and a deep, strong voice, intended for the truth and nothing but the truth.

His immediate response to my request was unfavorable, but he took me at once to his commodious study on the second floor, where I might more comfortably consider his objections. Even as he spoke of Lincoln, however, his heart hurried with his thoughts to those fond memories. His eyes lighted, his cheeks flushed, his lips trembled in their haste to keep pace in the race, running back to boyhood, when his father, older than Lincoln, and himself younger, formed a trio of friends which only death severed.

A portrait of Lincoln hung on the wall behind him, as he sat. I could not well see one without the other. I also saw Lincoln, once, when I was six years old. Such glimpses are enduring. Altogether, as Senator Cullom warmed to thoughts coming from near his heart, involuntarily I interrupted him to ask if he had ever been told how much he resembled President Lincoln. He smiled as he replied:

"A great many times," and added: "I believe he was considered the homeliest man in America."

Good Heavens! I had put my foot in it beautifully. I did not know that President Lincoln was homely. The impression on my boy-mind was so awe-burdened that there was no possibility of further consideration. I have looked at portraits of Lincoln in the same spirit ever since. I never thought of him either as handsome or homely. I looked again at Senator Cullom. Homely he surely is not. Is it the effect of half a century of public prominence, from Governor of Illinois to Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations? Albeit, in face and frame, in mind and manner, Senator Cullom certainly impersonates the ideal memory of Abraham Lincoln. His hair and beard are gray, but he wears them trimmed as in Lincoln's time. His way of speech and speaking, his ambushed wit and quick responsive anecdote, his spotless character, unconventional courtesy and ever-ready sympathy, are all in harmony with that ideal. Seeing my embarrassment he smiled again and said:

"One of the pleasantest compliments I ever received came from an old Quakeress who called at my office on business. As it progressed she said: 'Friend, thee somewhat resembles Mr. Lincoln.' Well, when we had settled the business and she was going away, she took my hand and said: 'Friend, thee very much resembles Mr. Lincoln.'"

Such is the presence which I would might go, vitally, with the following memories.

It is difficult to say what, for novelty, can claim interest concerning one who has, for so long, belonged, not to his friends, his State or his Nation, but to the world. Only now do we begin to realize the magnitude of President Lincoln among men—a magnitude which it almost seems like sacrilege to approach in such intimate relations as personal memories.

I began to think of Lincoln as a friend and an ideal when I was only twelve years old. He was nearly thirty. The first time I was in a court-room Lincoln was defending a man charged with murder. Even then he was considered a great lawyer. He had a power with the court, the jury and the public that was irresistible. Lawyers were not specialists then, as they are to-day. They were general practitioners. They had to take everything that came along and depend upon themselves and their knowledge of law. Precedents were few and hard to obtain. Mr. Lincoln was absolutely at home in a court-room; always frank with the court, the juries and the other lawyers. He would first state the case of the opposite side and do it as fairly as the opposition counsel could. Then he would state the case of his client with such earnest candor that the judge and jury were well-nigh convinced in advance of evidence. Judge Davis said of him that the frame of Lincoln's mental and moral being was honesty.

Senator Shelby M. Cullom

A client once offered Mr. Lincoln a case in which the facts did not satisfy him. "I can win it for you," he said. "I can set the neighborhood at loggerheads, distress a widow and her six fatherless children, and get for you six hundred dollars which it appears to me belongs as rightly to them as it does to you. I will not take the case, but I will give you a little advice for nothing. You seem a sprightly young man. I advise you to try your hand at making six hundred dollars some other way."

While counsel for the Illinois Central Railway, in a case before Judge Davis, Lincoln asked that it be postponed, as Captain McClellan was not present for the road. When the judge asked who he was, Lincoln replied: "All that I know of Captain McClellan is that he is engineer of the road." He knew more of McClellan during the war and in the Presidential campaign which followed it.

When Lincoln was running for Congress my father drove him in his carriage to his appointments in Tazewell County. The first political speech which I ever heard Lincoln deliver began: "Fellow-Citizens! Ever since I have been in the county, my old friend, Major Cullom, has been taking me around. He has heard all my speeches, and the only way I can fool the old Major and make him think I am not delivering the same speech all the time is to turn it end for end, once in a while."

Opposition was nothing to him when he knew that he was right. He was utterly free from jealousy, and was as deeply concerned for his principles whether he advocated them as candidate or from the outside. When his first term as President was drawing to a close I was greatly concerned over certain intrigues I discovered among a set of men high in office, to rob him of renomination. A secret circular was being cautiously sent about in the interests of Secretary Chase, then a member of the Cabinet. I thought that Lincoln ought to know, if one of his close official advisers was playing traitor, so I reported the matter to him, exclaiming indignantly: "Why don't you turn him out!"

"Let him alone," the President replied. "He cannot do me any more harm in here than he could outside." Then he wound up with one of his stories: "We are like two Irishmen, going through a wood, who were frightened by a great noise. They hunted in vain for the source of it till one of them said: 'Come along, Pat. We're only wasting time. It's nothing but a d——n noise, anyway.'"

Mr. Lincoln was generally considered ungainly, but about him there was something which seemed to lift him wholly out of it. Some such moments have been so deeply impressed upon my memory that they remain like stepping-stones to my thoughts of those old days.

I was present when the committee of the National Convention met at Lincoln's home in Springfield to report his nomination. It was the awful period in our country when life and death hung in the balance, and a nomination to the Presidency was a call to sacrifice everything to one tremendous effort to save the land he loved. No one realized it more thoroughly than the candidate. He stood at the end of the double parlor as the Honorable George H. Asham presented the committee—leading politicians and polished men from the East. But I remember how I watched and thought that Lincoln looked superior to them all.

I remember him when his son, Willie, died at the White House. The services were in the East Room. Only the family, a few friends and the members of the Cabinet were present. The President stood by the bier, tears rolling down his cheeks, and as I watched he seemed to me more a god than a man, bearing the fearful burdens of the Nation with the quivering lips and tear-wet cheeks of the stricken father.

The swift vicissitudes of time have wrought havoc in the ranks that were, and besides myself there is but one survivor of the sad party on the funeral-train which bore our beloved President from Washington to his home. The sorrow, everywhere, through which we passed is something I can never forget. Crowds gathered at every crossing, with uncovered heads, in a demonstration of grief such as I think the world had never known before and never can again. I thought of a day, long before, when I met Lincoln after his campaign with Douglas. Lincoln had received the popular majority, but the Legislature had given the vote to Douglas. When I expressed my great regret he laid his hand on my shoulder and said: "Never mind, my boy. It will all come right."

I knew him in all walks of life—a young lawyer, a private citizen, a candidate, a Congressman, a President. I knew him within the sacred precincts of his home and family. I have studied the lives of many of the great men of the world, and I say it is my emphatic opinion that in all which makes for a noble, useful life, the memory of Lincoln will remain without a peer, in any age, among the world's men of history.

Stage-Struck

PEOPLE whose position before the public makes them a target for begging letters usually find that an appeal is fraudulent in proportion as it is calculated to work upon the sympathies; but sometimes a request for aid has a pathos which is all the deeper because it is unconscious. Among the many letters Clyde Fitch has received, he treasures one that reads somewhat as follows:

"*Dear Mr. Clyde Fitch:* For eight years, ever since I was a girl of twenty-five, I have been a hopeless invalid, confined to my couch by day and by night. During this time my only consolation has been making lace, and I have now completed a wedding veil of very beautiful design, and large enough to cover me from head to foot. I am naturally desirous of making use of same, and have thought how nice it would be if you would write me a play, the chief scene of which is a wedding, in which I might wear it. Before I was sick I once played in Private Theatrics, and friends said I was very beautiful, though they may have been prejudiced. I know that I am not an actress like Bernhardt or Mrs. Leslie Carter; but your plays do not generally call for acting, and even if you did rise to greater heights, the chief scene, you know, would find me beneath the wedding veil, which would conceal everything. May say that I am a little better now, and nothing would pull me together, the doctor says, like having a real interest in Life. It seems to me that this is a great opportunity for you to shine in your Art and do a good Deed, too. Admiringly Yours, etc."

Remember—the light in your eye and the grasp of your hand are absent in the written word.

Avail yourself of every means to win a favorable reception for your letter—your silent representative.

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"Look for the Water Mark"

will give it dignity, character, force. Specify this magazine *by name* when ordering business stationery and refuse to accept any other. The water mark makes substitution impossible.

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[illegible] AUTODRAFT, a patent alarm clock [illegible] the [illegible] wakes the furnace and lets you sleep. At the desired hour it drops a five-pound weight which adjusts the furnace drafts. There is nothing to get out of order and a child can set it. It takes [illegible] half cubic foot of [illegible] guaranteed to work on any heater [illegible] You can attach it yourself [illegible] [illegible] banked fire at night and [illegible] early morning before the fire is [illegible] $5.00 complete. If not satisfactory send back at our expense—we will refund money. [illegible] responsibility we refer to Franklin [illegible] Send for illustrated booklet explaining in detail. Send today. Agents wanted.

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And Points on Purchasing

A most valuable and interesting book on Domestic Economy by Capt. HARRY H. SKINNER, showing how to make and use a Fireless Cookstove and save seven-eighths of the fuel ordinarily used in cooking and how to purchase and properly prepare food.

This method has been adopted by the U. S. Government for use [illegible], and the book [illegible] recipes [illegible] from the most [illegible] and practical [illegible] country, now in the employ of the Government. Sent prepaid to any address on receipt of 25 cents.

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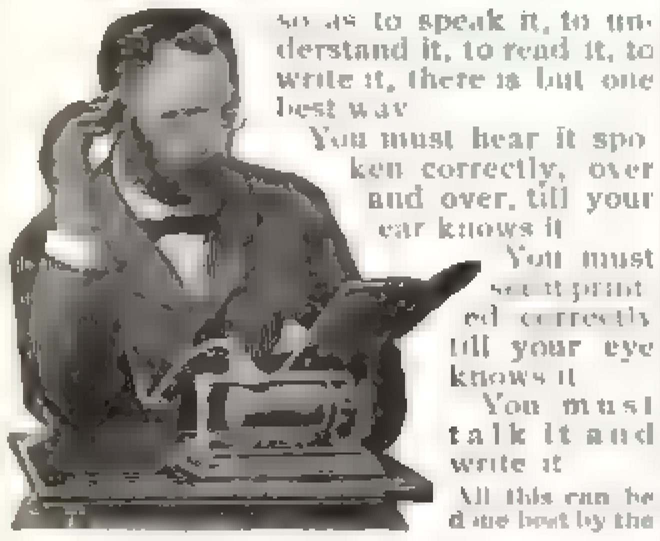

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French, German, Spanish or Italian

so as to speak it, to understand it, to read it, to write it, there is but one best way

You must hear it spoken correctly, over and over, till your ear knows it

You must see it printed correctly till your eye knows it

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All this can be done best by the

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It has been [illegible] thousand students [illegible]

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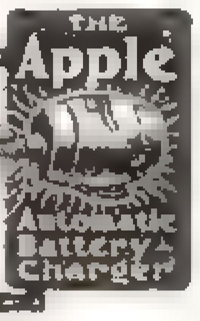

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on account of your batteries giving out [illegible] with an Apple Automatic Battery Charger. Keeps the batteries [illegible] No uncertainty [illegible] Write for information about this [illegible] The Dayton Electrical Mfg. Co., 123 St. Clair Street, Dayton Ohio.

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FOR YOUR NEXT PARTY

Give a Progressive "RAFFLES," the latest and best card game. Price, 60 cents per box, including score cards. Ask your stationer — or mailed direct, postpaid

The Holt, Folger, Howard Co., Auburn Park Station, Chicago

PLAYER FOLK

John Arend, Who Has Set Fire to His Factory for the Insurance and Has Then Accidentally Burned His Only Child to Death

Auung Arend, John's Half-witted Brother, Who is First Held for the Crime and Who Ends by Vainly Trying to Take it on Himself

Putter, the Jewish Grocer, Whose Garrulous Testimony Leads to Proving the Crime

Seven Actors in One

HENRI DE VRIES, the Dutch character actor, has made a sensation in England and America by playing seven distinct and highly individualized rôles in the same piece, and in rapid succession — witnesses in a case of arson, as they are examined by the magistrate; but there is an eighth and more remarkable personage, and that is Mr. De Vries himself.

Many newspaper men have asked to see him and photograph him in the act of changing his make-up; but he has steadfastly refused. His shifts are so rapid that only time enough is left between each exit and entrance for an aged servant to walk from one door to a desk and then to another door; and Mr. De Vries fears that the presence of strangers will embarrass his two dressers. Exactly this happened once in London. He feels, too, that to permit emphasis to be laid on the rapidity of his changes may blind the audience to the more subtle and significant phases of his impersonations; and, moreover, that if the public is, so to speak, let in behind the scenes it will be more difficult for him to sustain the illusion of life on the stage. His scruples have cost him much striking advertisement, but they proclaim the high-minded and intelligent artist.

Equally admirable is his insistence that the mechanics of his feat are its least difficult and least important element. Able as are his make-ups, his genius is chiefly evident in details quite independent of wigs, false noses and queer clothes. His mimique is so powerful that even in his own street costume he can give the impression of a big, robust man, or a shrunken and shriveled weakling. His voice is equally lifelike in the rumbling asthmatic wheeze of a burly policeman, the colorless treble of a half-witted lad, the dogged and aggressive defiance of a malefactor, or the nasal insinuations of a gossiping corner grocer. Even his hands take up the qualities of each of his seven characters. Most remarkable of all, perhaps, is the fact that his very eyes seem those of seven different men.

IF they tell you something else is best, ask them if they ever tried Colgate's Shaving Stick.

Trial stick in nickeled box — enough for a month's shaving — mailed for 4c. in stamps Write Dept. P

Colgate & Co.
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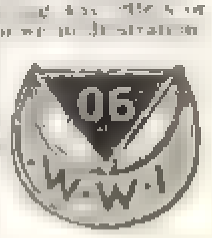
The New Nickeled Box.



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For College, School, Class Club, Society or Lodge.

Made as ordered in any way or material. Here is an illustration of what we can do for [illegible] Either of the two styles here [illegible]

Silver Plate, $1 doz., Sample, 10c.
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[illegible] new catalog [illegible] gold and silver Satisfaction guaranteed [illegible]

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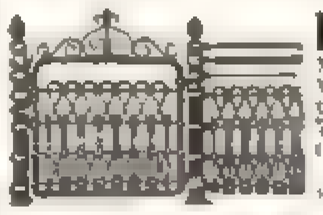

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Made of Steel. Lasts a lifetime. We have no Agents. Sold to users at Wholesale Prices. 7 cents a foot up. Cheaper than wood. Catalog Free.
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Alexander H. Revell,
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[illegible] I believe that [illegible]

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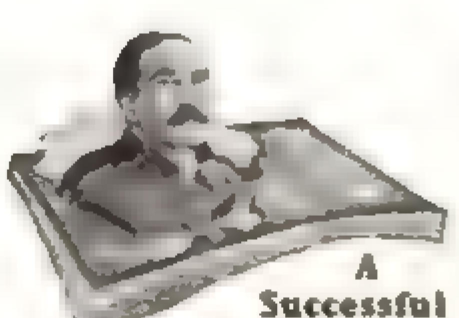

A Successful Retailer

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Samuel Brill,
Of Brill Brothers

A Successful Sales Manager

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J. W. Binder,
[illegible]

A Successful Publisher

[illegible]

F. N. Doubleday,
Of Doubleday, Page & Co

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Chas. A. Sweetland
Auditor and Systematizer

What SYSTEM has done for these men it will just so surely do for you

SYSTEM is a 260-page magazine ¶ Brim so full of bright ideas — packed to the covers with so many money-making plans and economies — that business men everywhere read it — study it — write for it — and recommend it. ¶ The man of experience gets in SYSTEM the experience of other men. To the young man beginning business — to the clerk, bookkeeper or student — SYSTEM is more than a business college. ¶ To enumerate SYSTEM'S contributors is simply to name the foremost system experts and the strongest business men. ¶ The general articles they write will help any man — business or professional. The special articles for one's own work no man can afford to miss. What would it mean to you, in the position you occupy, to have counsel such as this:

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Simply deposit $2.00 (you do not pay it, and as a special cash discount we will send a full cloth bound set of the Business Man's Encyclopedia, [illegible] compact handy volumes that contain indexed ideas [illegible] and facts about almost every phase of business. They are to the business man what [illegible] is to the student. They answer all the bothersome questions about office work and business success. Or even better, include a dollar extra — $3 in all — and we will bind the books in genuine Morocco and gold the edges. The money you send is not a payment, mind you. It is simply deposited, and if *you* decide that you can afford to do without SYSTEM — you can get your remittance from our cash drawer as easily as though it were in your own. Is there any business man anywhere who can refuse an offer like this — 100% dividend and no chance of loss?

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Name

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The Beguiling of Peter Griggs

(Concluded from Page 9)

of the curtain that hangs there at the door—like a pawnbroker making up an inventory.

"Finally he said: 'Ye got a nice place here'—the first words that had come from his lips since we left the restaurant. 'The boss likes these jimcracks; he's got a lot o' thim up where he lives. I seen him pay twinty dollars to a Jew-dago for one o' *thim.*' And he pointed to my row of miniatures.

"By this time I was face to face with the awful truth. There was nothing in the vest-pocket, nor in the cup, and there was nothing in the drawer. The only money I had was the two-dollar bill which had been left over after paying Mrs. Jones. I spread it out before him and looked him straight in the eye—fearlessly—that he might know I wasn't telling him an untruth.

"'My good man,' I said in my kindest voice, 'I was mistaken. I find I have no money. I have paid away every cent except these two dollars; take this bill and let me come in to-morrow and pay the balance.'

"'Good man be d——d!' he said. 'I don't want yer two dollars. I'll take this and call it square.' Then he put my precious Cosway in his pocket and without another word walked out of the room."

"But wouldn't they give it back to you when you went for it?" I blurted out.

Peter leaned back in his chair and drummed on the arm with his fingers.

"To tell the truth, I have been ashamed to go. I suppose they will give it back when I ask them. And every day I intended going and paying them the money, and every day I shun the street as if a plague was there. I will go some time, but not now. Please don't ask me."

"Have you seen none of them since?" inquired another of his visitors.

"Only the Bostonian. He walked up to me while I was having my lunch in Nassau Street yesterday.

"'I came out better than you did,' he said. 'The pass was good. I used it the next day. Just home from the Hub.'"

"Accomplice, maybe," remarked the third visitor, "just fooling you with that architect yarn."

"Buncoed that pass out of somebody else," suggested the second visitor.

"Perhaps," Peter continued. "I give it up. It's one of the things that can never be explained. The Bostonian was polite, but he still thinks me a cheat. He let me down as easy as he could, being a gentleman, but I can never forget that he saw me come in with them and order the dinner, and that then I tried to sneak out of paying for it. Oh, it's dreadful! Dreadful!"

Peter settled in his seat until only the top of his red skull cap showed above the back of his easy chair. For some minutes he did not speak, then he said slowly, and as if talking to himself:

"Mean, mean people to serve me so!"

Some days later I again knocked at Peter's door. I had determined, with or without his consent, to go myself to Foscari's, redeem the miniature and explain the circumstances, and let them know exactly who Peter was. My hand had hardly touched the panel when his cheery voice rang out:

"Whoever you are, come in!"

He had sprung from his chair now and had advanced to greet me.

"Oh, is it you! So glad—come over here before you get your coat off. Look!"

"The Cosway! You paid the bill and redeemed it?"

"Didn't cost me a cent."

"They sent it to you, then, and apologized?"

"Nothing of the kind. Give me your hat and coat and plump yourself down on that chair by the fire. I've got the most extraordinary story to tell you you've ever heard in your whole life."

He was himself again—the same bubbling spirit, the same warmth in his manner, foxes out frolicking, lighthouse flashing, everything let loose.

"Last night I was sitting here at my desk writing, about nine o'clock, as near as I can remember"—his voice dropped now to a tragic whisper, as if an encounter with a burglar was to follow—"*when-I-heard-a-heavy-tread-on-the-stairs*, getting louder and louder as it reached my door. Then came a knock strong enough to crack the panels. I got up at once and turned the knob. In the corridor stood the Large Man. He was inside before I could stop him—I couldn't have stopped him. You have no idea, my dear friend, how big and strong that man is. What he expected to see I don't know, but it evidently was not what he found.

"'I had the deuce of a time finding you,' he began, looking about him in astonishment. 'Been up and down everywhere inquiring. Only got your number from that red-headed plate-shover half an hour ago.'"

Peter's voice had now regained its customary volume:

"I had backed to the fireplace by this time and had picked up the poker, as if to punch the fire, but I really intended to strike him if he advanced too close or tried to help himself to any of my things. He never took the slightest notice of my movements, or waited for any answer to his outburst—just kept right on talking.

"'You were so dead easy there warn't no fun in it. I dropped to that the first time you opened your head, but Sam had picked you out and it had to go at that. My wife saw his mistake as soon as she got her eyes on you, but Sam, like a fool, wouldn't listen. He was to do the picking, and so I couldn't say a word. When we all got outside, clear, we took a turn around Washington Square so I could have my laugh out on Sam, and when we got back you were gone and so was the fellow from Boston who chipped in. That knocked us silly—wife gave us rats, and I felt like a yellow dog. Been a-feeling so ever since. The Dago either couldn't or wouldn't understand. Said we'd better come in when the boss was there. We had to take the eleven o'clock to Boston that night and had only time to catch the train. When I got back at six-ten to-night I drove to the restaurant, found Mike and the boss, heard how he'd pulled your leg—paid the bill—$9.60, wasn't it?—that's what he said it was, anyhow—and here's your picture!'

"I had dropped the poker now and was motioning him to a chair.

"'No, thank you, I won't sit down; ain't got time. Got to take the 11:45 for Chicago. Well, we had a lot of fun out of it, anyhow, only I didn't intend it should end up the way it did. Just wanted to get even with Sam and win my bet.'

"'Bet?' I asked. I began to see some daylight now.

"'Yes—bet Sam I'd bunco any New York man he'd pick out, and you happened to be the one. Ye see, wife and I and Sam were here for a few days and we struck Thanksgiving and wanted some fun, and we *had* it. You're white, old man, all the way through—white as cotton and our kind—never flunked once, or turned a hair. Sally took an awful shine to you. Shake! Next time I'm in New York I'll look you up and if you ever come out our way we'll open a keg o' nails, and make it red-hot for you, and don't you forget it. Here's my card, so you can remember.'"

Peter picked up the card from the table, threw up his chin, and broke into one of his infectious laughs. I reached over and took it from his hand. It bore this inscription:

J. C. MURPHY
GENERAL TRAVELING AGENT
C. S. & Q. R. R.
OGDEN, UTAH

A Managerial Foible

NOT all the stories told to illustrate the illiteracy of the powers that be in the theatre are true, but this one comes from an eyewitness, and a person of undoubted veracity. One of the great managers was conducting a rehearsal. All through the earlier stages of the preparation one of the actresses had slurred certain words in her part, excusing herself on the plea that she could not quite make them out. Now she turned to him and repeated the apology.

"Fads and f-o-i-b-l-e-s," she read. "Do you pronounce it fo-ibbles?"

The manager took her "part" and pored over it. "It's a mistake of the typewriter," he adjudicated, and turning to his stage manager ordered him to have it at once corrected by the author's manuscript.

There's a world of delight in

Kodak Portrait made by light of ordinary window

KODAK
Home Portraiture

It is simpler than most people think. Beautiful results are obtained by the light of an ordinary window, or by flashlight. A portrait attachment, at fifty cents, adapts the small Kodak to the making of good-sized bust photographs. The simple methods are made clear in:

"Amateur Portraiture by Flashlight," by Wm. S. Ritch, - - - - - - - $ .10
"Home Portraiture," by F. M. Steadman, - - - - - - - - - - - .25
"Modern Way in Picture Making" contains full text of both of above, and special articles by the leading authorities, including Stieglitz, Eickemeyer, Dugmore, Demachy, etc. 200 pages, beautifully illustrated. Bound in cloth. The most clear, concise and comprehensive book ever published for the amateur, - - 1.00

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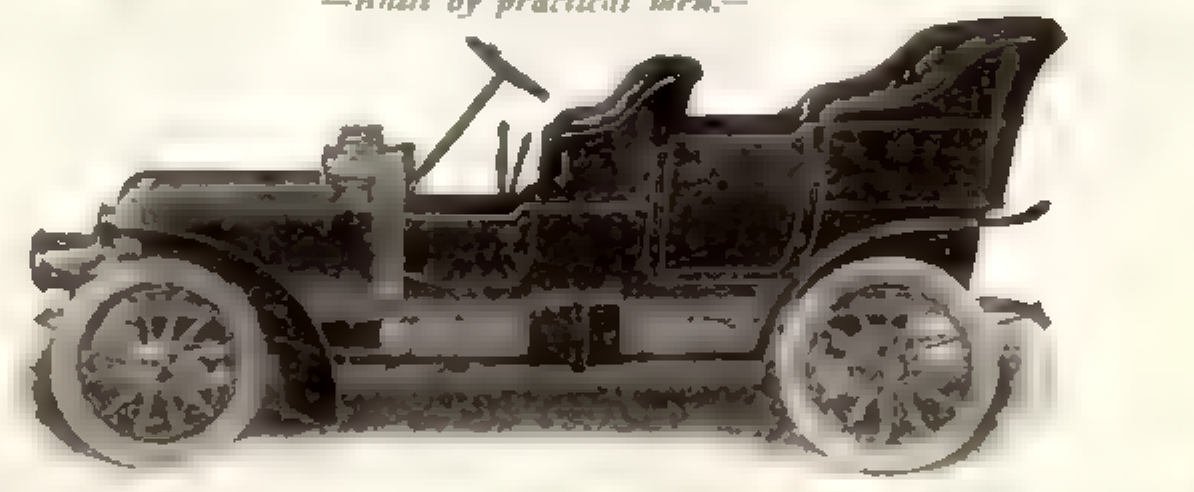
—Built by practical men.—



The one motor car powered and driven by the one reliable, practically demonstrated air-cooled motor, with a record of 3,500 miles without an adjustment to connecting rod or bearings being necessary.—Note:

SPECIFICATIONS.
Model A
Price $2,800 f. o. b. Detroit
Body: "Side Entrance" Tonneau. Front doors (easily detached and complete without them).
Color: Royal Blue
Seating capacity: Five persons
Total weight: 2,000 pounds
[illegible]
Wheel [illegible]
Tire [illegible] 4 x 34
Tire dimensions, rear: 4 x 34
Steering: [illegible]
Brakes: Two (rear hub and transmission)
Gasoline capacity: 20 gallons
Frame: Pressed steel
Motor power: [illegible]
Number of cylinders: Four
Cylinders arranged: Vertical [illegible]
Cooling: Air
Ignition: Jump spark with storage battery
Drive: Shaft bevel gear
Transmission: Sliding gear.
Speeds: Three speeds forward and reverse
Clutch: Leather-faced cone [illegible]
Road clearance: [illegible] inches
Style of top: [illegible]

DETAIL INFORMATION
¶ The frame is of pressed steel and sufficiently strong so that there is no possibility of its sagging or becoming distorted from the hardest possible use to which the car may be put.
¶ The four cylinders of the motor are cast separately, and are of a peculiar, symmetrical, flanged construction. The bore is 4 inch by 4 inch stroke. Both cylinders and pistons are made of a special gray iron mixture, very hard, fine grained and close, [illegible] speck or blow hole. The construction of piston and rings is such that it [illegible] an excess of lubricant accumulating on top of the piston, obviating the usual deposit of carbon generally found on [illegible].
¶ [illegible], and are fine specimens of [illegible] castings, with [illegible] and connecting rods [illegible] inspection.
¶ The mechanically operated valves, located in the cylinder head, are interchangeable [illegible].
¶ [illegible] of generous proportions, made from [illegible] carbon steel, hammered, [illegible] bearings, [illegible] wearing surface, are found [illegible] the motor.
¶ The commutator is placed in a vertical position, which is very accessible. Both primary and secondary wiring are incased in [illegible] tube.
¶ Carburetor is thoroughly automatic, making starting almost instantaneous and fuel consumption very economical.
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The Aerocar Company, Detroit, Michigan

SEEKING INVESTMENT

(Continued from Page 11

sacred cause: collecting from the masses, and expending in helps to a higher life—in colleges and great training schools, churches and libraries. These we must control and guide, that they in turn may guide and train the masses into habits of industry and economy.

"Business," he continued in the same low, monotonous voice, "is destined to be the great advance-agent of the millennium—the strong arm to carry men into the paths of higher knowledge and simpler life; to show them the economy and beauty of combination, instead of competition, and hence of universal love and fellowship."

"Yet how little is it all understood and appreciated, Mr. Grauman."

He straightened up in his chair.

"'Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil!'" he said. "Men misunderstand us and revile us, but we must never flinch in our duty."

So through the afternoon and evening I drank in the words of wisdom and knowledge from the lips of this great man; learned with amazement and delight of the noble purposes of his life—of his simple yet wonderfully effective methods of elevating and improving the people by forcing them to contribute the *means*. For the second time my opportunity had come to join with his great company; to avail myself of their boundless resources of wealth and knowledge and goodness; and I hesitated no longer, but gave John Grauman my hand, pledging myself to be guided by him and to act with him in all business operations.

I spent the night at his home in order to receive some instructions the next day regarding the lumber companies. When he opened the subject his manner was far more alert than it had been the previous day.

"I understand, Richard—pardon me, but I feel quite well acquainted with you now—that the Wiskegon Company has about three millions in the treasury?"

"The entire capital is there," I answered.

"The charter is broad, Richard?"

"Yes."

"Very good; very good indeed, but that capital must not remain idle. That is waste, and waste is sinful."

Then I told him of our plans for a secret combination to control the purchase of logs; and as I outlined it all his face glowed.

"An excellent plan, Richard! It will work in very nicely when we come to a larger combination. Now about the small mill-owners."

"We will buy out wherever we can strike good bargains."

"Yes, yes—that is it!" he replied. "Make good bargains! Always make good bargains!"

"And when we can't make such bargains we will crowd them out!"

"Have you thought of transportation?"

"Not in any special way."

"It is always my first thought, Richard. The control of any industry usually rests with the transportation. How little that is understood! Everywhere there is shortsightedness and waste. To-day three-fourths of the furniture used in the East is made in the West; yet one car-load of lumber made into furniture requires at least four cars for its transportation, and at higher rates. It is waste! waste! It is 'as water spilt on the ground, which cannot be gathered up again.' And in many industries we find the same conditions. Do you know the Black Creek Valley Railroad?"

"I have been over it once or twice."

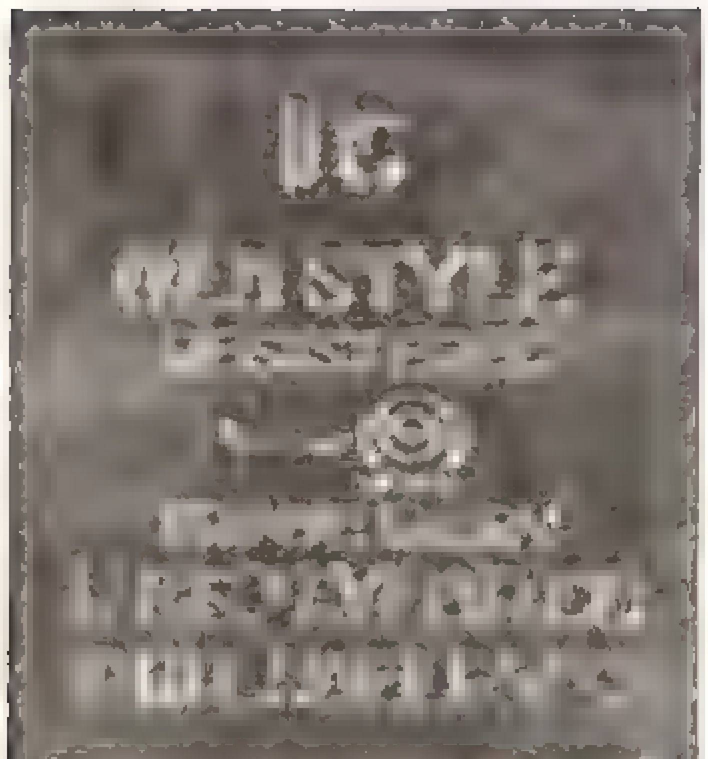
"It should be our first step to secure that road, Richard. It taps the lumber region and has an outlet on the lake. Controlling that road, we can handle the small mill-men as we think best."

"It ought not to cost much to buy in."

"We must control it!" he repeated almost fiercely. "We shall soon control the lake shipping, and the railroads must be in our hands also."

"What?" I gasped. "Control the shipping?"

"Yes!" he answered decidedly, "that is, the sailing vessels. They are dependent upon tugs at every port and every canal. The towing interests are now practically combined, and, having those, the sailing craft will, of course, do as we dictate.



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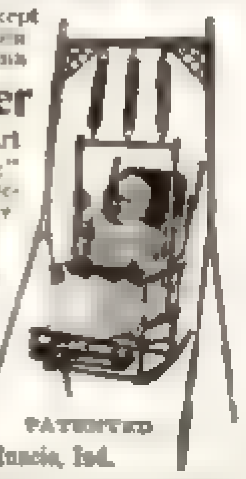

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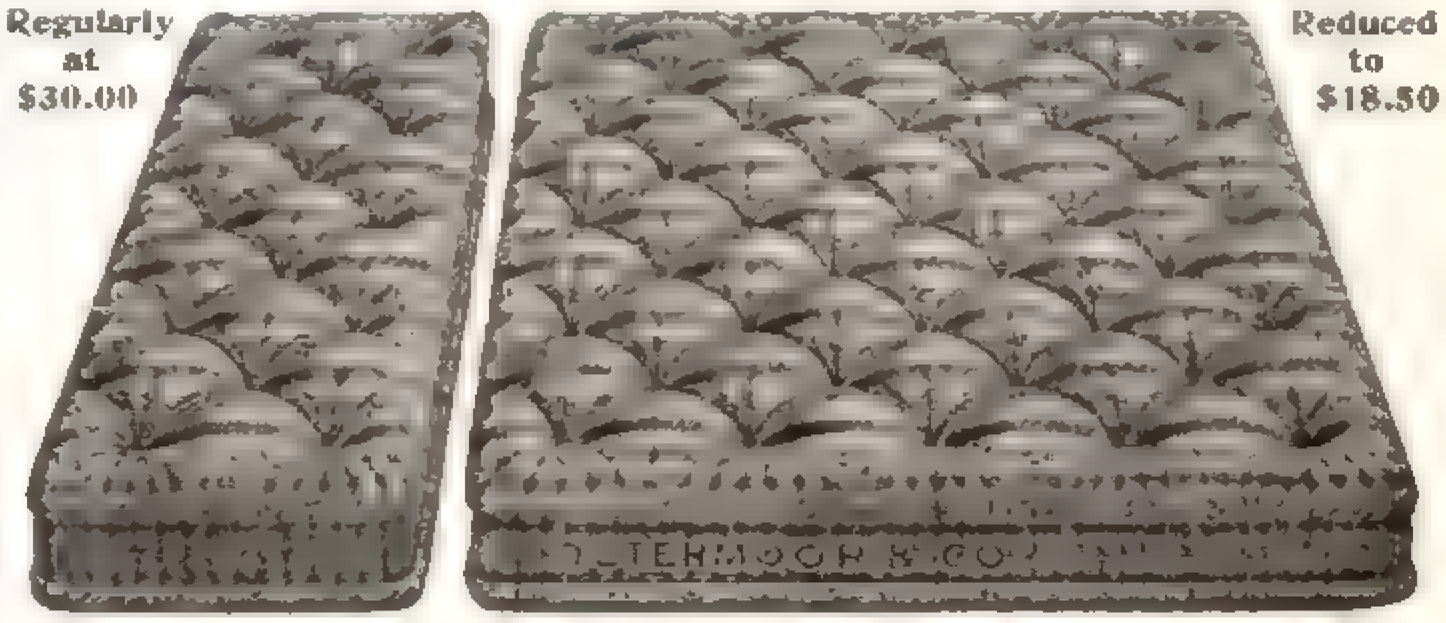

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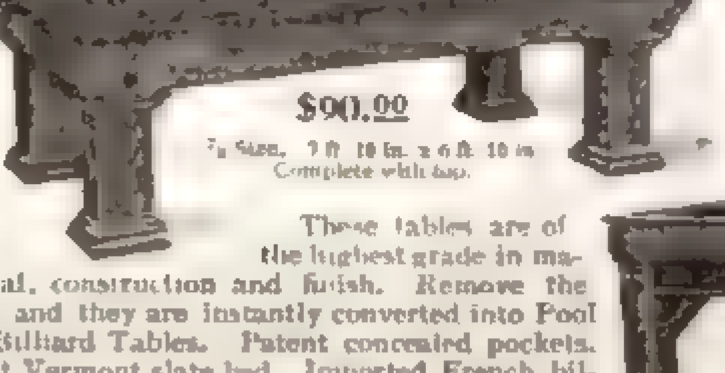

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I looked at him in surprise—"Sixty-two," he had said, and a recent quotation I had seen on that stock was below thirty.

"They have fifty thousand shares," he continued, "sufficient to give full control; and the Wiskegon Company had better invest its capital at once in that road."

"But the price is too high, Mr. Grauman."

"Not for the controlling interest, Richard. Little blocks may run much lower—they're little use to any one. But this control cannot be secured for less than sixty-two."

"Then again," I insisted, "this will absorb our entire capital."

"There will be no difficulty about that," he retorted. "As soon as the Wiskegon Company has secured this stock it will issue bonds to the same face value, five million dollars, depositing the stock as security. The Standard Wool Company will purchase these bonds at the same price as you now pay for the stock—sixty-two. Your full capital will thus come back to the treasury and you will still have your road."

Of course, this put a different face on the matter, and as there could be no question as to the desirability of our controlling this road and hence the freights, I readily agreed to bring the matter before the directors of the Wiskegon Company without delay.

I returned to Michigan, and lost no time in interviewing the directors separately and privately. With one exception, I found but little trouble in convincing them of the expediency of Mr. Grauman's plan, and at a subsequent meeting the necessary order went through, and the railroad stock was purchased. The bond issue followed without delay, and was taken up by the Standard Wool Company as agreed. Their agent, John Strang, had been on the ground, and greatly expedited the proceedings.

Some two months later I was consulting with him over proposed improvements on the railroad, and I remarked that, although I considered the Wiskegon Company was safe in the matter, I could not understand the position the Wool people had taken. "If they wished to control this road," I urged, "why not have bought the stock in the first place; and why pay sixty-two when there was nothing in sight to warrant any such advance? Undoubtedly, Mr. Strang, you have good reason for all this; but it seems to me that if I am to act in useful co-operation with you, I should do so more efficiently and be more valuable if I had a clearer knowledge of these matters."

"Mr. Dubble!" he said in his strong, impressive way, "the knowledge you already possess is ample to make you of great value to us; but that value may be greatly enhanced by a more implicit confidence in us than I think you now possess."

I protested, but he went on:

"For that reason I will tell you the inside story of this little operation. Do you know for whom Torman and Bentley sold that railroad stock?"

"I understood it was for some syndicate."

"It was for the Standard Wool Company!"

I stared at him with a surprise stronger than I think I had ever felt. I had certainly never heard of the Standard Wool people selling any railroad which they had once got hold of.

"They bought that stock," Strang continued, "three months ago at thirty-two."

I made no comment.

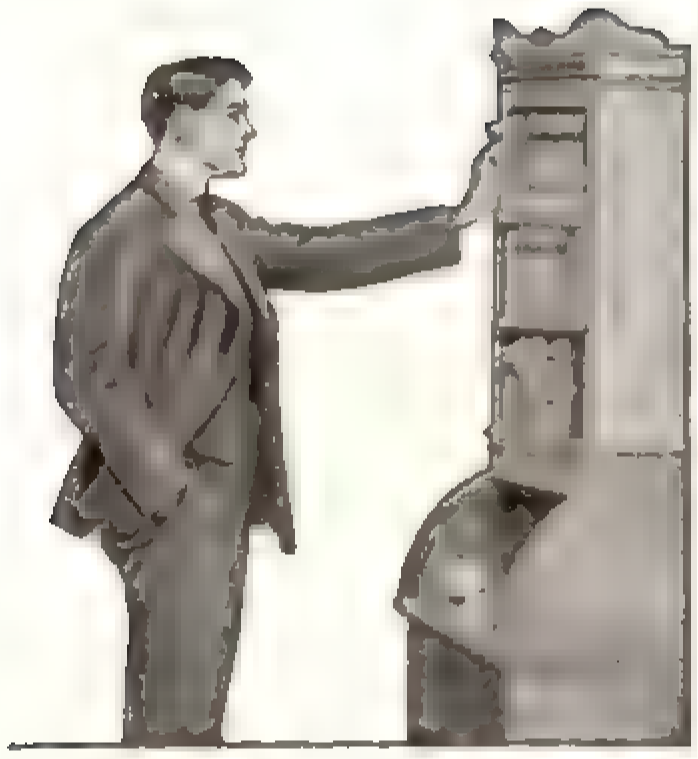
"So that, Mr. Dubble, their profit in selling to the Wiskegon Company was a million and a half."

"But they bought it all back, Strang," I stammered, when I could collect my thoughts—"that is, they bought the bonds."

"And those bonds," he retorted with a beaming smile, "were sold last week at eighty-seven. That gives another profit of a million and a quarter. There's a little more to it, friend Dubble!" he continued, as I stared at him in mingled amazement and admiration. "We have bought and sold that road twice, and made that profit of three and three-quarter millions; and yet we still control it completely. The Wiskegon Company owns the stock, and the stock carries the voting-power; and you and ourselves acting together own the Wiskegon Company."

"Good Heavens!" (I said it in my excitement.) "You eat the cake and have it, too!"

"Exactly, Richard! That is very well put. 'Eat the cake and have it, too.' That is the cardinal principle of business as interpreted by the Standard Wool Company."



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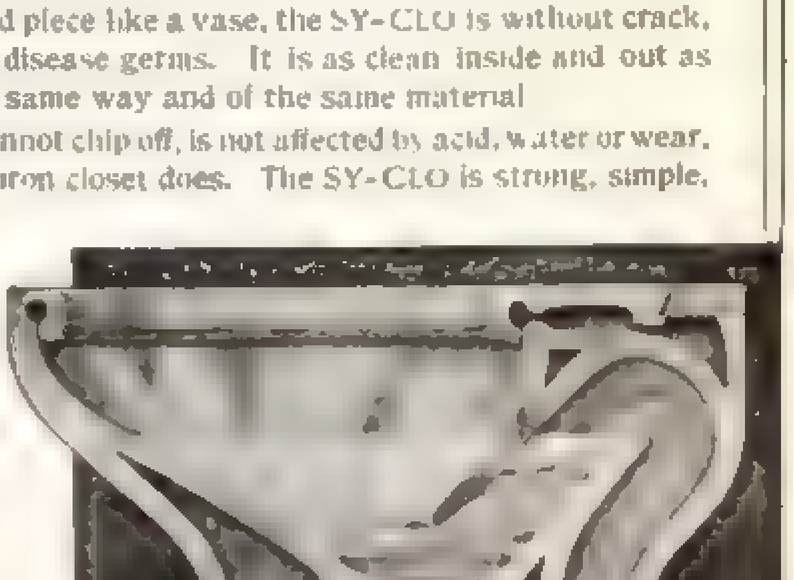

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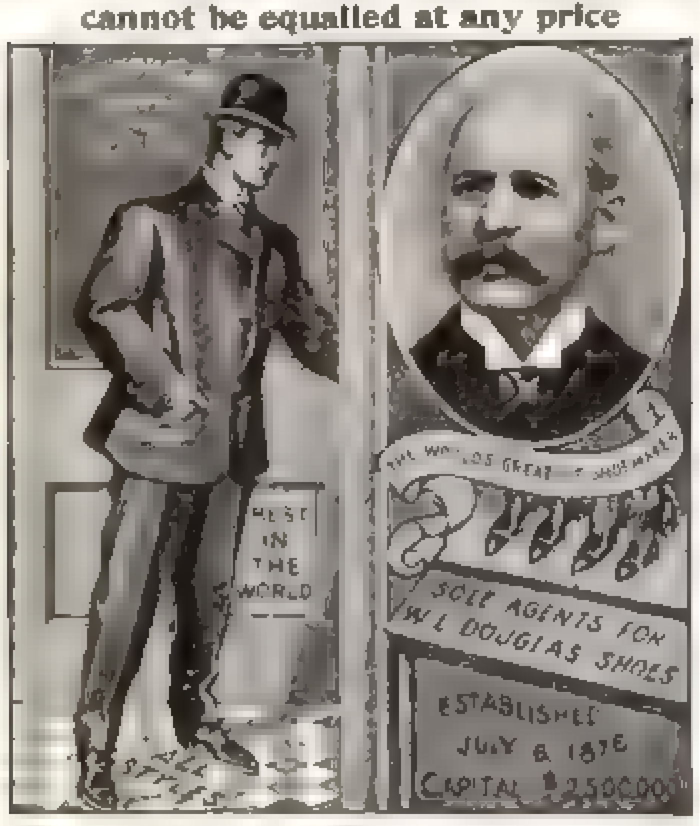
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The Tenderfoot

(*Continued from Page 7*)

many proofreaders spell it so, although, of course, the Spanish word *bronco*, which means "wild," is correct both in spelling and in application. Finally, he rides his "broncho" up into the mountains and meets a packer doing wonderful things with an intricate rope. Thus he learns about the diamond hitch, and now he begins to feel himself exceedingly Western. It shall now go hard if he do not break into print and attempt to explain, by means of diagrams, all about the diamond hitch. He calls it "tying the diamond hitch," but the packer called it "throwing the hitch" or "throwing the diamond." After the tenderfoot has seen his explanation and diagrams in print, he may be surprised to know that there are about nineteen other ways of throwing the diamond, and that genius in this regard is unrestrained, as in any other.

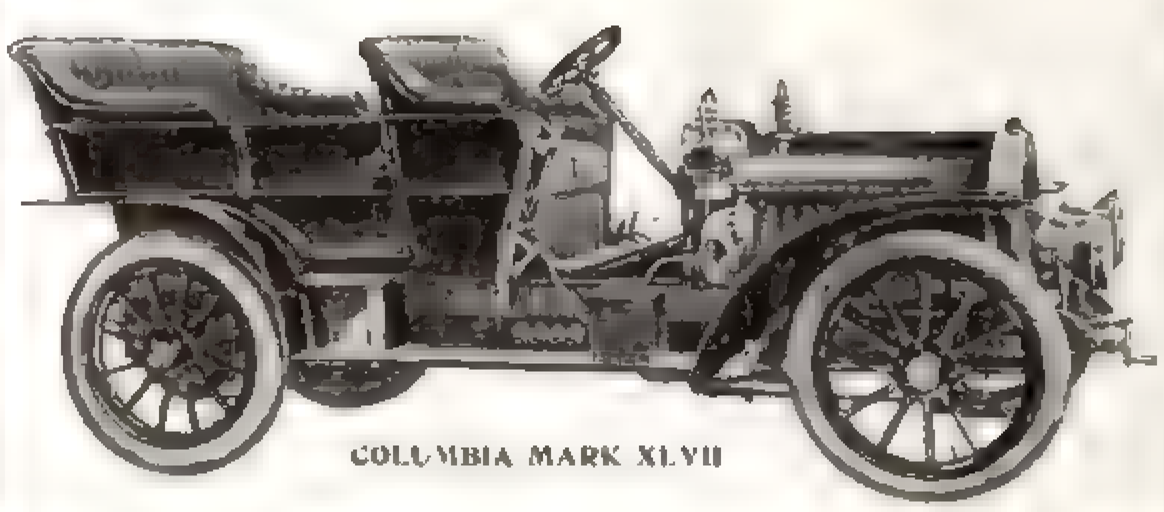
"How!"

This last matter drives the tenderfoot to drink. You would think he could, at least, take a drink correctly—would you not?—for surely the language of conviviality is universal. Not so. The tenderfoot fails in his attempt to be Western even here. He has heard the salutation "How!" at some army post—the shibboleth of the army. So, to be in good form, he says to his guest, "Well, here's how!" or, perhaps, "Here's how!" That is where they detect him. He is not Western until the grim salutation—synchronous with the concerted movement of the phalanges, the radius, ulna and humerus, together with that admirable device, the ball-and-socket joint of the shoulder—falls instinctively from his lips unadorned and Indian as it was in the beginning. "How!" That is enough.

The tenderfoot will for a long time climb into his saddle by a hand-grasp on the cantle; which means, of course, that he must take his hand off the cantle as he swings his right leg over and into place. After he has done that a few times with one of those things which he calls a "broncho," and which he may perhaps recognize as an "outlaw," he will understand why a cow-puncher never touches a cantle, but makes a close connection with the pommel—which he himself calls "horn"—perhaps turning the stirrup square out, or, perhaps, even facing to the rear, with the stirrup twisted around to the front, before he makes his spring for the saddle seat. This position, of course, pulls a man up and into the saddle if the horse rears or plunges. The tenderfoot will learn this in time, and will learn to "circle" his horse with his left hand, pulling the head sharply in if he finds his horse "mean"—which is another Western word whose significance he has learned anew.

Having learned how to get on top of a horse which is contrary-minded, the tenderfoot in his first attempt may not long remain in the saddle. Good riding is learned young. Perhaps a youngster from a riding-school may sit a mean horse for a few jumps. He will call it "bucking," although the men from the lower range call it "pitching"; but the average Eastern rider will go off at about the second or third pitch. Later, he learns to tell a pitching horse and not depend too much on his stirrup, but to ride with the clamp of his legs, as the best busters do. Perhaps, if he has fighting blood in him, he learns to ride mean horses, and will scorn tied stirrups as unprofessional, and will disdain to "claw leather," "pull leather" or "hunt leather"—all phrases for catching hold of the horn with the hand when things are doing. At last, the tenderfoot learns what "straight-up" riding means. He also learns that cow-punchers do not ride mean horses for love of it, but because they are paid to or obliged to. It is not holiday work for them as for himself. There is the difference between their viewpoints—the difference between work and play.

There are a thousand and one things which the tenderfoot does or does not do which betray him to be a tenderfoot after he has long thought himself something otherwise; but gradually he is winning his degree—that most valuable of all a man's degrees in education—in the school of the plains and the mountains. When he rides his first pitching horse, and kills his first antelope, and gets lost and sleeps out alone for a couple of nights, he writes home and tells his sister all about it—or some other man's



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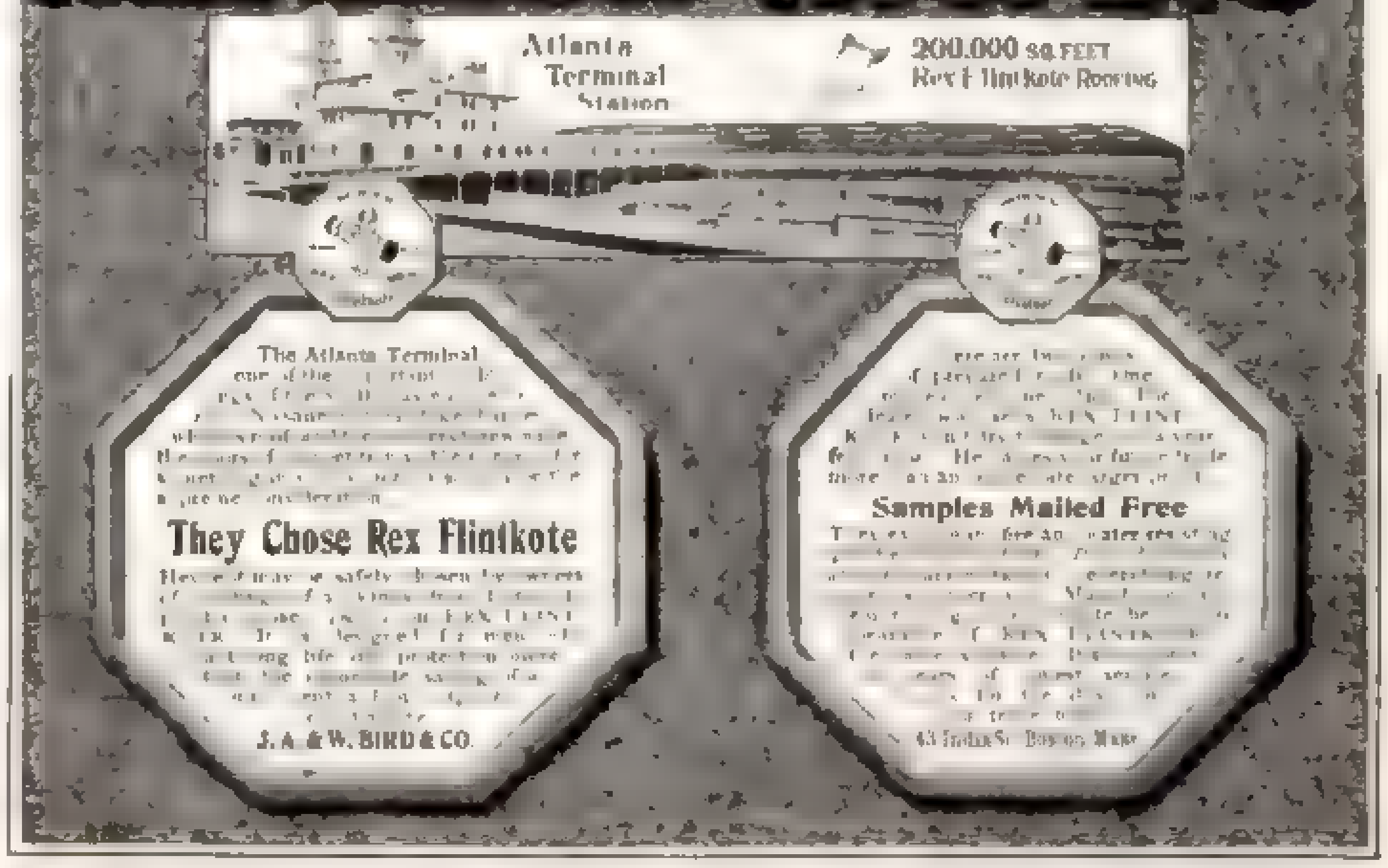
Atlanta Terminal Station
200,000 SQ. FEET Rex Flintkote Roofing

The Atlanta Terminal [illegible]

They Chose Rex Flintkote

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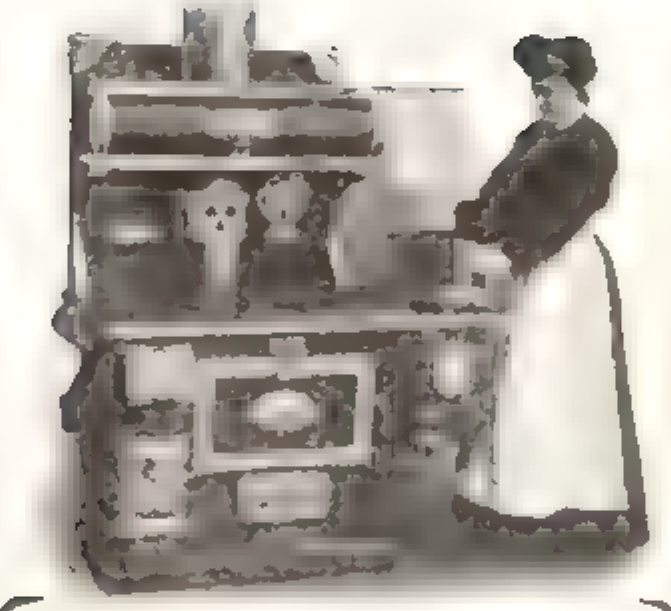
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A Good Stove at a Fair Price

Find out for yourself that THE L-W STEEL LEADER RANGE [illegible] that it is economical to operate, actually saving enough fuel in a year's time to cover a large part of its first cost, a quick baker, and an especially cool stove to work over.

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is the best way to satisfy yourself that these facts [illegible]. Call at your stove dealer's store, ask [illegible] THE L-W STEEL LEADER RANGE [illegible]

Here are some of the reasons why we contend

The L-W Steel Leader Range

is the best value on the market.

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The Body [illegible]

The Oven [illegible] and in consequence is a quick and even baker.

The Top and Bottom Oven Plates are [illegible]

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We [illegible] space to go into a closer description of the Range, but we will gladly send you our complete circular matter, in which you will find full descriptions of

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of Ranges, Cook Stoves and Heaters, for coal, [illegible] gas or wood.

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sister. When he does all these things by second nature, without thinking about it, then he is no longer tenderfoot but Western man. Perhaps by this time he has used up the money from home, and has learned how to make a living for himself in the country where he lives. He is now in a position to be Cabeza de Vaca, and to smile patronizingly at Coronado from Harvard as he limps along, Westward bound.

Even before he has reached his Western degree the tenderfoot will have given up any notions about patronizing the West and Western men, and will no longer entertain any thought of uplifting Western life. He will have learned that, after all, the West is just America, and that he never was very much better than the average Western man, or very much different from him. He will wonder, if he be anything of a philosopher, why two thousand miles of American territory make so little difference as an environment; whereas in Great Britain there are wider and more permanent differences among shires than there are between empires in the United States. Learning all these things, the tenderfoot is on his way to grow at last into a human man.

Would he have grown quite so much and so rapidly had he remained back home in the States? That is hardly a fair question to ask, at least of one openly prejudiced. Let each one answer that for himself, asking himself what means success and what means a proper ambition. Compare the hurry, the fret, the strain of an Eastern city with the soul-calming bigness of a Western day on the plains or in the mountains. Compare the dirt and noise with the unspeakable charm of a spot where the air is sweet and clean and silent. Compare a series of smoking chimneys with a clear horizon holding a blue mountain-peak suspended on its edge. Compare that state of soul which is the product of a salaried job and an ever-present whip with that of the man who is his own boss and who is unafraid of life.

I know of no better phrasing of it than that. I can guess at no better reason for the great and irresistible call which the West has always sent Eastward to the tenderfoot. In the old parts of the country we are afraid of life—we are anxious, troubled, driven. In the West, even to-day, men are less so.

Tenderfeet have gone West through disappointment in love—perhaps this took more young men West than anything else. They have gone through failure in business or through family troubles, or from legal or criminal troubles, or in search of fortune where the press of personal competition was thought to be not quite so severe—from any of a score of reasons. Many tenderfeet have gone West in condescension, and some in pity, but all have gone in hope. The great tenderfoot motive is that of hope and therein lies the spell of the West. It is the land of hope, or, at least, it once was: and more is the pity if it shall not always so remain.

The tenderfoot is in search of some *Gran Quivira*, certain Seven Cities, some castle in the air, which packed humanity and sheer lust for dollars have left impossible for him back in the States. Hope holds him up and leads him on.

Once the West could scarcely show you a fat Indian or a sick white man. To-day the Indians are fat and lazy on their reservations. As for the whites, it is not now so much a battle of strong against strong as of weak against strong. The average physique of the whites of the West, the total striking power of the humanity of the West, is less to-day than it ever was before. The tenderfoot has done it. *Gran Quivira* is as yet undiscovered; but somewhere the tenderfoot is sure it exists, just a little farther on. The light may fade in his eyes, the pathos in his wife's eyes deepen—that awful thing which men see now and then and turn away from.

Some day his eyes will darken; but always on his lips, even at the last, will be the smile of hope which goes with the spirit of the West.

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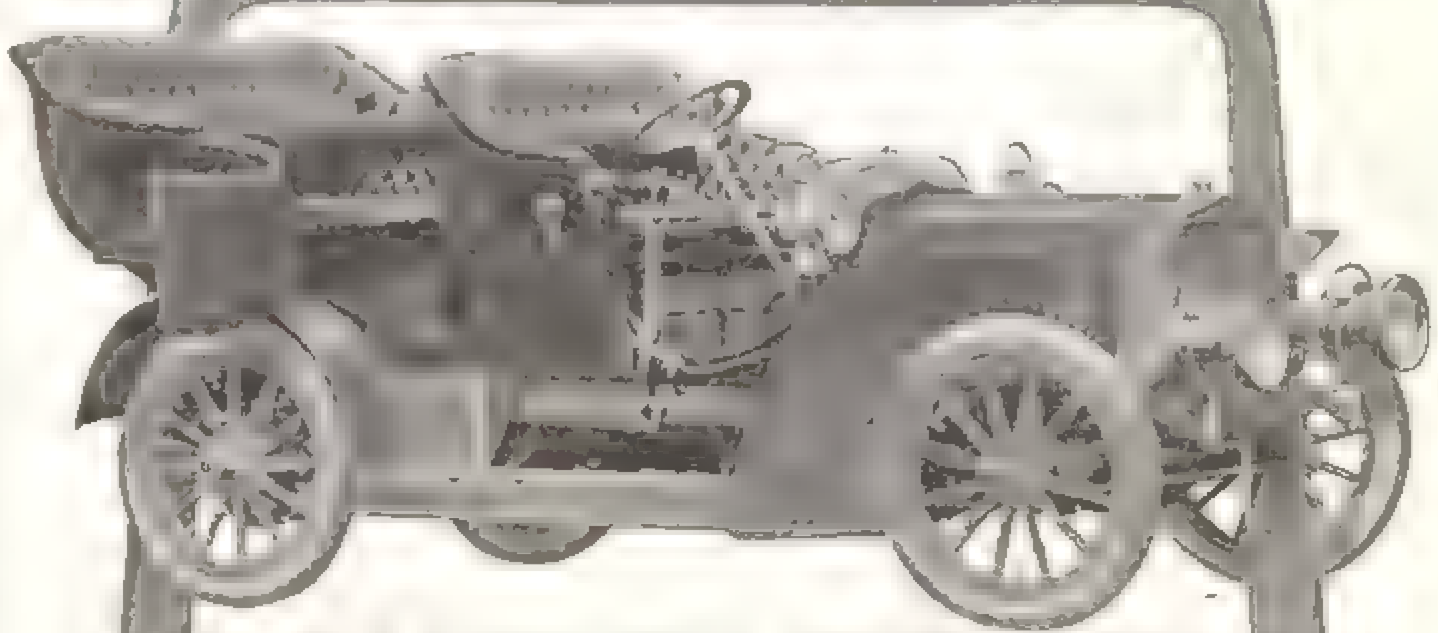

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The Most Compact Car Seating Comfortably Seven People
The Wheel Base is Only 104 Inches

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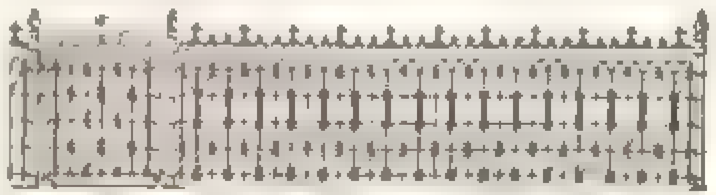
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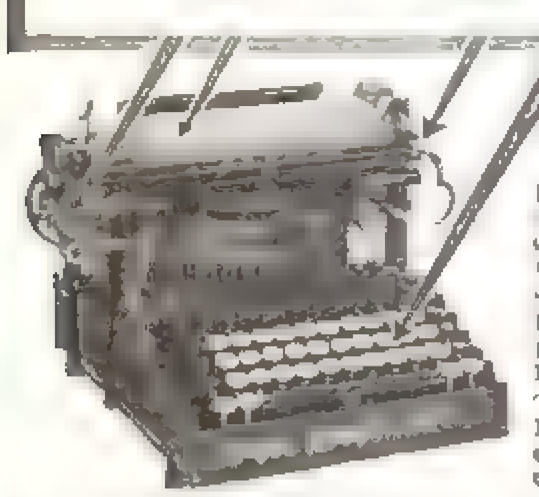

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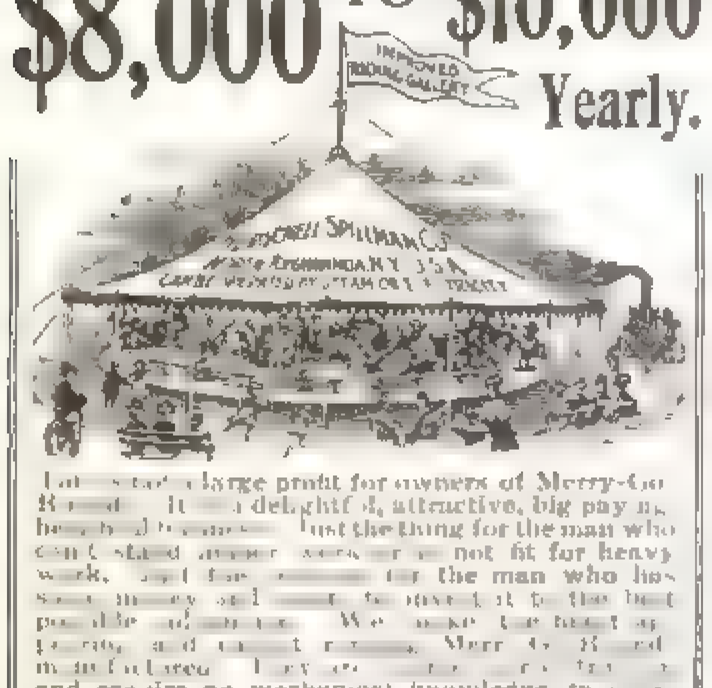

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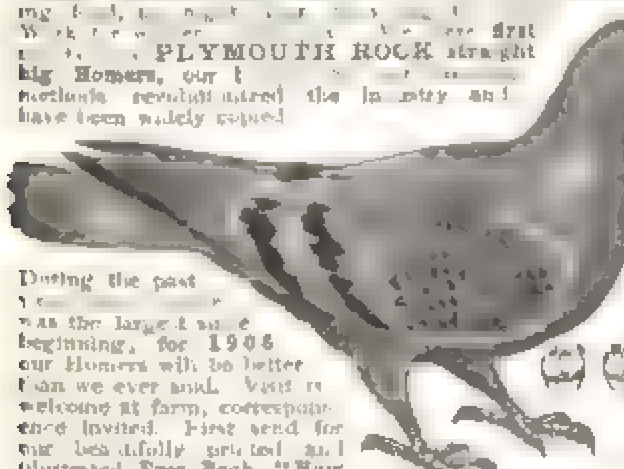
Eat squabs — when you buy them ask for **PLYMOUTH ROCK** [illegible] largest and best. [illegible] four weeks sell for $2.50 [illegible] **PLYMOUTH ROCK** straight **big Homers**, our [illegible] methods revolutionized the industry and have been widely copied



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Typewriter Emporium, 202 LaSalle St., Chicago

European Spies in America

(Continued from Page 15)

manager seize a boyish-faced patron by the back of the neck and hustle him into another room. Two days later, carefully guarded, he was shipped back to his family. Through him the girl was traced, and now she heads a very profitable millinery business in Chicago. The concert hall, having got a reputation and some capital, continues on a different basis.

There is no branch of *spionski* which is so well known to the world at large as the Russian Third Section, and it is often a matter for debate among those who, like myself, are only a little informed, as to whether or not it has its definite ramifications in the United States. Many French and German spies insist that it extends no farther west than London and Paris, but Mr. A. M. Frohmsen, a leading Jewish journalist, and many others have told me that New York, Philadelphia and other cities with a large Russian-born population are just as carefully watched over as is the Whitechapel district of London itself.

There are two reasons why the people who should really know are at variance on this subject. The first is that the Russian Third Section is like Scotland Yard in being national in all its phases, and again, that its agents are almost entirely people who earn the greater part of their living in some ordinary pursuit. Spying is an adjunct to their labors. Thus they do not come into the circle of the professional international spies except by chance. The second reason is that there are hundreds of Jews and fugitive Russians who pose as spies, though maintaining a semblance of work or independent resources, and by threats collect a rich tribute of blackmail from Jews in this country who have relatives or friends in Russia. Large numbers of their victims are ignorant of the extradition laws, and when the fake spy finds a man whom he knows to have been engaged in plotting in Russia, or to have committed some breach of laws, he threatens to deliver him to the authorities, or to see that his family in Russia is made to suffer, unless he pays the blackmailer so much per week.

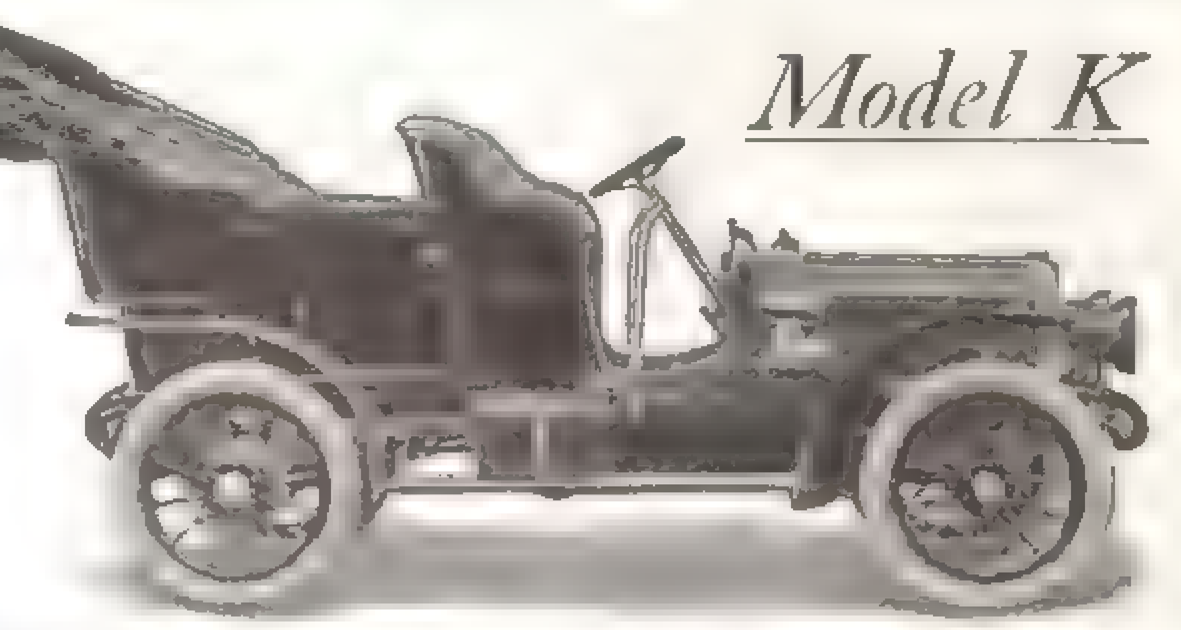
The American Toady Spy

Recently the members of the Jewish Defense Association found that its leaders were being watched in all their movements and that all of their secret plans quickly became common talk. Whether the influences working this out were genuine Russian Third Section police operations, or only the efforts of free-lance spies, the future may show.

It is not to be denied, however, that there are numbers of Russian diplomatic spies in the country. There is one man I know, former lifeguard to Count Cassini, who is among the cleverest of the clever. He directed a systematic compilation of the Japanese and Chinese in the service of American army and navy officers and families of high officials, separating those who were spy-timber and those who were not. I have not the exact figures of his report at hand, but I recall that it was proof conclusive that the Japanese and British are in possession of every secret of naval construction we may have, and their spies are located where any secret diplomatic correspondence is sure to come under their noses sooner or later.

In view of these facts it seems advisable that a regulation be made forbidding American officials and officers of the State and War Departments to have anything but American-born servants, preferably good Southern negroes, for it is a dictum among spies that they cannot bribe an American darky to turn against his master. Another accepted principle that I have often heard expressed is that it is foolishness for a spy to attempt to trade on any shortcomings among American women as a class. They are never, never to be approached from that tack.

It is painful to learn, however, on the other hand, that an Emperor whose name is a byword constantly has, from a young American millionaire, all the commercial, political and other secrets which come to the knowledge of this royalty-dazed young fool, from the reports of the secret services of many large corporations, to which he has access. He does not do it for pay. He



Model K

WINTON Accessibility

ACCESSIBILITY means more to the Motorist, on *reflection*, than when first mentioned.

Being *able* to get at any part of the Mechanism which may be "out of whack" is important, of course. But of much more importance is the Winton construction which makes the Driver *willing* to get at it *immediately*.

You know how it is with Human Nature!

If the trained ear detects "something wrong" with the Motor, or Transmission, the time to investigate is *at once* — just as soon as the sound causes you to *suspect* it.

But you *won't* do that unless the Car Builder [illegible] do it on the spot.

If your [illegible] many that [illegible] till you get it home to the Barn before you investigate.

And by that time much damage may be done that *could have* been easily avoided by quick and easy investigation on the *first* suspicion of "Trouble."

• • •

Many serious accidents arise from that sort of *postponement*.

Half the usual repair bills *can* be cut out by *early* investigation, and slight adjustments *in time* — on first discovery.

This is why *we've* made the Winton Model K the most *readily* accessible Car that ever was planned.

It is so *easy*, this season, to [illegible] every working part of the Winton Model K that there's no *inducement to postpone* investigation and adjustment when any Trouble is suspected.

Five actual minutes will uncover the working parts of the Winton Model K.

You see we've [illegible] the Car to work the way Human Nature works, — so that it is a *pleasure* to investigate its working parts.

Opening the hinged Bonnet exposes the Motor in less than a minute's time.

The turning of two handles uncovers instantly the whole Crank-shaft with its four connecting rods.

Lift up a foot-board, before front seat, turn a handle, and the entire Transmission Gear lies instantly before you.

A few minutes' more work takes that entire Transmission Gear clear out of its dust-proof case, for adjustment or repair.

• • •

Then, the Driving Axle is equally accessible.

Unscrew a single cap-nut, on either driving wheel, and you can *draw out* the entire Axle for inspection and adjustment, from its strong supporting Tube, *without Jack or Pit*, and without a Guest alighting from the Tonneau.

And all this has been planned so there need not be any stooping, groping, nor creeping under the Car [illegible] undignified attitude which makes the Motorist's Guests pity him, on the spot, and ridicule him afterwards.

The Winton Model K is so accessible that its Driver *will fix* any lack of adjustment on *suspicion*, and on first discovery of it.

That means a big difference in the aforesaid Repair bills, safety, and longevity of the Winton Car.

Don't underestimate *such* accessibility as *this*.

• • •

The Winton Model K has
30 Horse-power or better
4 Cylinder Vertical Motor, which starts from the seat without cranking —
New Compensating Carburetor —
New Precision "Shooting" Oiler
Improved Winton Twin-Springs —
Improved and enlarged-surface Brakes —
Magnificent carriage body, with superb upholstering and dashing style.
One price only — viz., $2,500, for Car equal to the best on the market at $3,500.

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is betraying his native land merely to toady to a very great man who, despite all his power, can make no adequate return.

A further shock I have received from my friends of the *guardavoi* is in the matter of their American brothers. Having been journalistically trained to venerate the United States Secret Service, the New York Central Office and the Pinkertons, it is unpleasant, to say the least, to be in a group around which a smile goes when their names are mentioned. In criminal matters there is coöperation to a certain extent, and concerning agitators also, but there the freemasonry ceases. Foreign secret service men come and go, and no American official or Pinkerton is the wiser.

A fine example of this is in the case of a great robbery at Mentone, the facts of which have never been published before. Of these I give merely what I have been told. The Grand Duchess Anastasia was robbed of jewels of such worth that the private reward offered was twenty thousand pounds. An elaborately-jeweled coronet, two eagle throat-clasps of diamonds and six ropes of pearls of enormous value were taken. One of the highest officials of the French police learned that a member of an American millionaire's family was likely to wear a portion of the loot at the horse show. He came to America, set a full cordon of spies in the suspected territory, returned on the La Lorraine early in November, receiving long reports daily by cable after his arrival in Paris. The suspected purchasers, however, remained in Europe.

Every detail of this operation was carried out without the knowledge of the American police. Why? The spies of Europe say that the American detectives are not more than half-trained; their graft is too expensive, and every one of them is, sooner or later, in touch with a newspaper underground pipe-line.

There are many other fruitful fields for the spy than those I have mentioned. A few of these may be noted in conclusion. The blasé gentlemen of the continent who run short of funds are accustomed to ship to America, obtain entrance to clubs, and at cards accumulate enough to make the trip well worth the while, especially since what the Americans regard as trifling losses are, to these Europeans, high winnings. The spies mark their comings and goings. At times it is necessary to influence American public opinion. Then the spy becomes press agent or literary agent, and shortly there appears in a powerful publication a story concerning outrages on the Congo, or the true history of affairs in Tibet, or some such thing. Yet again the irrepressible American inventor produces a searchlight that throws a ray which cannot be traced back to the light, or a big steel mill gets orders for rails for a military road. Then the spy must buy or steal the secret of the one, and retard or safeguard, as the case may be, the progress of the fulfillment of the other.

Thousands of intricate machinations are necessary to perform all these things. Impossible feats must be attempted; lives and reputations endangered for long periods, and yet everything must be kept from the hungry American press. The wonder is that so few things leak out as did the theft of the English note to President Loubet. It was cabled to New York and then to Paris as a precaution, and a German spy intercepted it, sold it, told a woman, and the world read it in cold print.

THE INCOMPLETE AMORIST

(Continued from Page

the maids should hear and come running to see why their young mistress was out of her bed at that hour. She had to go on tiptoe through the shrubbery and out through the churchyard. One could climb its wall, and get into the park that way, so as not to meet laborers on the road, who would stare to see her alone so early, and perhaps follow her.

Once in the park she was safe. Her shoes and her skirts were wet with dew. She made haste. She did not want to keep him waiting.

But she was first at the rendezvous, after all.

Her thoughts went back to what she had written in her diary. If that *should* be true she must be very, very careful. He must never guess it, never. She would be very cold and distant and polite. Not hail-fellow-well-met with a "brother artist," as she had been yesterday. It was all very difficult indeed.

She arranged her skirt in more effective folds, and wondered how it would look as one came up the woodland path. She thought it would look rather picturesque. It was a nice heliotrope color. It would look like a giant Parma violet against the dark green background. She hoped her hair was tidy. And that her hat was not very crooked. However little one desires to attract, one may at least wish one's hat to be straight.

She looked for the twentieth time at her watch, the serviceable silver watch that had been her mother's: half-past six, and he had not come.

Well, when he did come she would pretend she had only just got there. Or how would it be if she gave up being a Parma violet and went a little way down the path and then turned back when she heard him coming? She walked away a dozen yards and stood waiting. But he did not come. Was it possible that he was not coming? Was he ill—lying uncared for at the Peal of Bells in the village, with no one to smooth his pillow or put eau-de-cologne on his head?

She walked a hundred yards or so toward the village on the spur of this thought.

Or perhaps he had come by another way to the trysting-place? That thought drove her back. He was not there.

Well, she would not stay any longer. She would just go away, and come back ever so much later, and let him have a taste of waiting. But suppose he did *not* wait?

She sat down again—schooled herself to patience.

What an idiot she had been! Like any schoolgirl. Of course he had never meant to come. Why should he? That page in her diary called out to her to come home and burn it. Care for him, indeed! Not she! Why, she hadn't exchanged ten words with the man!

Mr. Eustace Vernon roused himself and yawned.

"It's got to be done, I suppose. Buck up—you'll feel better after your bath. Jove! Seven o'clock. Will she have waited? She's a keen player if she has. It's just worth trying, I suppose."

The church clock struck the half-hour as he turned into the wood. Something palely violet came toward him.

"So you *are* here," he said. "Where's the pink frock?"

"It's—it's going to the wash," said a stifled voice. "I'm sorry I couldn't get here at six. I hope you didn't wait long?"

"Not very long," he said smiling; "but—great Heavens, what on earth is the matter?"

"Nothing," she said.

"But you've been—you are——"

"I'm not," she said defiantly. "Besides, I've got neuralgia. It always makes me look like that."

"My aunt!" he thought. "Then she *was* here at six and—she's been crying because I wasn't, and—oh, where are we?" "I'm so sorry you've got neuralgia," he said gently, "but I'm awfully glad you didn't get here at six. Because my watch was wrong and I've only just got here, and I should never have forgiven myself if you'd waited for me a single minute. Is the neuralgia better now?"

"Yes," she said, smiling faintly, "much better. It was rather sharp while it lasted, though."

"Yes," he said, "I see it was. I am so glad you did come. But I was so certain you wouldn't that I didn't bring any of my traps. So we can't begin the picture to-day. Will you start a sketch, or is your neuralgia too bad?"

He knew it would be; and it was.

So they merely sat on the pine carpet and talked till it was time for her to go back to the late rectory breakfast. They told each other their names that day. Betty talked very carefully. It was most important that he should think well of her. Her manner had changed, as she had promised herself it should do if she found she cared for him. Now she was with him she knew, of course, that she did not care at all. What had made her so wretched—no, so angry—that she had actually cried, was simply the idea that she had been made a fool of. Now he had come, she was quite calm. She did not care in the least.

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NO matter how fast or how slow you go the Auto Meter

forever

The Warner

AUTO-METER

(Registers Speed and Distance)

It tells how far you have gone on the *trip* and gives the miles traveled during the season.

It goes on the dashboard, where it can be *read from the seat*

which would not ruin your car. It is accurate when you get it, and is

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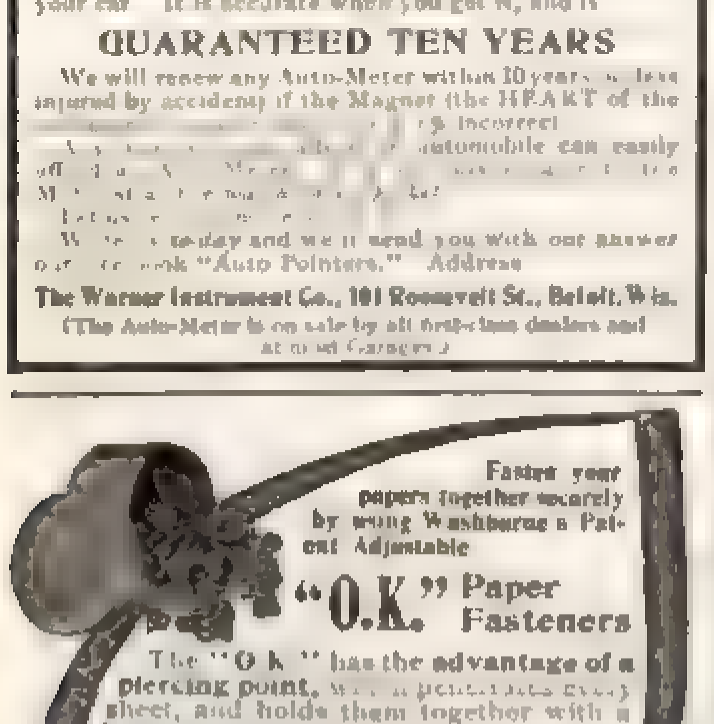

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The "O.K." has the advantage of a piercing point, which penetrates every sheet, and holds them together with a bull dog grip. They are handsome, compact, strong, always ready for use, require no machine for putting them on or taking them off, and they always work.

Made in three sizes, and put up in brass boxes of 100 fasteners each.

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Our representatives in 4000 cities and towns show from us over

100 styles of grey cloths, in all shades and in both plain and fancy weaves, any one of which can be made expressly for you, in any style of garment you may desire.

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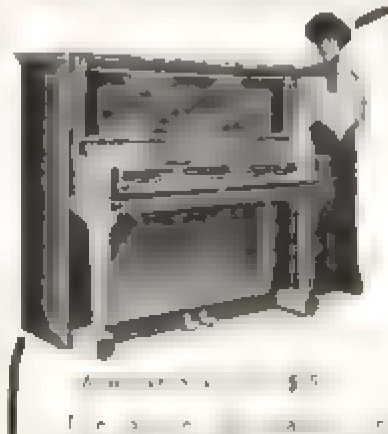

Columbus PIANOS $100 TO $250

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means a saving to the purchaser of from $75 to $150 and places the possession of a high grade piano within easy reach of everyone. Our instruments are all sold under a binding guarantee, all freight prepaid east of the Mississippi.

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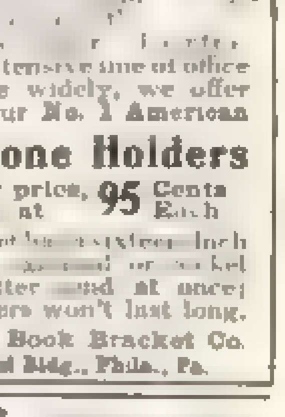

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Do not despair through neglect you have forgotten what you once learned about Arithmetic. PROF. SPANGENBERG'S NEW METHOD requires no teacher. 207 pages; sent prepaid on receipt of 60c. in stamps. *Best book ever published.*

GEO. A. ZELLER BOOK CO.
37 South 4th St., St. Louis, Mo.
Est. 1870. Agents Wanted Everywhere.

He was saying to himself: "I'm not often wrong, but I was off the line yesterday. She's never played the game before. And she cried because I didn't turn up. And so I'm the first—think of it, if you please—absolutely the first one! Well, it doesn't detract from the interest of the game. It's quite a different game and requires more skill. But not more than I have, perhaps."

They parted with another tryst set for the next morning. The brother-artist note had been skillfully kept vibrating.

Betty was sure that she should never have any feeling for him but mere friendliness. She was glad of that. It must be dreadful to be really in love—so unsettling.

III VOLUNTARY

MR. EUSTACE VERNON is not by any error to be imagined as a villain of the deepest dye, coldly planning to bring misery to a simple village maiden for his own selfish pleasure. Not at all. As he himself would have put it, he meant no harm to the girl. He was master of two arts, and to these he had devoted himself wholly. One was the art of painting. But one cannot paint for all the hours there are. In the intervals of painting Vernon always sought to exercise his other art. One is limited, of course, by the possibilities, but he liked to have always, at least, one love-affair on hand. And just now there were none none at least possessing the one charm that irresistibly drew him—newness. The one or two affairs that dragged on merely meant letter-writing, and he hated writing letters almost as much as he hated reading them.

He respected one of his arts no less than the other, and would as soon have thought of painting a vulgar picture as of undertaking a vulgar love-affair. He was no pavement artist. Nor did he degrade his art by caricatures drawn in hotel bars. Dairymaids did not delight him, and the mood was rare with him in which one finds anything to say to a little milliner. He wanted the means, not the end, and was at one with the unknown sage who said: "The love of pleasure spoils the pleasure of love."

There is a gift, less rare than is supposed, of wiping the slate clean of memories, and beginning all over again: a certain virginity of soul, that makes each new kiss the first kiss, each new love the only love. This gift was Vernon's, and he had cultivated it so earnestly, so delicately, that, except in certain moods when he lost his temper, and with it his control of his impulses, he was able to bring even to a conservatory flirtation something of the fresh emotion of a schoolboy in love.

Betty's awkwardness, which he took for advances, had chilled him a little, though less than they would have done had not one of the evil-tempered moods been on him. He had dreaded lest the affair should advance too quickly. His own taste was for the first steps in an affair of the heart, the delicate doubts, the planned misunderstandings. He did not question his own ability to conduct the affair capably from start to finish, but he hated to skip the dainty preliminaries. He had feared that with Betty he should have to skip them, for he knew that it is only in their first love-affairs that women have the patience to watch the flower unfold itself. He himself was of infinite patience in that pastime

To-morrow he would be there early. A ship of promise should be—not launched that was weeks away. The first timbers should be felled to build a ship to carry him, and her too, of course, a little way toward the enchanted islands.

He was not in love with her, but he meant to be. He carefully thought of her all that day, of her hair, her eyes, her hands; her hands were really beautiful—small, dimpled and well shaped—not the hands he loved best, those were long and very slender but still beautiful. And before he went to bed he wrote a little poem, to encourage himself:

Yes. I have loved before; I know
  This longing that invades my days,
  This shape that haunts life's busy ways
I know since long and long ago.

This starry mystery of delight
  That floats across my eager eyes,
  This pain that makes earth Paradise,
These magic songs of day and night—

I know them for the things they are:
  A passing pain, a longing fleet,
  A shade that soon I shall not meet,
A fading dream of veil and star.

Yet, even as my lips proclaim
  The wisdom that the years have lent,
  Your absence is joy's banishment,
And life's one music is your name.

I love you to the heart's hid core:
  Those other loves? How can one learn
  From marshlights how the great fires
    burn?
Ah, no—I never loved before!

When he read it through he entitled it The Veil of Maya, so that it might pretend to have no personal application.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Criminal and Spiritual Doubles

IN CRIMINAL cases it has lately become quite the fashion for the accused to set up, as a defense, the claim that he is the victim of a wicked double, playing the rôle of Arnauld du Thill to his Martin Guerre. Carlton, lately convicted in New York, claimed that all of his troubles were due to a double, resembling him exactly even to a crooked finger, and who had committed offenses for which Carlton had been persecuted for many years. George Wood, accused of the Williams murder, in the Watchung Mountains, declared upon the witness-stand that one Henry Wolff, his dual self, was responsible for all of his troubles and was the real murderer. An expert called in the case testified that this belief in one's double is a symptom of epileptic insanity; that the double is seen just before a fit of epilepsy. Ellis Glenn, the mysterious young woman arrested some years ago in West Virginia after masquerading in male attire for alleged purposes of swindling, and after obtaining a promise of marriage from another young woman who believed her to be a man, claimed in her defense that she was the exact double of her twin brother with whom she had exchanged clothing after he had committed the offenses for which she was held. "Bluebeard" John Hoch, too, had a double in the bailiff of a Chicago police court and side by side with whom he had his picture taken. The double recently died while Hoch was still enjoying his reprieve, and an autopsy showed that his organs were in the same peculiar condition as were those of Hoch's murdered wife.

The most remarkable case of doubles in the police annals of New York came to light last winter when two men, remarkably alike in appearance, were together arraigned for the same series of robberies. One of them had already confessed to all of the crimes charged, but the other had been identified by persons claiming to be positive that he was the man who had committed the robberies to which the double had confessed.

Doubles are also figuring quite conspicuously of late in psychic research problems. The matter has come up in connection with some alleged cases of "phantasms of the living," of recent occurrence. Last May, while Major Sir Carne Rasch was most certainly in bed ill, he was distinctly seen sitting in the House of Commons—at least, either his "astral body" or his double was. Several fellow-members commented upon Sir Carne's presence. One spoke to his apparition or counterpart, but received no reply and soon the figure vanished, all of a sudden, like breath into the wind. The psychic researchers are speculating as to whether the Duke of Portland, also, has a corporeal or a spiritual double. He is frequently greeted in London when ensconced at his country estate. Some psychic researchers maintain that all of us carry with us astral doubles which we may project to a certain place when any circumstance causes us to very intently concentrate our minds thereon. Colonel Albert Rochas, ex-administrator of the Polytechnic School of Paris, and a well-known physicist, recently announced that while one is in the hypnotic state his "fluid equivalent" rises and floats above his head. It is alleged that the physicist demonstrates this by hypnotizing a subject and then placing his hand over the latter at the point where the "fluid equivalent" is supposed to float. The result is a cry of pain and sometimes a piercing scream from the subject below. Thus we are even troubled by our "spiritual doubles."

A Square Deal

For Employer
and Employee

You are not giving *your employer* a square deal by using the time for which he is paying to hunt a better position.

You are not giving *yourself* a square deal unless you keep in touch at all times with opportunities for advancement.

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We make possible a square deal for both you and your employer. Without time or effort on your part—without danger to your present position—we draw the attention of 20,000 employers to your ability. We bring an organization of 12 offices and 350 people to your assistance in finding the desired opportunity, and place within your reach the best positions everywhere—Executive, Clerical, Technical, Salesmen—at salaries of $1,000 to $10,000.

If you have ability in any high grade line there are undoubtedly on our lists to-day many positions for which you are fitted, and you owe it to yourself to get in line for them.

Write our nearest office to-day, stating age, experience, salary desired, etc., and we will tell you how we can adapt our service to meet your special needs.

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Cigar Bands for Making Fancy Bowls
100 Assorted Bands sent postpaid [illegible]
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STARK FRUIT BOOK
[illegible] in NATURAL COLORS [illegible] 216 varieties of [illegible]
STARK BROS. Louisiana, Mo.

Why Your Trousers Wrinkle

Your trousers are all puckers and bunches *in the back* because you adjust them with a strap and buckle—you can't make them look dressy no matter how you try. You should wear The Present "NUFANGL" trousers [illegible] as hard to make *them* look bad, as to make *others* look good

THE PRESENT
"Nufangl"

trousers have the *only* perfect adjustment—the waistband is divided by openings at the side seams, the end of one part passing *over* the other, [illegible] taking up, or letting out, the fit is not disturbed and wrinkling becomes *impossible*. "NUFANGL" [illegible] perfect in [illegible] but also *best* in other ways [illegible] Leading [illegible] have them in [illegible] weights and weaves [illegible] If your clothier does not have them we can tell you of one who has

PRESENT AND COMPANY, 592 Broadway, New York City

Sense and Nonsense

The Duke of Durham

THE late Mr. Washington Duke, of Durham, North Carolina, at home known as "Uncle Wash," who manufactured tobacco products so extensively for a quarter of a century, used to tell a quaint little story on himself.

"The first time I traveled abroad," he said, "I visited Brussels, and went to see all its sights. In one of the public buildings I found an ordinary-looking armchair carefully railed off and with a chain across its front. Being tired with a hard morning of tramping, I stepped over the fence, let down the chain, and, with a big sigh of relief, dropped into this chair, the only one I had seen in the building. A guard in lace and buttons was on me at once.

"'No sitting in that chair!' he blustered. 'See the card on the back? The Duke of Wellington once occupied that chair!'

"'Well, and what of it?' I returned, cool as a cucumber. 'I'm Duke of Durham, and alive at that!'

"This settled the matter; down to the floor went that flunkey, brushing the dust from my heavy American shoes with his handkerchief of real European linen. A way-up English title catches them every time. I had my rest out in that solid old chair of the Waterloo hero."

Such Foolish Old Dames

Two ladies with high social aims
(It wouldn't be fair to give names)
Saturated their rooms
With cologne and perfumes,
"For," said they, "we're Colonial Dames."
— Sam S. Stinson

Nature's Poor Imitation

WHEN David Belasco was rehearsing Mrs. Carter in Adrea, he instructed the stage manager to give him a clap of thunder which would shake the theatre. It so happened that at the time an electric storm was raging without, and that, at the very moment when a flash of stage lightning illuminated the setting, a crash of genuine thunder awoke the echoes of the theatre. From the back of the house Mr. Belasco called out:

"I don't think much of that! Try it again!"

"But," grinned the stage manager, coming down to the footlights, "that was the real thing!"

"Humph!" grunted Mr. Belasco; "it may be good enough for Nature, but it's not realistic enough for my stage."

Long from Home

I

Since you went your roses seem
Like a sad dream in a dream,
Lookin' in your window sweet
Like a rose's heart could beat!
Seemin' all the time to say —
When the sun makes up the day:
"Far away the light must roam:
Long from Home — long from Home!"

II

Since you went the violets know,
Sweetheart, that they loved you so!
Never flower has loved the dew
As it loved the light of you!
Questions come like human words
In the music of your birds:
"Far away the Spring must roam:
Long from Home — long from Home!"

III

Since you went all earth appears
A strange vision seen through tears;
But 'twill blossom in your sight
Like a litany of light!
Skies for your sake keep their blue,
Lilies are Love's thoughts of you;
Still they sigh, where'er I roam
"Long from Home — long from Home!"
— Frank L. Stanton.

Too Much Demand

JIM DOOLITTLE has for years kept a "general store" in a little lumber camp up in the Rockies. Latterly the place has become something of a summer resort. A number of rough but comfortable cabins have been built along the stream and on the hillside. For a few months each year the place takes on a bustling aspect, and the additional trade in household commodities keeps Jim busy. This, it would seem, is not altogether to his liking. It is just so much time taken from his tipped-up chair on the porch, from his corn-cob pipe and the sunshine.

For instance, summer before last there was a steady trade in "turkey red." Every occupant of a cabin was covering sofa-cushions and hanging windows with it. All this meant extra work for Jim. He was kept busy supplying what was to him a most extraordinary demand. When the stock ran low he replenished it, and sold it out over and over again at a fair profit.

Last year one of the summer colonists went up early to get the cabin in order for the season. He dropped in at Jim's for some "turkey red" and found the merchant in his customary chair, thawing out in the bright sunshine.

"Jim," said the visitor, "I want some of that 'turkey red' you had last summer."

"Ain't got none in stock," said he, "and 'tain't likely I'll get none in this summer neither. You folks got me jumpin' around here like a jack-rabbit last year, fillin' orders fer 'turkey red.' I had to keep an extry man on, 'sides working overtime myself. No, sir, by Jinks, I ain't goin' to handle no more of that stuff. There's too gosh-durn much demand fer it."

Thou Art the Man!

HENRY J. HARDING, of Henrico County, Virginia, had the honor recently of inventing the most remarkable political advertisement ever seen in print. He published this charming bid for votes:

"A CARD

"The undersigned is a candidate for Overseer of the Poor.

"Who is it that has always shown, in season and out of season, his deep and loyal interest in the welfare of the poor of this county? Who is it that has never failed to respond to a cry of distress no matter from what direction it came or how far away from his residence? Who is it that during the frost and snow and hail and ice and rain of last winter — a particularly trying season, as we all remember — who is that sent free gratis sides of bacon and bags of hominy and rice and cornmeal, and in many instances yams and Irish potatoes, to the suffering poor? Who is it that ministered unto the suffering, the widows and the fatherless?

"Verily, verily, as Nathan said unto David, Henry J. Harding, thou art the man!"

Before They're Hatched

A BOSTONIAN was praising, the other day, the astronomical and literary work of Percival Lowell.

"Before the last eclipse," he said, "Mr. Lowell observed to an old colored man whom he liked:

"'George, if you will watch the chickens out at your place to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock you will see them all go to roost.'

"'Hi, hi,' George laughed. 'Dat's a good joke!'

"He thought, you see, that Mr. Lowell was fooling him. But, sure enough, when eleven o'clock came the next morning the sun darkened and the chickens did go to roost. George was amazed. He sought Mr. Lowell out and said:

"'Wot you done tole me wuz true, sah. Mah chickens went to roost, sah, jist laik you said dey would.'

"'Yes, George, I suppose they did,' the astronomer returned.

"'How long, sah, did you know 'bout dis?' asked George.

"'Oh, a long time, George.'

"'Did you know dey would go to roost a year ago?'

"'Yes, fully a year ago.'

"'Well, dat beats all,' said George, in an awed voice. 'Dem chickens wuzn't hatched a year ago.'"

The Goodyear Detachable Auto Tire on Universal Rim

Won't CREEP

NO, SIR — not a fraction of an inch. And it won't come off the Rim either, though not a screw, bolt or nut keeps it in place.

You can ride the GOODYEAR DETACHABLE AUTO TIRE ON UNIVERSAL RIM only *half inflated*, all the time if you wish.

Now here is the reason. See how simple it is.

Up there where the arrows point are tapes of *steel piano wire* vulcanized into the base of the tire, on both sides. They form wire tape *rings* inside the base of the tire.

When the tire is flat this tape is like Fig. 1, and each single wire is like Fig. 2.

Fig. 1

Fig. 2

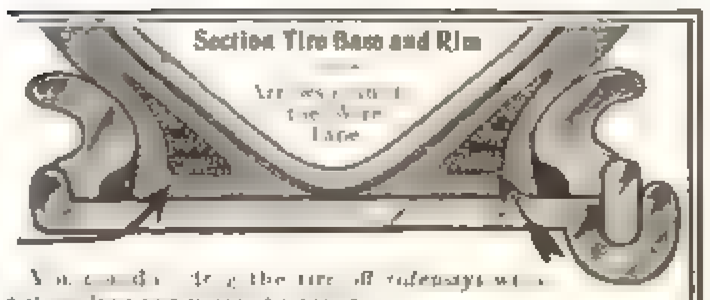
Just as soon as you begin to pump, this wire begins to shorten up like Fig. 3, and each single wire is then like Fig. 4.

Fig. 3

Fig. 4

The more you pump, the more the wire tape shortens, and the tighter it adheres to the rim.

When the tire is only *half* pumped up, the base of the tire is gripping the rim like grim death. When it is *all* pumped up, the tire is exerting a pressure of nearly 1000 pounds to the square inch on that rim.



You can't drag the tire off *sideways* without pulling the wheel to pieces.

Now, you can see why we don't *need* any mechanical fastening to hold the Goodyear Detachable Auto Tire in place. And why you can ride it only *half inflated*, if necessary, without its creeping and tearing out the valve-stem.

Now there are other good features about THE GOODYEAR DETACHABLE AUTO TIRE ON UNIVERSAL RIM, just as important — just as trouble saving, just as money saving.

Taken together they wipe out at one sweep full 90 per cent of all Auto Tire Troubles.

It won't *Rim Cut*. You can ride it *absolutely flat* for miles without even cracking the casing.

It is the *liveliest* and most resilient Auto Tire on the market, though (paradoxical as it may seem) it is also the most durable.

This Tire is 90 per cent *puncture proof*.

You can take it off or put it back in *thirty seconds* with no tools but the fingers.

These are [illegible] statements. We haven't space for further details. But every one of these statements is *true* and WE CAN PROVE IT.

It will only take a minute to show you the why and the wherefore if you will drop in at one of our Branch Stores. Or *write us*, and we will send you a book that will show you.

Don't spend a cent for this tire and rim, and don't ask the maker to put it on your next season's car until you are *convinced* on every point. It is in your own *interest*, if you are seeking relief from Tire Troubles, give us a chance to *convince* you. WE CAN DO IT.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER CO., Seneca St., AKRON, OHIO

Branches in the following cities: Boston, 6 Merrimac St.; New York, cor. Sixty-fourth St. and Broadway; Chicago, [illegible] Lake St.; Cincinnati, 242 E. Fifth St.; St. [illegible]; [illegible] & Co., 596 Golden Gate Ave.; Buffalo, [illegible] Main St.; Denver, [illegible] Sixteenth St.; Detroit, 242 Jefferson Ave.

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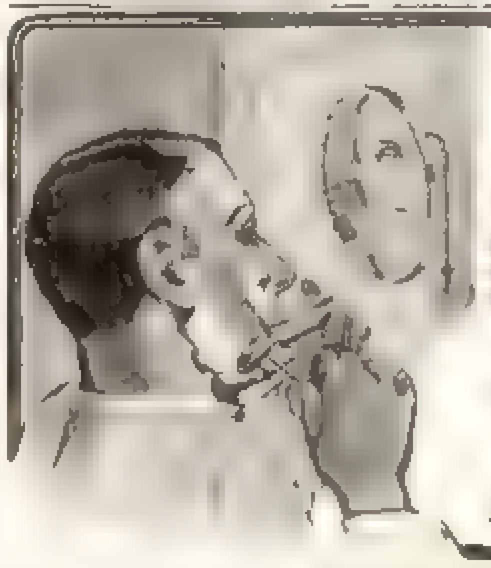

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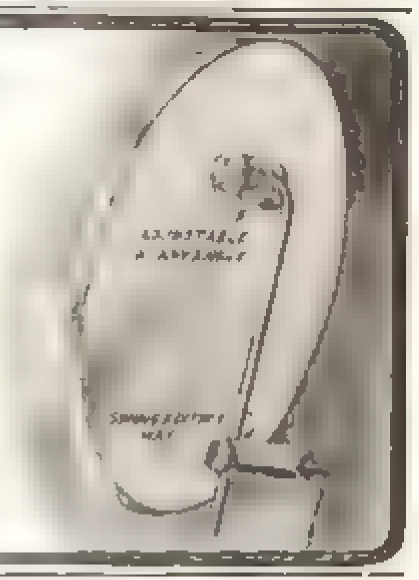

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$12.75 Freight Paid East of Rockies This 230 Egg Incubator

THE ROYAL The world's simplest, surest hatcher. Automatic. [illegible] perfect results. Incubator and supply catalogue free. Booklet "Care and Feeding of Chicks" 10 cents. 50 cent poultry paper 1 year 10 cents.

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Successful Incubators

Tested for years under all conditions. They are the surest and strongest [illegible] for you. Make money. Get Successful Incubators and Brooders [illegible] Incubator and Poultry Catalogue Free. Booklet "Proper Care and Feeding of Small Chicks" 10c. 50c poultry paper one year 10c.

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You can learn in spare time in your own home, no matter where you live. No need to spend months as was formerly necessary. The Boyd Syllabic System is easy to learn — easy to write — easy to read. Simple. Practical. Speedy. Sure. No ruled lines — no positions — no shading as in other systems. No long list of word signs to confuse. Only nine characters to learn and you have the entire English language at your absolute command. This system is now widely used by stenographers, private secretaries, newspaper reporters, lawyers, ministers, teachers, physicians, literary folk and business men and women may now learn shorthand for their own use [illegible] home study. A [illegible] system [illegible] graduates [illegible] high-grade [illegible] of the country. Send today for free booklet, testimonials, offer, etc.

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928 Chicago Opera House Block, Chicago, Ill.

Fills Itself This Way

Why Fool With an ink dropper and old style pen?

The Standard Fountain Pen

Self Filling, Self Cleaning

No ink dropper — no muss — no smear. No hump — no twist — no valves. No extra parts — no extra price. The Standard is a perfect fountain pen. It looks the same as the common kind — writes as well as the best — costs the same or less. You don't have to pay for the up-to-date features. Made with solid 14-karat gold pen of any style, guaranteed satisfactory. It cleans itself automatically as well as fills itself.

SPECIAL OFFER Write us for Catalogue 4. If your dealer has not the Standard Pen, let us tell you how to get one free in return for his name and your co-operation.

STANDARD PEN CO., 204 Baker Building, Toledo, O.

LITERARY FOLK

Their Ways and Their Work

More than a Novelist
The Author of The Incomplete Amorist
and Her Small "Wouldbegood"

The Busy E. Nesbit

MOST people know that "E. Nesbit" is Mrs. E. Nesbit Bland, the wife of Hubert Bland. But, somehow, they do not think of her as much else than a "mere literary woman.". That she really is very much else the snapshot here reproduced will amply testify. It was taken at Mrs. Bland's place, Well Hall, Kent, England, in 1900, and so the younger figure in the picture is now somewhat changed. Not so, however, his mother, who has found time, in the meanwhile, not only to be his mother and the author of some of the very cleverest of recent stories, but has kept up her badminton and whist, pulls a strong oar in a boat, and swims quite as well as she rows.

Mr. Kipling's Little Joke

FRANK N. DOUBLEDAY, the New York publisher, was in England last winter, and had several talks with Rudyard Kipling.

One of the stories Kipling told him was this: "I was in Capetown, South Africa, talking with Doctor Jameson, when the papers came with the story of the revolution in Panama, the secession of the canal zone, and the formation of the Republic of Panama.

"This particular story said that the whole scheme had been engineered by President Roosevelt, which is untrue, of course, but that is the way the story went.

"Jameson read it aloud to me, and when he had finished, said:

"'Gad, Kipling, that makes my little expedition look foolish!'"

Doubleday thought the story was very good. Next time he came to Washington he told it to the President, expecting to get a laugh.

"I fail to see the joke," said the President tartly, and when Doubleday thought it over he failed to see it, too.

Author and Artist, Too

THAT Joseph C. Lincoln, author of Cap'n Eri and Partners of the Tide, comes naturally by his love for the sea is taken for granted when one learns that he was born in a Cape Cod village and that his father ran away to sea at fourteen, was in command of a full-rigged ship at twenty-three, and died in harness while on a voyage to Charleston in 1870, the year of his son's birth. But what is less obvious is young Lincoln's love for art. When he left his Boston school he declined a place in a bank, and, entering a drawing-class, rented a studio in Pemberton Square and made many pictures, some of which were actually sold for real money. To help pay the rent he wrote a humorous sketch or some verses now and then, and finally was made an associate editor of the L. A. W. Bulletin—a strange bunk for a sailor-man—which he abandoned in 1898 for literature and Hackensack, N. J.

But to those days in Pemberton Square Mr. Lincoln still looks back with pleasure. There were lawyers on the first floor and above were the artists and a phrenologist or two. They lived in their studios, did their own cooking and were each others' models. Once Lincoln lay for a whole morning on the floor with a sombrero on his head and a rifle at his shoulder, posing for a masterpiece entitled In Ambush and executed by a stout young man who clerked at a White Mountain hotel in the summer, painted in the winter and stuttered all the time. Below stairs, too, there was a romance in the person of a pretty typewriter whom three of the artists wanted to marry, but who married instead a client of her employer, a rich mine-owner from the West, whence the girl returned on a visit and bought up all the pictures that her friends could paint.

Despite Appearances

THE lecture tour of Jerome K. Jerome and Charles Battell Loomis does not confine all of its humor to the star performers. At one of their talks before a woman's club, both the serious countenance of Mr. Loomis and the peculiar name of Mr. Jerome were noted by the speaker who introduced them.

"I feel," she said, "that I must apologize for Mr. Loomis' face: he is a humorist. And in these days of fraudulent elections, it may also be necessary for me to explain that Mr. Jerome K. Jerome is not a repeater."

Miner Music

DR. WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND, the poet of the French-Canadians, has just deserted medicine and gone into copper mining in the Dominion, but he has not left behind him—so say his friends—the fondness and sympathy for the picturesque fellows who make the merriment of his verse so delightful. One of his duties at the mines was to engage a number of workmen. Applicants were many, and in every case Doctor Drummond was somewhat perfunctory with his questions regarding the candidates' ability as miners. But, when such inquiries were satisfactorily answered, the employer's face would light up as he continued:

"Can you play the fiddle? Or the concertina? Can you dance? And can you sing?"

And it is declared that, unless he could reply in the affirmative to one or other of these concluding questions, a man had small chance of getting a job.

In the Bookshop

¶ LONDON GOSSIP has it that Thomas Hardy has at last determined to return to the novel and is at work on a story which will appear next autumn.

¶ VAUGHAN KESTER, author of The Fortunes of the Landrays, who was, at last accounts, living in Woodlawn Mansion, in Maryland, the home of Nellie Custis, has now, with his brother, Paul Kester, the dramatist, taken up his residence at Augill Castle, in Westmoreland, England.

¶ PHILIP VERRILL MIGHELS' new long story is to be a juvenile in which a boy, a dog and a circus are the chief elements. But only older people read juveniles nowadays, the youngsters confining themselves to Bernard Shaw and Henry James, so Mr. Mighels has thrown in a love-affair for safety's sake.

¶ LAWRENCE MOTT, author of Jules of the Great Heart, is one of those happy writers who, so their publishers assure a candid public, have "never had a manuscript rejected." The class is a small one. So far as one can recall, it has only one other member: Josephine Dodge Daskam Bacon.

¶ MAY SINCLAIR, the author of The Divine Fire, has not been slow to visit the country which gave her the first great appreciation of her work. For some little time she has been the guest of Kate Douglas Wiggin in New York. The other day a reception was given in her honor in Philadelphia by Mary Moss, author of A Sequence in Hearts.

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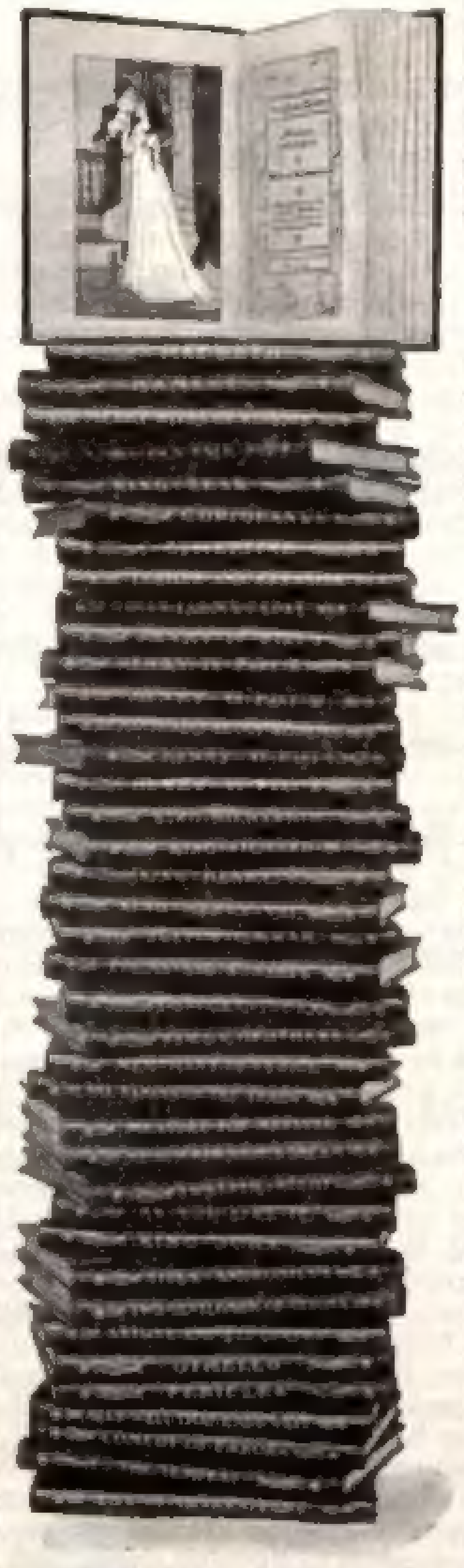

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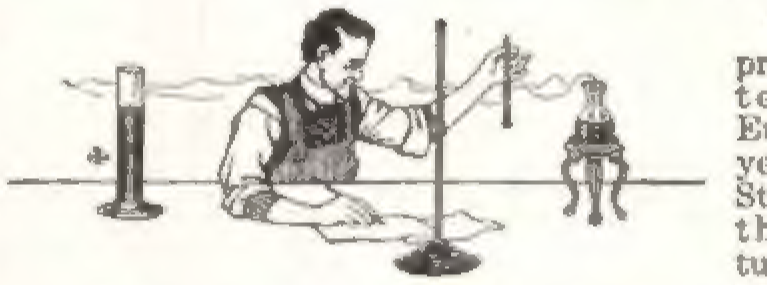

DRIVING MOTHER AWAY—A GERMAN SUGGESTION.

METHODS of vinegar-making bid fair to be revolutionized by the use of "pure culture" yeasts. A German scientist has isolated the microbes of two kinds of yeasts admirable for the purpose, and proposes that they shall be put up in little bottles for sale to manufacturers of the product in question.

In the brewing of beer and ale pure yeasts, representing recognized and desirable species of fermentation-producing microbes, are employed; and it is argued that it is equally important in the making of vinegar to utilize selected micro-organisms to carry on the requisite processes, developing alcohol and acetic acid.

Up to the present time the customary way of making vinegar has been to add a small quantity of good old vinegar to the cider, grape-juice or other liquor that was to undergo conversion. This dash of old stuff will contain enough of the desired yeast to start the latter to growing in the fresh "must." Unfortunately, however, it is liable also to contain the microscopic plants which, multiplying, produce the scum called "mother."

This, of course, is undesirable; but still worse are the tiny "eels" which are readily transferred, in the manner described, from old vinegar to new. These so-called eels are minute worms, half an inch or more in length, which live in the vinegar and render it unsuitable for human consumption. Their eggs are so tiny as to be blown about by the wind, and sometimes in this way, doubtless, they get into fresh "must."

The German scientist referred to maintains that his yeast cultures produce vinegar that is perfectly clear, of good color, with sufficient acidity and of satisfactory "bouquet." This last quality, which is due chiefly to volatile ethers, is not less important in vinegar than in wine.

WELL-TRAINED OYSTERS—CAREFUL CULTURE PRODUCES THE BEST SORT IN THE SHORTEST TIME.

THE State of New Jersey is attacking the problem of oyster culture on scientific principles, and is making experiments which, from this point of view, are far ahead of any hitherto undertaken with a practical purpose in this country.

The enormous oyster product of the United States is as yet only a wild crop, but in the not-distant future the areas of estuary and tidal river-bottom that yield it will be subjected to as systematic a cultivation as any arable land. In that day the annual oyster harvest of the Chesapeake will be, perhaps, 350,000,000 bushels—a quantity equal to its total output for the last fifty years.

Eventually, oyster culture in this country will be under as thorough control as fish culture is to-day. Already oyster seed is produced on a large scale in what might be called a semi-artificial way in Long Island Sound, by planting shells to catch the "spat"; but this is a primitive method. At the oyster experiment station which New Jersey has established a special study is being made of means whereby the eggs of the female oyster may be taken, fertilized, and hatched in water of proper temperature, density and degree of saltness.

It is entirely conceivable that in the future oysters hatched in this manner may be reared to thumb-nail size in shallow inclosures, to which the tides are admitted, and supplied in numbers practically unlimited to growers, who will thus be relieved of the necessity of bothering with that part of the business. Up to the present time, however, the best method discovered is to place stacks of tiles (each one a half-cylinder) just below the level of low tide, to afford resting-places for the baby bivalves in the swimming stage. They fasten themselves to the tiles in great numbers, beginning thereupon to develop shells, and, when they have had time to grow a bit, they are scraped off and utilized as seed for planting.

This method is practiced on an extensive scale in Europe, but not as yet in the United States. Over there the up-to-date culturist puts his young oysters into rearing cases (flat boxes with top and bottom of wire net), sometimes packing them side by side as thick as they will go. The boxes are placed in shallow water, each one standing on short legs, and, as fast as the oysters become too crowded, some of them are removed to fresh cases. They grow rapidly, are protected from all enemies, and are, every one of them, when sent to market, perfect in shape—a point which some day will be regarded as of importance by American epicures.

GRAFT'S THE THING—HOW IT IS EMPLOYED IN TEACHING NATURE HOW TO SPROUT.

A SINGLE plant, at a recent flower exhibition, was shown bearing a dozen different varieties of chrysanthemums—a freak produced, of course, by skillful grafting. It seems wonderful to think that this method of dealing with plants, for the perpetuation of varieties, has been known only within very recent times, the first suggestion that such a thing might be done being offered (though he had no thought of a practicable means) by the philosopher Bacon.

At the present time nothing is thought of growing half a dozen kinds of fruits on one tree—though, of course, there are limitations. Peaches, nectarines and almonds can be produced on the same tree; and so likewise may early, medium and late apples (not to mention crabapples), so as to secure a crop through a long season.

Just how and why it is that a graft produces only the particular variety of fruit yielded by the plant from which it was taken, nobody is able to say. But the hereditary tendencies seem to be contained in the vegetative part, and a little twig is enough to carry them. The twig is new. On the other hand, the seed represents an inheritance that goes back through thousands of years, and so, when it is put into the ground and sprouts, it tends to revert to the primitive type.

A novel achievement in this line is the utilization of a wild eggplant of Porto Rico by grafting upon it our own cultivated eggplant. The wild variety in question is a poor thing, yielding only a small fruit, but, used as a "stock," it serves admirably, giving hardiness to its civilized congener.

PAINTING THE LILY—NATURE'S PALETTE HOLDS ONLY THREE COLORING SUBSTANCES.

RECENT investigations have shown that for all fruits and flowers only three coloring substances are furnished by Nature. One of these is the familiar "chlorophyll," which paints the beans and peas, the watermelon and the leaves of the trees so vivid a green. Another is "xanthophyll," which exhibits its intense yellow in the carrot, for example. The third is "erythrophyll," which shows its rich red in the beet. The last two are only modified "chlorophyll," however. But it is quite wonderful to realize that all of the varied hues of flowers and fruits are due to these three substances, mixed in different proportions.

Beets contain enormous quantities of "erythrophyll" (as might be judged from their intense redness), and their juice was formerly employed to some extent as a coloring agent. But vegetable dyes, which were extensively used in earlier days, have the disadvantage of lacking permanency. There are some exceptions, it is true—such as indigo, which is a definite chemical compound stored in the plant; and the same may be said of madder. Turmeric and saffron, too, yield important pigments, which are commonly utilized for dyeing.

Several kinds of dyes, by the way, are obtained from trees. In the South the brown juice of "butternut" bark is used to this day for staining cloth.

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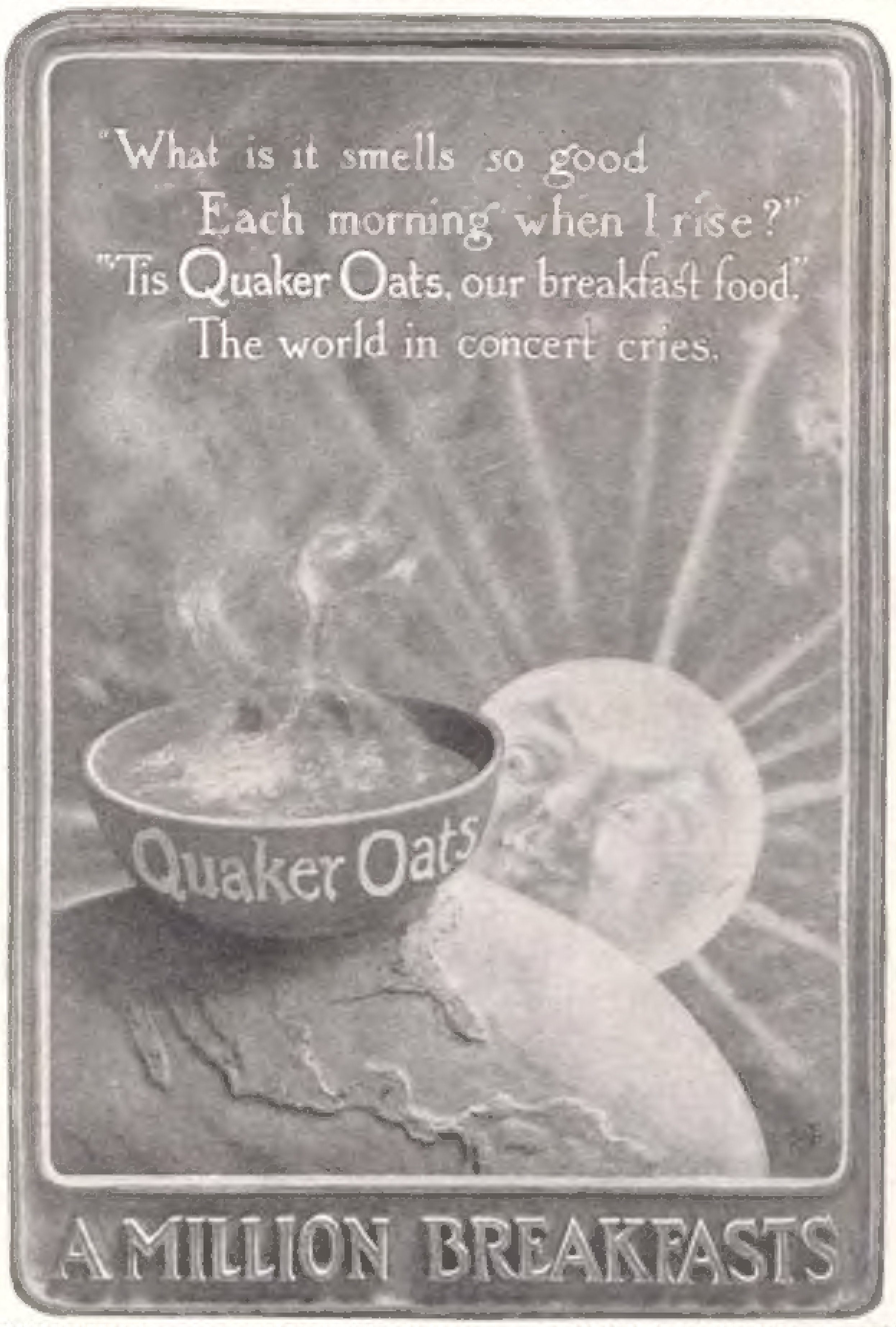
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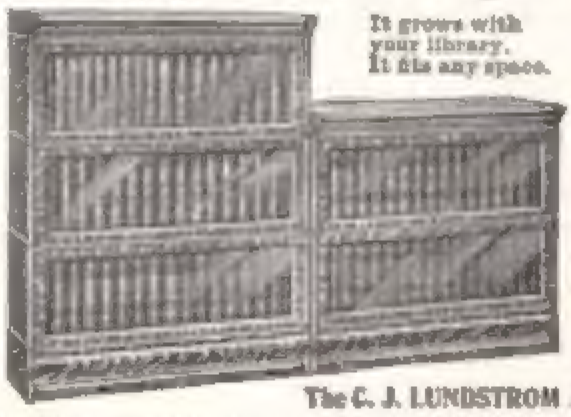

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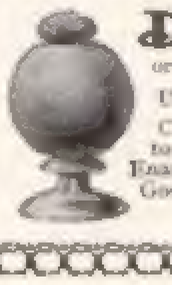

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Clean, ornamental desk appliance. Invaluable to currency counters. Nickeled 50c, Black Enameled 35c. Special price in quantities. Agents! Good side line. **O'Neil Water Heater Mfg. Co., Dept. F, Peoria, Ill.**

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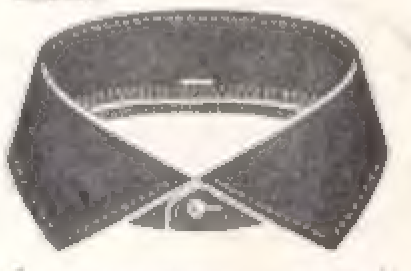

LINEN
15c EACH
(ROYAL 49)
SLIP EASY BAND

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No impurity in Pears' Soap.

Economical to use.

It wears out only for your comfort and cleanliness.

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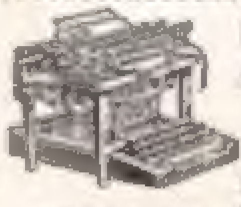

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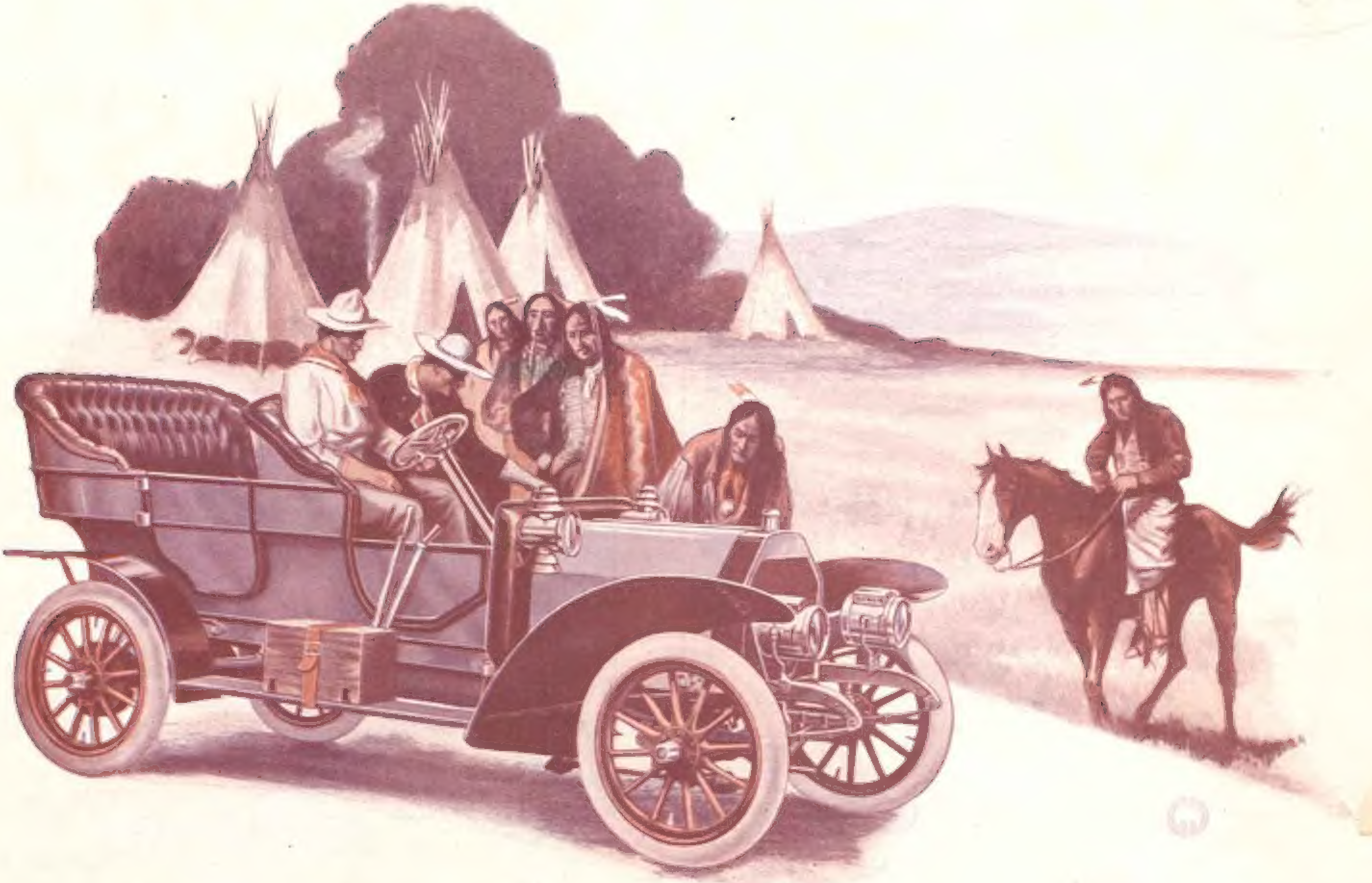

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Enclosed find 25 cents, for which have MOTOR TALK, *a magazine devoted to automobiling, sent to me for 1 year.*

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